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‘ NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Poetical Contributor at Belgaum must try and do better.



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[Vol. I.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I.,

•
RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VI.

ON awaking the next morning, (it was Easter Sunday,) I found the danger passed. We had risen from death unto life.

I shall not attempt to describe my sensations during that night of terror. When those three gallant sailors, Clasper and his mates, had given up all hope, a landsman may be forgiven if he shared in their gloomy anticipations. Suffice it to say that, during those long hours, I communed with my own heart; I pierced through "the mist of familiarity, that hides from us the wonder of our being;" and realized the awful truth, that individual safety may be quite unimportant to the general purposes of creation. Another calm succeeded, and my depression returned with all its force. My worthless life was prolonged, it is true; but to what end? What

hope? Even in this world I was doomed to misery, for was I not alone? an exile? that worst of solitariness, one isolated alike from nature, from man, and from woman? Though a son of the ever-restless Anglo-Saxons, a race who have been always prone to love wherever cupidity or excitement led the way, no Frenchman could have suffered more than I did from *mal de pays*, and longings for that "pestilent congregation of vapours," which we call Old England, but to which the name of Old Fogland would be equally applicable. I know thy drawbacks, my native country; yet oh! thou land of colds and constitutions, liberty, income-tax, bishops, beer, poetry, parliaments, luxury, misery, home! who is there that will not say with me, "Fogland, with all thy fogs, I love thee still."

But now we got into the trade-winds, and the good old ship began to do her best. As I took relief from my sleepless hammock in a watch on deck, I could not but admire the splendours of night in the tropic seas, with a clear sky, and a steady breeze blowing on the quarter. The sea surges ceaselessly over the ship's lea side, as she "lies down to the wind," and cleaves the hissing waters, flinging far the luminous foam their vain resistance makes. Still I had now seen enough of the treacherous element; and it was with feelings of unwonted happiness that, after a few days more of smooth sailing, I beheld one Thursday afternoon that unpromising cone, known to sailors by the name of Round Island. This was my first sight of land in the Southern hemisphere, yet after all a round rock is hardly deserving of the sacred name of land; it is the human associations which give *terra firma* her real charms.

We got to our anchorage in the roads of Port Louis, at even-

ing, but were unable to land, the lateness of the hour forbidding the arrival of the *Pratique-boat* with the health-officer, without whose permission travellers from India would have but little mercy from the hospitable but cholera-fearing Creoles. So there we lay, that calm night, watching the beautiful Island, which, to me at least, was still fairy land, a country where I had hitherto known no sorrow, committed no sin. The peaks and bluffs, piled one upon the other like clouds, faded gradually from sight; the lights from shore, and from the surrounding ships, fell in straight lines upon the unruffled water: silence was only broken by the striking of the hour, and the musical cry of the lascars on watch in the various vessels—"khood dekh agil," "khood dekh hy."—And ever and anon, as the light air gave a soft pulsation to the sea, came a gentle tinkling from the Bell-Buoy that night and day swings out at the entrance of the harbour. At length I went below, and fell asleep in a state of, but partially subdued, excitement.

CHAPTER VII.

Yes; for the present my gloom was fled. I was still too young to be insensible to the stimulus of novelty, and the witchery of my present resting-place. Nothing can, I think, be conceived more lovely than the first view of the Island of Mauritius from the harbour of Port Louis. To be sure some of the illusion vanishes, as it does in most places, on a nearer approach; which you here make in a row-boat, pulled by a coloured Creole, and steered by a Maltese washerman. Singular

race that they are, we had one on board the *Futteh Moolayim*, in the nominal capacity of gunner, but whose real avocations were confined to washing, waiting at table, and other arts of peace. Amphibious creature! well do Antonio and his brethren represent the idea of tame Mermen, acting as a pilot fish to English prows. Wherever floats the "glorious standard" of England, seamanship and clothes-washing.

I landed at a large pump, in an open space, called the "Place"

du Gouvernement" from the Palace of the temporary despôt,* which frowns above, a towering edifice of two storeys : and the highest house in the Island, by reason of the hurricanes which sweep down the gorges of the hills with sudden and resistless violence. For the port of a ruined colony there is a wonderful amount of merchandize on the quays, and a tolerable sprinkling of people in the streets. People of all races and colours : Americans, English, French, Creoles of different shades, from white to black, Hindoos, Persians, Chinese, and (as ever) Maltese washermen. From the high rate of wages, no one thinks of a palanquin, and horses cost a good deal both to buy and keep ; so you have a great number of white and other well-dressed Christians, walking with no protection but an umbrella ; and feel, beyond all doubt, that you are in no part of lackadaisical India. To be sure the costumes are a little incomplete at times, and the ardent admirer of female beauty will often find a half hour's chase of a silk parasol, and charming French dress, rewarded by the view of a grinning negress without shoes or bonnet.

Being unprovided with letters of introduction, I took up my quarters at the Hotel de l' Europe, a dreamy abode of tropical *far niente*, with indolent old buggies, dreamy cocks and hens, slipshod black waiters, and drowsy half-dressed Creole women.

At six I sat down to a very Pythagorean dinner, at the Table d'Hôte, where fish and vegetables, and *vin ordinaire* formed the staple of the meal ; and where the

guests were of a very motley description. The room was cheerful and light, being surrounded with a very pretty papering of landscape and historical designs. As my eye returned from the walls to the guests, it rested on a well known face, and a familiar voice hailed me in tones of extreme satisfaction.—"What, Charley Freeman ? come over and sit here man !" It was Lionel Dashwood, the same cheerful thoughtless dog as ever. After the first warm greetings were over, I asked him what he, of all men, was doing at the Isle of France, adding that I had heard nothing of his having left home in my latest letters.

"Why, you see," he replied, "it is a case of 'oh, no ! we never mention it,' with me just now. I don't suppose a soul in the world knows where I am ; not even Miss Warren herself."

"Miss Warren ?" I asked.

"That's the name," said my friend ; "she is the remote cause of my wandering."

"As how."

"It's a long story. I had been very fond of Nelly, as long as I can remember ; but said nothing, tried to think nothing about it, for we all thought you, Master Charles, were the happy man. However, I began to suspect that your views pointed another way, especially after that mad run to the Opera of ours. Do you recollect it ?"

"I should think so," I replied.

"Well ; I began after that to be more attentive to Ellinor, and I was not displeased to find, from the coldness of her manner, that

* The author would fain have taken this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the spontaneous kindness and hospitality he received from the accomplished couple who were then its occupants, and who are equally distinguished for goodness and cultivation in their present exalted position in Indian Society.

I was not altogether throwing away my trouble."

"Her coldness?" I asked.

"Lord love you, Sir, I know them; the first sign of a girl liking you is her behaving to you with reserve, often amounting to rudeness. They don't always know what they want, and when they do—I can't tell—it's a way they have."

Yes, he was right, and Edith's constant and unremitting goodness to me was but a proof of her indifference. What an ass I had been to build on such foundations!

"Well, my boy, we settled it at last between ourselves, only she was very chary and shy, like a dear good girl; and I must tell my father, and her own too. I thought it better to begin with my own, for I rightly expected I should have the greatest trouble with him. But I was not prepared for the row that happened. You remember that fellow Spencer, my younger brother, what a cripple he is, and therefore, of course, full of genius; and the favorite in the house. At last he got old enough for a tutor; and they took, at my recommendation, mind you, that fellow, De Vere the Servitor, with whom I used to read at Christ Church. Well, what did these two sneaking devils do, but when they found my brother rather put out about my wanting to marry a poor Parson's daughter, they laid their heads together, and went to him with their hypocritical pity. This maddened the Governor, and he sent for me. I was out, walking with somebody under the moonlight by the sea side."

"I trust in God, Lionel," said I, "that—"

"No, no, my good fellow; I'm not such a cad as that comes to. She's the dear good girl she was born. The next morning, after breakfast, the Governor, who had been talking again (as I afterwards found) with De Vere and Spencer; came to me in the Billiard room, where I was knocking the balls about, and made in his coarse Puritanical way, the insinuation you hinted at just now. I cut up rough; he retorted about my extravagance at Oxford; the long and short of it was that I was disinherited, by George, and turned out of the house. I had ten minutes' talk with Nelly, and soon saw that nothing clandestine would go down with her, then giving Abud the address of my agents in London, set off to that sequestered hamlet.

"I had no difficulty in finding their place in the city, (they had done some bills for me before when I was at Oxford,) and as they were foolish enough to look upon my breach with my father as temporary, and so forth, they gave me a good deal of advice; and the upshot is that I came out here in one of their ships to a sort of Scotch cousin of my poor mother's, she'd not have stood by and seen me treated as I have been; but she spoilt me—God bless her. And I landed here, after a quick passage, last Wednesday week. It's a clipping place; lots of fun; and Frazer (that's my relative's name,) has given me two hundred a year, and my board and lodging with him. Come along, he's the best fellow in the world, only a bit of an infidel, which I hate; we shall find him either at Blanc's, or at the theatre."

CHAPTER VIII.

M. BLANC's saloon was the very ditto of that of the Hotel, only that instead of having a large centre table, it was divided into little boxes, and small tables, through which the swarthy waiters had got, by dint of long practice, the power of steering with consummate skill and swiftness. From one of which boxes we presently heard the honest laugh of Aberdeen, and the reflective accents of Caledonia. I could not help pausing to admire the tact with which these industrious Hyperboreans manage to make themselves at home in every part of the globe, and remarked the fact to my companion as we made our tedious way through the crowded room.

"You are right," he had time to reply; "from Petersburg to Rio Janeiro, and from thence to Calcutta, you cannot visit a prosperous mercantile town, but you will find the whole of the commerce connected, directly or otherwise, with our Northern brethren; but see, the room is clearing, let us join old Frazer, and accompany him over the way to the theatre."

The introduction to the good cosmopolite was effected without much ceremony; a hearty grasp of the hand, and an intimation that he should send a man to the Hotel to order my luggage up to his house in the Rue des Remparts, made us old friends in a minute. And as we sate in his snug box at the theatre, watching the very creditable performance of the "Freyschütz," I had time to examine at leisure my singular companion, who sate gazing at the, to me, familiar representation, with the absorbed

interest of a boy of twelve. Nothing was ever more grotesque than the appearance of this excellent man, and his voice and manner were equally unique. Nevertheless, there was an air of *bonhomie*, of honor and of earnestness that made him singularly pre-possessing.

Nor did the favorable impression at all diminish when I became an inmate of the house. To be sure he made a great pretence of having shaken off the dust of systems and the web of creeds; and I retained too much of Cope's narrow-minded teaching to feel quite at my ease with one I deemed an unbeliever. But I soon began to observe, that though apparently without faith, hope, or domestic ties, and charity begins at home, he was a happy and a good man. Happy because good, and because he believed in man, and therefore, after a fashion of his own, in God; and always benevolent and truthful. And as I had been educated in a way to make me depend on others rather than myself for my views, it is hardly a paradox to say, that Cope's teaching was the cause that Frazer came to influence my mind very much, and at an important period. To be sure I did not adopt his ardent admiration for Theadore Parker, the American, nor for Fourier, the French philosopher; nor yet for Mr. Smithereen, the eminent Irish patriot, who had not then been withdrawn from his career of usefulness to the peaceful retirement of our Australian colonies.

In Frazer's company I saw a great deal more of Creole society than is usually accorded to the

English sojourner. For the Creoles, though a conquered people, are extremely proud, and shrink with unnecessary sensitiveness from our insular hauteur. But I shall not soon forget that hospitable race, nor the patriarchal Adrien, formerly an Avocat, but now a planter; seated at the head of his table, groaning with Creole luxuries, and surrounded, as it always was, by guests. The democratic Doctor, an importation of twenty years' standing from France, and a great authority on political and social questions (his father having been a village dignitary under the Restoration) the Abbé Murphy, a red-hot Milesian, who having come direct from Cork, saw England only as a "beese, bloody, and bruthial oppressor of mee counthree," and on landing in the Mauritius, preached in Irish till he learned French; many happy hours have I spent in your simple society. There was another priest indeed of a higher order, and, as I suspect, a Jesuit. His head was enormously high, though the hair grew almost down to the eyebrows; he was pale, thin, and beardless; and you would have taken him for a youth of sixteen. But this true disciple of Xavier had been five years in the Island, and five years more in the South of India, labouring devotedly, with no human sources of comfort, on a pittance of twenty rupees per mensem, about as much as I gave my Arab horse in Calcutta.

Nor was Lionel Dashwood without his attractions for my excit-

able mind. There was something romantically strange in this young man, bred in the lap of luxury, thus flinging himself into the broad, shoreless sea of independence; and with all his errors of practice, so heroic in his bearing, so chivalrous in his views, so devoted to his high object, the love of a virtuous woman.

One evening, (we had been at the Petre Botte, witnessing its ascent by Clasper, and his carpenter) we had to return, after dinner, to sleep at Adrien's. Lionel was driving, and for greater security, determined to follow the buggy lamps of a M. Teriamoodi, a converted Malabar Gentoo, part of whose creed it of course was to emulate his Christian brethren in their attention to the flesh pots. This old gentleman then being slightly the worse for liquor, led us a variety of short cuts, more or less mountainous, and all out of the way; till at length, having been through a vast number of estates, and private gardens, he finally disappeared, and left us, in a tremendous flood of rain, and with our horses flogged to a stand-still. We had nothing for it but to get out and walk. Old Frazer, not being much accustomed to walking, was humorously out of humour, especially with himself, for having allowed Dashwood to drive, though, by the bye, he had no alternative, for we had left the coachman drunk at the grave of Paul and Virginia, and Frazer had about as much idea of driving, as he had of playing an anthem in Exeter Cathedral.

CHAPTER IX.

At length, grumbling, footsore, soaked through, and weary with tugging on the wearied horses, we saw before us a blaze of light, and heard a splendid Italian duett ringing from the many-windowed drawing-room. "*Mon Désir* as aw'm a sunner," shouted Frazer: and in two minutes more we were between a manly-looking little Frenchman and his wife, a lovely woman of thirty, dressed in white muslin, with black hair, and a black velvet ribbon round her snowy throat. These good people had their house full, but could give us a capital shake down in a barn; and while this was getting ready, we were introduced, *sans cérémonie* (and clad in our host's diminutive shirts and paletots) into the cheerful scenery of the music room.

When we sought our rude couches in the barn, it was still early for Saxons to go to sleep, and as Frazer was in a talkative mood, Lionel and myself besought him to tell us who were our hospitable entertainers.

"Gud sirs, but 'tis a curious stawry, and yu'll want another go of whusky and water gin ye listen it out. And barkye, lad, yu'll may be brew me a glass while yu're aboot it".

It was indeed a curious story, and as it bears much upon the singular state of law and manners in the Island, I shall attempt to give its substance, as I find it entered in my note-book, *minus* the questions with which I interrupted, or the snores with which Lionel accompanied its narration. Nor need I give the brogue of the worthy narrator,

though he speaks in his own person throughout; having been mixed up in the events:—events, may I add, which none but a person thoroughly acquainted with the Island could have observed or understood.

"Old Carrel, the handsome, white headed man you saw this evening, playing his 'roberie de whisk,' is a perfect pattern of the genuine Mauritian *habitant*, representative of the ambitious race who, during the last century, resorted to colonization rather for honour and glory, than for any of those solid advantages that are usually found necessary to tempt men to leave their native seats. Under the old *régime* of France, a colonial settler (complying with certain conditions) received a kind of patent of nobility, and was permitted to wear a sword at the French Court; a privilege perhaps of no real value to a man settled for life at the Antipodes, but for all that, one of the few temptations which would induce a Frenchman of those days to leave "his fiddle and his frisk" for the romantic uncertainties of a change of hemisphere.

"The family of Carrel had been among these early and distinguished settlers, and his father the Viscount, though he sold hats, made a very conspicuous figure at the levees of La-bourdonnais and his successors. With his last breath, this nobleman bequeathed the good will of his shop to his second son, who has been long dead, but is still represented by his widow, whom you also met this evening. The eldest succeeded to the Vice-co-

mital coronet, and the management of the Sucrerie, where we are spending the night. The proceeds of this estate are no great thing, but when added to his shares in sundry prizes brought into port by Suffrein or Surcœuf, (in whose ventures our friend in early life bore an occasional part) they made a respectable fund for the support of a family in the simple style peculiar to the time and country. Even now that we have introduced our gross feeding among them, the wants of a Creole are very simple; (that is, as far as himself is concerned. You have seen what their hospitality is, with their thirty-dollar Turkeys at each end of the table.) So the Viscount was comfortable, and saw a good deal of society too, on a pittance that would hardly have paid one of you gentlemen's wine-bills at Oxford. The great item in his year's expences was the education of pretty Eugénie, his only child, who as she grew up, displayed all those graces of mind and person, which make the real Creole gentlewoman, what you have yourselves beheld.

“A pleasant sight indeed it was to see Eugénie as she grew up in this lovely retreat: of a winter noon (say in July) sitting under a spreading plantain, with a broad-leafed straw hat drooping over her profuse and dew-gemmed hair; one hand would be resting on a book, the other employed in tossing bits of dead stick to the great lazy red fish that were lounging about their tank like so many heavy Dragons in a garrison town. Then old Carrel would come in from his mill, a stately thing to see, (he is a little broken now) with placid

aquiline features, and a carriage erect as Mars. I am sorry to say it of our good friend, but M. le Vicomte Carrel D'Augainville has one fault, he is little better (at heart) than an old rogue: not a disagreeable or malevolent rogue, but one thoroughly imbued with the profligacy of the times he speaks of, with such a glancing eye “*quand j'étais Corsaire*.” You therefore understand at once that he is all the worse; your conscious villain acts against the grain, and is liable to weak moments: a rascal of the stamp and time of life of our venerable friend has no virtuous intervals; because he has not the slightest idea that his way of life is ever otherwise.

“It is not to be expected, of course, that any one should know the whole state of Carrel's affairs; but it was generally thought, from his hospitable way of life, that he had money; and he had himself publicly announced that Eugénie had a fortune of 20,000 dollars—a sum of four thousand pounds sterling. She was therefore considered a very good match, independent of the claims her natural attractions would at all times possess upon the attentions of a gallant people like the Creoles of Mauritius.

“But Eugénie was fancy-free, although two young men of good expectations and binding, were by universal consent, admitted to have the chance between them, for Carrel did not mind encouraging them both. The limitations of French society did not give Madlle. herself a voice in the matters, but it was pretty clear that she was in no hurry, and cared no more for Leblond, than she did for D'Almaigne. Her days went

on in their usual monotony, the hot weather being passed in the country, chiefly at Mon Désir the winter (including Midsummer day) mostly at Port Louis. Here her aunt had a house, where she entertained indiscriminately all who chose to go through the usual formalities. At Mde. Etienne Carrel's you met Judges, Commissaires, Planters, Midshipmen, Abbés, Shop-keepers, Officers of Foot, Brokers, and Scotch Merchants. Every Thursday her doors were opened from eight in the evening till any early hour you pleased ; and what with her own singing (which you can judge of for yourself, it is very agreeable when she does not give you too much of it) or the dancing, which I always like to look at, though it makes me melancholy, and the conversation of the many superior people of all classes that were to be found, I know of no where where you spent a pleasanter evening. To the younger part, especially of this mixed assemblage, the knowledge that her fair niece would be staying there, lent the house an additional attraction ; and at the time of which I speak, her rooms were positively thronged. Eugénie was a bit of a coquette, and had something to say to one and all, from the newly fledged Ensign who blushed at his own French, to the grey-haired Avocat Lemoine, parent of seventy living souls. At one of these soirées appeared a dashing young fellow, the breadth of whose style of dress, and the novelty of whose Parisian blague, made it evident that he was of that class who are almost as foreign to the Creoles as to the English—the alien French.

“ You beheld the Chevalier Al-

cide D'Hauteville to-night : when first he came to Mauritius he was a younger and a still gayer man. He affected a close-cropped head, bushy beard, and fierce black moustaches. His very eyebrows had an air of reckless daring, rising as they did obliquely towards the bridge of the nose ; and his voice, as you are aware, is prodigious for so slight a person. Besides being a vigorous dancer, this youth soon became known as a singer of barytone songs ; and though you say that he sometimes inserts a passage not in the original score, (I know nothing of these matters myself,) yet he certainly has a bold wild way with him, and he used to sing those devil-songs out of Robert le Diable, (which was then new to us) in a dashing and affecting style. Add to this, that, in those days, his white waistcoats were longer even than now, his coat skirts still more wide, his trowsers more full, and pleated at the waistband, his shirt cuffs (at any rate) very conspicuous and well-washed, and you may judge of the havoc he committed amongst our young ladies. He inhabited a pavillion (what you called a hut when first you landed) by the Champ-de-Mars, where it is said that orgies of great violence occasionally took place ; and where, on going to call, I saw a brace of pistols, a collection of highly-coloured (and highly designed) French prints, together with tumblers, dice-boxes, meerschaums, and cheroot cases, enough to make a plain man's brain spin. From this retreat Alcide used to sally forth, in appearance and costume as I have described, conquering and to conquer. One evening (being Thursday) I presented myself at Madlle.

Etienne's. When I entered, Alcide was at the piano, where the hostess sate, accompanying with voice and hand a duett out of Lucia di Lammermoor. Fancy turning our magnificent novel into a dreary opera ! but this duo is considered very touching, I believe, when sung in correct tune. I mean, that between Lucia and her brother, the male part of which I could have wished sung in a voice somewhat less stentorian than that of a chief-mate in a hurricane.

"When the song was over, the party broke into groups. The old people complimented one another over their coffee and their sugar water, the young spinsters nestled close to their mammas ; and the dames without incumbrance exerted all their fascinations. From a quiet seat behind a door, I observed that the Chevalier was paying a vast deal of attention to a beautiful matron Mme. Du Vivier ; in fact from the earnestness of his look and manner, there could not be a doubt that it was rather a heavy flirtation. At length he handed her to the verandah, whispered a good deal while putting on her ~~shawl~~, and finally making her over to her complaisant husband, lighted a cigar, and walked home 'by moonlight alone.'

"The next morning I understand that the following little scene took place.

"Carrel père had come into the port on business, and was to breakfast with his sister-in-law. At the usual hour the fair Eugénie, unconscious of papa's arrival, had not returned from her early walk.

"Presently she appeared, but not alone, and somewhat confused, no doubt, for the moment.

"Old Carrel, on the contrary, was glad to give her his blessing, and in a perfect frenzy of delight at making the acquaintance of M. de Hauteville, for the Chevalier and no other, was the companion of Eugénie's morning ramble. The young couple seemed a little embarrassed still, when all at once Mme. Du Vivier, the belle of last night, arrived upon the scene, looking a little yellow by the light of morning. She had been walking behind, but now hastened to the rescue.

"'Monsieur has behaved with great honour,' said she, 'and in a manner suitable to his exalted rank.'

"'In effect Monsieur,' said our young friend, as Carrel began to look a little puzzled, 'I have this morning had the honour to espouse, in the presence of Madame, your charming daughter, whom I beg to present to your paternal consideration.'

"'I am overpowered. And you, Monsieur?'

"'Alcide Hauteville ; my family have known better days, but I am at present travelling on a commercial mission.'

"'How ! a commis-voyageur?''* Alcide bowed gracefully.

"'Very well, I am happy to receive you into my family. You have heard that Eugénie is rich?'

"'Some such report I may have heard, but a Frenchman does not pay attention to such matters in a case of love. His free heart scorns fetters, even though of gold.'

* *Anglicé*—"Bagman."

"That is well, Monsieur. In effect, Eugénie's fortune is not exactly in cash, having been mostly expended on her education, as I shall have the honour of shewing you from my ledger, where every item is duly entered. So in, Eugénie, (that is, if Monsieur will permit) and make the coffee."

"I understand, that during this speech Alcide dropped Eugénie's arm, and that they both looked rather foolish. He was no doubt reflecting on the question of a divorce, which he could have had very cheap; however he looked at the books first, and the conversation that occurred between him and his beau-père, after breakfast, seems to have been satisfactory, for he forthwith opened an establishment as grain merchant in Port Louis, and bought a large pair of scales, and the rest of his stock-in-trade on the credit of his wife's fortune, which also enabled him to furnish a very handsome suite of apartments on the upper floor, buy a handsome equipage, and give a series of entertainments.

"A couple of years passed. Alcide sang as loudly and false as ever; and Eugénie saw plenty of society. At last there came bad days in the Island, and one morning the shutters were shut, and our friend declared insolvent. Now came out the beauties of a mixed system of law. The schedule shewed first and foremost a debt of 20,000 dollars on trust to M. Carrel for Mde. de Hauteville as dowry received with that lady; and you may fancy that the assets left after the payment of this were not very large. Alcide in fact, committed fraudulent bankruptcy (under the auspices of his father-in-law,) and made over his estate to his wife. This, at least, is the English view of the transaction.

"The simple Arcadians of the Isle of Paul and Virginia gave it a less harsh name: and the young people retired to the case we are now visiting, where they spend their days in rural innocence, and are universally looked upon as very excellent members of society."

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning there was to be a *grande chasse*, and having seen our new friends stationed up to their ankles in dew, and at angles where not a man could fire without hitting his neighbour, in which pleasant predicament they were to remain till some one of them should see a hare, Frazer, Lionel, and I wandered down the lovely garden. We presently came upon a little grove, still densely dark, filled with large white tombs, and intersected by a bright clear stream of running water, in which we

made free to bathe. We then began to look over the family cemetery, and soon stood still before a high monument covered with fresh flowers. All over the sides were carvings of inverted torches, and dents artificially produced, and meant, we made out, to represent tears. It bore this inscription:—

"Objet de mes regrets, épouse adorée, Tu me verras fidèle à nos vœux jurés."

"Carrel's first wife," said Frazer;—"he has been twice married since; this is his second next

door; he was divorced from the third, on account of his infidelities, and now a lady of colour looks after his shirt buttons. Troublesome things those bachelor's buttons."

Lionel winked at me behind Frazer's back, but what he meant I have never been able to make out.

As we went in to breakfast, I could not avoid noticing the loveliness of the scenery amid which the fair Eugénie had been "raised." On one side it abutted on a magnificent ravine, through which, broken by stony eddies and cool waterfalls, ran a little river; in some places several ravines met, and cast bold straight shadows over cataract and rock and wood; on another side rose heights clothed with perennial verdure, while below them lay forests of countless trees, where the deer and the monkeys ran as free as they did ere foot of man had trod the Island: and through a break to the left, beyond houses, and bridges, and bright green fields of cane, the smooth sea spread out before the eye, with its black Islets, and the foaming reefs that sparkle white under the exquisite sky of this happy climate.

But it was not in nature to console my restless spirit, and after a few days more, I sought

the advice of my friend Lionel as to an opportunity of returning to Bengal.

"Why, what ails you, man?" was his reply "Have you not everything that heart could wish; or," added he, looking as sly as possible, "have you no one to sew on your buttons?"

"Listen to me, Lionel," said I, and I told him as much of my story as I thought sufficient to explain my restlessness: adding that my letters were all at Calcutta, as my agents had had no instructions as to their being forwarded. On my religious difficulties, I had no inclination to touch, much less to him, who made it a point to be as strict in principles as he was lax in moral practice.

"Well," he said, "I'll talk to Frazer, but I don't think there's an opportunity before the Futteh Moolayim." And the end of it was, that after a good deal of remonstrance, and some very serious conversation with the kind-hearted Frazer, I resolved to return with Clasper as I had come.

We had a large party* at tiffin on board, and Lionel stopped till the last moment. "God bless you, my boy," said he at parting; "let me know if you hear anything from Stagnum." Little did he, or I either, dream what were to be our next advices from thence.

* This reminds me to return my thanks to the Officers of that gallant corps, the 5th Fusiliers, from whom I received a cordial hospitality I can never forget.

ANGLO-INDIAN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.*

THE days have passed away with Theodore Hook and "Pelham," when it was a good joke to laugh at cooks, and pretend to look upon their art as an important one, by which was implied the reverse. Or if those ideas still linger anywhere, it is high time they were expedited on their way to the limbo of vanities. Without being selfish, or unduly prone to sensual indulgence, an intelligent man will wish to avail himself of those means of preserving his own life in health and comfort, which are afforded by an attentive observation of the laws of Nature, compound as well as simple. He will look upon himself as a complicated machine, whose mainspring must be kept in order, if its hands are to work as they ought; as a tree whose head is heavenward, but whose roots, of the earth, earthy, must be in good health, or farewell hope of fruitage. It is a confession which may by the romanticist be deemed degrading, but it is implied in his "homo sum;" there is no knight so brave, no duchess so beautiful and witty, no philosopher so wise, no poet so nimble a cup-bearer of the soul's high frenzy; but is dependent on the digestive, ganglionic, nervous, and cerebral functions of the body, for all that is best and most lovely, in what they are, do, or say. Therefore let us have no sneering at anything, however humble, that attempts to conduce to health, or comfort; to the phy-

sical well-being of the animal man, or to the calm content of home. And above all, let the ladies, now if it be at the eleventh hour, turn on their couches, and reflect upon this matter seriously. If they wish to fall into the snares of man, as man in his more brutish moments can lay them, why then let them remain, as man, in such a frame, would wish them to be. Let them continue to think it vulgar to eat, and elegant to ignore the fact that they have bodily functions; till the remonstrances of outraged nature rouse them too late from their presumptuously assumed angelhood. And in the meanwhile let them remember that if their husbands do not find themselves surrounded, when at home; by those little comforts, and those little absences of discomfort which make home the daily haven of the business-tossed mariner of life; they have debarred themselves from all just complaint, when those husbands find, or seek to find, less harmless means of relaxation. Let every person, in short, who does not care about health—the stock-in-trade of the Anglo-Indian—nor about home and comfort, those especial watch-words of the English hearth, let all such consider themselves fairly warned off this paper. Cookery and house-keeping shall be for them vulgar, mock-heroic, and absurd; and we leave them, at their own request, to the full enjoyment of the Doctor and the Insolvent Court.

* I. "Indian Domestic Economy," Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta.—II. "Mrs. Rundle's Domestic Cookery," by Miss Emma Roberts, London.

But we are happy to think that there is a large and an increasing class, who, shunning the sham romance and snobbish aristocracy of the school we have been describing, have grasped, with more or less of distinctness, the conviction, that while no wealth can compensate for the want of comfort, yet comfort craves no great expense of wealth ; and that to make use of Nature's gifts, is in its humble way, a sort of worship of nature. Feeling, with regard to this country, that they are here certainly for the best part of their lives, and had better make the best of it ; while their return to their native seats, may be rendered more speedy and less precarious, by a little trouble judiciously laid out in the pursuit of health and comfort ; to such, the work which stands first at the beginning of the present article, will be found most useful, nay, almost indispensable, being the production of a man of experience, (understood to be a Medical Officer at Bombay,) and one who is practically master of his subject.

There is nothing which so much upsets the "Griff," male or female, as the complete novelty of everything relating to servants. Instead of that decorous hypocrite the butler, the lordly and graceful Jeames, the roguish Phyllis of a parlour-maid with her tight boddice and fresh cheeks, or the versatile Proteus that fills so many rôles in country households (doubling the parts of coachman, gardener and footman) ; the new-comer finds himself (or herself) surrounded by a countless throng of rakish-looking barbarians, with black faces, opium-drugged eyes, wild beards, white draperies, and naked feet ; the house-maid be-

ing meanwhile superseded by drowsy bearers with odd, primitive breeches, who always turn up when they are least wanted, and in one short month render the privacy of the bed-room a myth, with which imagination has more to do than memory.

Whether lady or gentleman, we soon get a dim consciousness that these races have nothing in common with us ; nay, are perhaps in some sort antagonistic. It is no more a question of John getting drunk, or Susan stopping out on Sunday evenings, to flirt with the baker of her heart ; but a matter of mercenary eye servers, who serve you after a standard of their own, querulous over our beloved pork, insolent towards our sacred national beef, dirty, dishonest, deceitful, and "desperately wicked." The lady "griff" (whose case we will select, as the dear creatures jump faster at conclusions than the other sex) is perplexed ; and soon driven out of her sweet natural charities, learns to look upon black men as forming a third class in the inhabitants of the world. Henceforth she classes her fellow-creatures as men, women, and natives ; the war of races is begun. As time wears, a spurious alliance grows up, founded on the necessities of the case ; the Englishwoman picks up the jargon of the Sudder Bazaar to perfection, and gradually adopts some of the modes of thought peculiar to the servants. Hindoostanee idioms begin to interlard her conversation with her own family,—a state of things which the natives themselves discover, and which by no means increases their respect for their mistress. An intelligent man, who had

seen a good deal of European society in his humble way, once told us, after severe cross-examination and much solemn adjuring, that he thought the English were very good and honourable when first they arrived in the country, but afterwards gradually became very like natives! It is a problem worth five minutes' consideration, whether it be better to preserve the feelings of civilized British Christians, and by so doing probably maintain the war of races; or lose our influence over the natives in the very act of becoming able to employ it, by adopting their peculiar tones of thought. The whole of our Bombay author's remarks on this subject are well worthy of attention. He shews that it is a dangerous thing to start with any very strong prejudices.

"Nor is the fault," (says he) "wholly on their side; much that is complained of originates with the master, and is owing to him. In the first place, taking a servant merely on the recommendation of a written character, without any endeavour to ascertain whether the bearer is the person described, and how he became possessed of it [is a bad plan]." He then advises Registration Offices for servants,—a point we agree with him in thinking of the highest importance; especially at our large stations in the Hills, and even in the plains. At many of these places it is no punishment to a servant to discharge him, such is the demand for experienced domestics; and such the facilities for obtaining false characters, either by borrowing those of a friend, or by employing some "intelligent"

writer to make a set to order, while at the same time, there is no other punishment which can be legitimately inflicted for faults, however heinous, which do not assume an actually criminal character. It is obvious that this would be set to rights by a Registration Office, and by the European society determining not to engage a servant, except through that channel. But there must be some protection for the servants also, against the caprice of their employers. Hear our author: "On the other hand, servants have too often just cause for leaving their place suddenly; the slightest fault of a native servant being often visited with blows, (alas! alas!) and such abuse as no respectable man will hear; very often too for no other fault than that of not understanding what the master has said, who has given his directions in some unintelligible stuff, from ignorance of the language, which no one *could* understand."

We have no wish to be puritanical or uncharitable, but really the habit of striking servants is one to which no ordinary amount of censure will adequately apply. There can be no doubt that it is as cowardly as striking a woman, for the persons who do it would mostly think twice before they did the same to an European, however removed from them in the social scale. And it is as dangerous as striking a woman, too. A body blow may at any time kill a native on the spot. We will not deny that the servants give almost irresistible provocation to sudden outbursts of temper, in a climate where the nerves are often irritated, from the state of general health; but let

it be borne in mind, that no respectable servant will remain in the service of one who is in the habit of thus forgetting himself, and that such practices are as injudicious as they are disgraceful.

A far better punishment for servants is a moderate and conscientious system of fines, and as there appears to be some misconception upon this point, let us state briefly what appears to us to be the rationale of the question. We think it a good punishment, inasmuch as it is felt by the servants very deeply, it being true in more senses than one, that "a nigger's tender point is his chest." Whereas if you strike him, you are hung upon this dilemma; if he goes, you lose your servant, which we suppose was not your wish, or you might have discharged him at once: if he remains, you have a perpetual witness to your loss of self-respect, and the consciousness besides that the man has none of his own. But it is often said that this mode of taking the law into one's own hands, by "cutting" pay is not fair; a statement more specious than correct.

Service is a contract. A engages to pay a certain rate of wages, B to give a certain amount of service. If, therefore, either in words or by implication, A shew B that any failure on *his* part will be met by a corresponding failure (and no more) in pay, such a fine is most fairly exacted. Here, unlike the beating, a man's remaining in your service after punishment, is the best proof that he acquiesces in the arrangement, and the cases where a really good master is sued for such deductions are, we imagine, extremely rare. When they occur, it is the duty of the Court

of Requests to look upon the question equitably, and where they find that the master is generally indulgent, and in the habit of noticing repeated misconduct by small but proportionate deductions of pay, so that such is well known to be a condition of his service, the Court should, we think, proceed to enquire what was the nature of the present offence, and what the amount "cut." Should they be satisfied of the justice of the transaction, there is surely no reason why a Quixotic strictness of sentiment should lead them—as too often occurs—to give a decision in favour of the plaintiff. We have dwelt thus long on the unravelment of this matter, because it is one in which no confusion ought to exist: and because persons are often on the side of excessive retrenchment, till they find to their surprise that no good servant will come to them; especially where, as more and more often happens in these prudent days, a strict eye is kept on the current expenses and perquisites.

"I think that you have only to treat natives well and kindly," (thus excellently are these very sensible remarks concluded), "and they will generally prove good servants to you. Sympathize in their griefs and joys, with the smallest words of kindness, speak kindly to them, and oblige them when you can; they will serve you well,...: if a master or mistress is always finding fault with servants for the *most trifling omission* of duty, having them beaten, or cutting their pay for the value of an article broken by accident, the native naturally becomes discontented and careless to please, knowing he can but be sent away, with a chance of getting a much more

humane and even-tempered employer..... Encourage a servant to come and confess his fault, shewing perhaps that he has broken an article ; then refrain from blows, abuse, and cutting his pay, *which seldom at any time is very high*, owing to the small sum required for a native to live upon, and if reduced by stoppages, falls heavily upon him, and arouses his natural cunning to make it up most assuredly at your expence, and in future induces him to hide by every means in his power, any fault he may afterwards commit."

The good Doctor's English is a little awkward here and there, but the sense is plain and very good. His estimate is a little too favourable for *all* servants perhaps—at least on our side of India—but his view of the master's duty as a civilized Christian is not overstated. We resent the cruelty of a Mackay, because it ends in death ; and overlook the display of the very same evil passions amongst ourselves, because we less often hear of any immediate results.

But our author admits the fraud and intrigue which stain the native character, and adverts to the common offence of running away from a griffish employer, after getting an advance of wages. This is also found to occur in the Hills, and should be at once met by a formal charge before the Civil authorities ; there being an especial regulation on the subject, by which monthly servants are looked upon in the same light as any other contractors, and punished with a month's imprisonment* in failure of contract : the overt act being the leaving their employ (without sufficient cause) and without giving fifteen

days' notice. The penalty is, we think, a little clumsy ; but it was probably felt that it would be difficult to repose in a magistrate the somewhat anomalous power of making the man disgorge the unworked-out amount of pay. Even in this case, a prudent magistrate can always assist in correcting this, by permitting a private arrangement ; when the full pay has not yet been received, the case is settled at once. It is undoubtedly a rule which should seldom or never be broken through, to keep one month's pay in hand.

We do not wish to be satirical at our own expence, but we must admit that we do not expect our remarks to do much good to the confirmed "Old Indian." Travellers in India seem to be universally struck with the pertinacious adherence to custom which they find in this class ; it is a protracted game of "follow my leader," reminding one of the remark of the sagacious Herr Teufelsdrück, that if the foremost sheep of a flock be offered a barrier which he is compelled to leap, and the barrier be then withdrawn, the last of the succeeding sheep will be found conscientiously bounding over vacancy.

Careless therefore of the opening we leave to critics who are determined (or obliged) to be funny, we shall continue to address ourselves principally to the "Griff," male and female, who has not yet learned that in India you require about three times as much to eat and drink as in England, or that the same things that agreed with the system in the upper part of the north temperate zone, are equally requisite in the tropics, their intemperate

region—that horses must be fed entirely upon beans and green grass, that children *must* speak Hindoostanee, or that one *must* have a separate servant for every distinct item of the household work.

We will suppose you then, our dear Griff, or dearer Griffess, arrived at a station where you are likely to remain for the next two years. Your first cares are the selection of a Bungalow and of servants. On the first matter we

can have but little to say, except that situation is the great thing to attend to; a good west aspect for the hot winds, and a slight rise for the sake of dryness in the rains. Never mind what the rent is, recollect HEALTH IS YOUR CAPITAL, and grudge no outlay that will preserve or increase your stock.

On experience we affirm that the following list of servants comprises all that are absolutely necessary :—

<i>Single.</i>		<i>Married.</i>	
Khidmutgar,.....	8	•Khidmutgar,.....	8
Cook,.....	10	Cook,.....	10
Bheesty,.....	4	Masalchee,.....	4
Tailor and Bearer,.....	8	Bheesty,.....	4
Cooly,.....	3	Tailor,.....	8
Sweeper,.....	4	Bearer,.....	6
		Cooly,.....	3
		Sweeper,.....	4
		Ayah, (Mehterancee,).....	6
		Dhoby,.....	10

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Extra Establishment for the Hot Weather.

Punkah Coolies, (night and day,) @ 3—(6),.....	18
Extra Bheesty for Tatties,.....	4

22

You will require two syces for every three horses; and can keep one grass-cut besides. But, as a general rule, and whenever you can, *buy your hay*.

The tailor will keep your clothes in order, and get them washed by some one else's dhoby if you are a bachelor; the cooly will, under the tailor's directions, keep the furniture dusted; he or the bheesty will look after your couple of goats, and your few fowls will be taken care of by the sweeper. Any man volunteering for anything beyond his usual functions, may fairly ex-

pect an extra rupee, and if you fancy fresh laid eggs, you may give the khidmutgar or the sweeper a small allowance per dozen, just enough to cover the loss he would sustain in the matter of dustoory, and induce him to bring you what were laid by your own hens. It will be observed that we have put the cook's salary rather high. He will be your Khansaman too, and you will find the money well laid out, if you get a good servant.

If however the bachelor griff belongs to a Regimental Mess,

this servant will be no longer required, and the monthly expense in servants' wages in winter will be only seven rupees, with from five to fifteen in syces.

Do not, however, grudge the extra expense in the hot weather. Six men at three rupees each will run away with eighteen rupees more, it is true; but this will give you three men always ready for the punkah and thermantidote, while the additional bheesty will keep the tatties wet, and allow of an occasional relief in those wild days of white and roaring heat, when the very natives die in hundreds from mere apoplexy.

Turning to the married people's list, exceptions without number may be taken to our distribution. There is no ayah—true, but we are addressing those who have to start in life on very moderate means, and who will find an expert mehteranee more attentive and respectful than the very low Mussulmanies, who will alone be prevailed upon to expose their unveiled charms in an English household. Again, the wages of the bearer are not high enough, if he is to dress the master of the house; but then he ought not to require dressing. Begin your career in India by vigorously opposing all such lackadaisical fancies; you will be the better for it in every point of view. Why should a young Englishman of the middle classes, who enjoyed, while under the paternal roof, some fifth share in a maid-of-all-work, require the constant presence of one or two frog-like Heathens, to prow! about his chamber while he

is going through the various mysteries of the toilet; washing him, rubbing him, putting on his shirt and stockings, and brushing his hair? Besides which, (and it is no mean consideration,) the mistakes which these sable valets must occasionally make, are so many provocatives of temper, in a climate where your utmost efforts can scarcely keep you, mentally or bodily cool; reflect on these things, and put yourself (while it is yet time) beyond the reach of being seen by some early and familiar visitor, engaged in a brisk but one-sided engagement amongst braces, boots and bearers.

We will suppose you roused at peep of dawn to take your constitutional walk or ride, before the heat of the day commences. The general custom is to huddle on one's clothes, swallow a cup of tea, light a cheroot, and having laid the foundation of dyspepsia for the day, set out in forlorn and unavailing search for health. Instead of which, take our advice: * if you are strong enough, by all means rise early, even before it is light; but touch neither tea nor cheroot, (coffee at such a time is but a substitute for corrosive sublimate). Take a sharp canter, come home unwearied, then (if you are a late breakfaster) take a biscuit, and then a cup of tea; after which, you will enjoy a nap or a peep at *Saunders's*, (we choose the very remotest alternative,) on your cool† couch. The servants will soon begin to close the windows, excepting on the tatty side, and the hot wea-

* Should you feel very much indisposed to rise, *never force nature*, you will do no harm by lying in bed with a book, while the fresh morning air breathes upon you through the open windows.

† Have it covered with that fine, down-country matting.

ther day has commenced. Take a cold bath, and come out, clean and comfortable into the well-cooled room, where a light breakfast is being put upon the table ; while your wife, neat and cool, is sitting in a well-starched morning gown of clear white muslin, ready for the sweet English functions of the tea-table. You are hungry we make no doubt ; pray pause. Do not, we beseech you, eat meat. You would not, probably, have done so in England, where the weather and the exercise might have been some warrant. Take then, under our burning Dogstar at least, *as* light a breakfast as you would have done, with the thermometer at fifty-five, and a sea-breeze crustling your panes with salt at Brighton or Hastings.

The ingenious author of "The Original," the late Mr. Walker, (another glorious opening for funny criticism) has some excellent remarks on this matter.

"Before taking anything either solid or liquid, perform your ablutions,* dress completely, and breathe for a time the freshest air you can find. . . . This enables the stomach to disburthen itself, and prepare for a fresh supply ; and gives it a vigorous tone . . . with respect to the proper food for breakfast, that must depend much upon constitution and way of life [*sub* "and climate"] "I think as a general rule, *abstinence from meat* is advisable."

This was written for England, and of course applies with far greater force to this country, where the habits of the natives

shew that meat is not quite so essential as in the land of the Esquimaux.

Bread, especially brown, as far the most nutritious ; a couple of eggs, a moderate amount of butter, a little seasoning—these simple materials are capable of being varied to an almost unlimited extent ; and the dishes produced being clean and simple, can for the most part be prepared on the breakfast table, with the aid of the portable stove or ungeety, kept in the verandah to ensure the tea-water being always at the boiling point. And what shall we say of thee, Thea divine ! delicate goddess, fed with aromatic odours daily from millions of English homes!—refreshment of the weary, solace of the sorrowful, companion of the solitary, and (when taken in time) well nigh specific for aguish fever ! Like Orpheus of old, twice in the day do we invoke thee, at breakfast, and after dinner ;

"Tea veniente die, tea decedente"—VIND. and thy rites are these :

Put the tea into the pot at the rate of a *dessert* spoonful for each person : sprinkle the least possible portion of carbonate of soda, and add a table spoonful of *boiling* water, so that the leaves shall expand and grow warm with the growing warmth of the pot. When this is done, and the tea is well steeped, add your hot water—you need not be so particular about its boiling this time—at the rate of a breakfast cupful for each person, and pour out your tea almost immediately. By attending to this, you will get your tea in its first

* It will be observed that, in deference to Indian weaknesses, we have allowed a cup of tea *before* dressing. But then we are supposing the patient to rise very early and breakfast late. Our private heresy is, that the morning tea is a mistake altogether.

flowery flavour, without any of the bitterness that Lucretius so plaintively complains of. He of course made his tea in the old-fashioned way, drowning it with water, and allowing it to stand till it had recovered itself. Who can wonder at his crying in his disappointment—

"Medio de fonte surgit amari aliquid."

We do not allow tiffin, except to incorrigible old Indians (whom, as our seniors, we do not feel bound to watch over with any great care) and that class, fortunately so small in India, who do not know where or how they may dine. Should a person so situated be asked to take tiffin, we would, by no means have him refuse.

About dinner, we would only suggest that it be preceded (if possible) by a little exercise; that you drink little or nothing during the meal; that you leave off hungry; and allow *nothing* to disturb you, either mind or body, during the first two hours of digestion. With regard to what you should eat, abundance of light and wholesome receipts may be found in the two

works to which we have referred; the second is the best cookery-book we ever met with; we have never tried a dish from it that did not succeed perfectly.

In spite of all that has been said against tobacco, we will allow you, our male friend, two cheroots after this description of dinner, and one cup of tea. The best "weeds" are No. 2* from Wilson; or from Messrs. Watson, of Clive Street. And now dispose yourself to bed, without one drop of grog. If you don't feel sleepy, and the night is hot, do not be tempted to take a glass of grog; it will do you very little good at the time, and lay the foundation of a pernicious habit. Take a book, (it sounds horrible, but try it,) read for half an hour; then carefully blow out your candle, and compose your mind for that utter solitude, which nightly brings to mind the inevitable and solemn season, when you must

"With an unfaltering trust approach your grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch,
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."†

DYSPEPSIA—NO. II.

By the mighty mountain-side,
When the opal morning shone
On the snow-peak's cold, eternal pride,
Then was my soul alone.

In the third watch of the night,
When, in sleep, I hear them groan,
And starting, wake in wild affright,
Then is my soul alone.

In the crowded ways of life
With my fears and hopes unknown,
Where all is apathy, but strife,
My soul is most alone.

H. G. K.

* The old No. 3.

† Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

NOTES ON THE KINGDOM OF OUDHE.—NO. II.

THE troops of the King of Oudhe are of various kinds. Those under Native Commanders are in point of discipline the worst and most inefficient. They are either Nujeebs or Talangas. The former are a motley crew, but their warlike appearance and picturesque costumes might find favor, even in the eyes of a European, to whom every thing oriental is striking and pleasing. A Nujeeb has a particular uniform; his dress, which he must find himself, does not in general differ much from that of other Natives; a turban is wound tightly round his head, from which,—if a Mahomedan, and of that numerous class the city beau—long curls hang down. A gaudy chupkun probably not over-clean, of coarse green or red broad-cloth, or colored linen, covers his form; while his pyjamah, if a Mussulman, or his dhoty, if a Hindoo, serve in place of pantaloons. His waist is encircled by a broad red belt, embroidered with silk, or a thick cloth kummerbund, or a buff leather girdle of sampa deer's-skin, to which a scarlet Hindostanee powder flask is fastened, and from which peep forth a couple of pistols, a dagger or two, or a Nepalese war-knife, or all these arms together. A long-barrelled matchlock, or a heavy blunderbuss, is slung over his shoulders, and a sheathed sword is in his hand. Add to these a most ferocious pair of whiskers, and fierce looking moustachios, and the picture of an Oudhe Nujeeb is complete. The Talanga, under the Native Captain, is a more tame looking individual. He appears

more cleanly, is better dressed, and in point of discipline pretty passable: he wears a scarlet or green cloth jacket, and English trousers, though it often happens that the former is out at elbows, and the latter rather shabby. On his head is a forage cap, or an old shako, and he has a respectable pouch, and bayonet belt, a decent looking musket, and, in general, has a tolerably military-looking air.

There is also a class of most unsoldier-like ragamuffins in the Nazim's private service, called Sebundeeds,—who seem to subsist on plunder only, and are never known to be useful or fighting men. Their salary depends entirely on the Amil, who will often withhold it entirely, and then disband them. They are the worst off, as their pay is not guaranteed by the Government, who merely allow the Chuckladars a sum of money for their entertainment. It is only the hope of plunder, and the importance of being privileged thieves, that induce them to enlist. The number of these auxiliaries is continually varying, as they are kept by the Amil at his pleasure, and may at any time be dismissed by him. Their pay, which, together with that of the other troops, is often permitted to fall for many months into arrears, is only two and a half, or three rupees per mensem, with which they must supply everything; while that of a Talanga is five rupees, besides being furnished with uniforms and arms. Sebundeeds* and Nujeebs are in general much finer men than

* A corruption of the two words *Siphai Hindes*.

the Talanga troops, who, compared to the former, are miserable looking. The first are strong, well made and athletic, often the relations of Zemindars; while the latter are frequently of the bunneah caste, who, especially those in the city, put on a uniform, such as it is, merely for the sake of the few rupees that constitute their pay.

The position of the Koomandan, who in his own regiment possesses unbounded power, enables him, though his salary scarcely ever exceeds 80 or 100 rupees, to entertain a magnificent establishment. He has very fine horses, very large elephants, the best camels, a most numerous train of servants, the neatest tents, most splendid palankins, and the best of every thing. He can generally afford to purchase the Chuckladarship of a rich district, (for in Oudhe all appointments, Civil and Military, are sold to the highest bidder, or given to the most influential favorite,) or buy himself the command of an additional regiment or two, and stand security for Zemindars for lacks of rupees. The sources of his wealth are no secret; his malpractices are openly committed: his extortions from his sepoy are public; every body knows that the Koomandan sells all regimental ranks to whoever can pay most; that he never enlists a man without first obtaining from him a bribe of 25 or 30 rupees; (so much is employment coveted in Oudhe,) that one-half of the men entered on the rolls merely exist on paper; that half of the others are scarcely ever present, and that during their absence, he shares their pay with the Native Paymaster; that of the five rupees allowed the se-

poys from Government he scarcely lets them have three and a half; that a large portion of the pay of a Soubahdar or Jemadar finds its way into his pocket; that he derives immense profits from the contract of furnishing the uniforms and ammunition for his men; that he receives bribes from all, and leaves no means untried to rob and plunder whenever he can. The men are little cared for; no doctor is entertained, and no hospital is attached to the Native Commander's regiment; the sick man is left to the mercy of nature, or the chance attention of his comrades or relatives. Next to the Koomandan the Bukshee or Native Paymaster has the most lucrative post, though no salary is attached to the office, or at least a very trifling one.

Notwithstanding this circumstance, he gladly pays to the Paymaster General, who shares the patronage of the Regimental Paymasterships with the Minister, a very considerable bribe, and an annual *douceur* of three or four hundred rupees. The lending out money to the troops, whose pay, which, when in arrears, though he might receive from Government, the Bukshee yet withholds from them, naturally makes him always anxious to obtain cash at any interest however ruinous; the keeping on the books of the regiment the names of some Sepoy long dead, whose allowance he still draws, and several other similarly ingenious contrivances for making money at the expence of the poor Sepoy, render the Paymaster's berth a very profitable one. These posts are exclusively held by the caste of Hindoos called Kaets, a shrewd, cunning

ing, and particularly unprincipled race.

In Oudhe, far more so than anywhere else, the native character is more conspicuous than in the British territory, where, under the eye of the European, the native finds it his interest to conceal it. Here, on the contrary, villainy and dishonesty are openly practised, and need not the cloak of hypocrisy to hide them. We find native petty officials almost always devoid of morality or honor, but that they also possess vast talents, and a surprising amount of tact and cunning is likewise unquestionably the fact; wealth and power are the sole objects they have in view, and they are not scrupulous as to the means by which they are to be acquired. I cannot help thinking that this almost general character of the native is mainly attributable to the want of a moral education, and that if their ways of thinking were directed into a right channel, their character would be far different from what it now generally is. Politeness and flattery to superiors and equals generally, are no less characteristics of the native of Oudhe, but more especially of the Hindoostanee courtier, than their insincerity and hollowness. There are, however, many very honorable exceptions to the above general rules, and such a thing as principle is not entirely unknown to several of the higher class of natives. I am acquainted with both Mussulmans and Hindoos of the highest rank, who would even sacrifice their interests to honor. Nūwab Sherfood-Doulah (Ibrahim Khan's ex-Minister) might have obtained the Vuzeership during the present reign, had he

chosen to become a Sheah (to which sect the royal family belong). Pride is another almost universal (shall I say?) failing with the high-born native, especially if he be a member of the royal family. Yet this weakness shows differently in a native from what it does with us. The pride of a European makes him only odious to his fellow-creatures, but the native Prince it generally dissuades from mean actions; he will do nothing that is derogatory to his dignity, but he will not on that account let you feel his superiority: with the former it but too frequently is a vice, with the latter it verges on a virtue.

To know the native is difficult, to deal with him successfully is far more so. There are so many incongruities in his character, that years of experience only make us acquainted with it. The natives, on the contrary, have great perceptive faculties, more so indeed by far than any other nation. The Mahomedans are more intelligent, and have more freedom of will, than the Hindoos, whose devotion to their chiefs, and honest dealings between men of their own caste, may well deserve our admiration. The native is by nature a plotting, intriguing politician, and though he can appreciate straight-forwardness in the European, it considerably puzzles him. He always suspects diplomacy in our dealing with him, and therefore mistakes the cause for the effect; and honesty of purpose will always put him off his guard. The great advantage that a native possesses over us is, that he never scruples to tell a falsehood. The Minister might tell fifty lies without on that account falling in the estimation of the public, while the

European depends only on his reputation for honor, which he must necessarily be careful to preserve. If one wishes to gain an object with a native, it is necessary to enter into his feelings, respect his prejudices, flatter his foibles, and please him with extravagant exclamations of admiration. A braggadocio with us is despised, but with the Hindostanee, self-laudation raises one in his estimation. He will believe the most wonderful fictions, and put implicit faith in the most incredible accounts of hair-breadth escapes and desperate encounters. "God is great!" will be his pious ejaculation. We seldom ingratiate ourselves with the natives, because their ideas are so vastly different from ours, and to find pleasure in their society, we must adapt our minds entirely to their comprehension. Gratitude is a virtue we give them little credit for, and yet it does exist, and that too to a greater extent, than we imagine. We take little care to make ourselves loved and respected by the natives, and often wound their feelings (and Hindostanees are peculiarly sensitive) by language or conduct, which in their estimation blots out the obligations they may be under to us. There are many examples of natives having exposed their lives for those Europeans they love. When Captain Alexander Orr, in an encounter with a band of armed dacoits, was in imminent danger of being cut down by the sabre of one of them, a sepoy interposed his own body to save his Commanding Officer; and when Captain Patrick Orr, at Eesinugger, received thirteen deep wounds, he would have assuredly lost his life—but for the devoted-

ness of his servants, some of them of the lowest caste, who heroically carried him on a charpoy through the midst of a hostile crowd, in contempt of the musket balls that whistled about their ears. How many contradictory accounts we have of the natives, and how incapable are many authors, who give opinions of a character they had no opportunity, or else no great care, to observe! We unfortunately either give the native credit for virtues he never possessed, and extol his good qualities to the very skies, or we give him credit for too little, and abuse him more than he deserves. We ought in common justice to make many allowances for his feelings, and yet how often, if a native resents an insult—do we call him impertinent and insolent, while if his innate Oriental politeness forbids the expression of anger, we set him down as mean and spiritless! The picture I have drawn of the native character is applicable only to the native of Oudhe, and of the Northern Provinces of Hindostan in general; not by any means to the Bengalee.

The native official is of course not less corruptible in Oudhe than elsewhere, and is therefore of no use to Government, except as a means of adding to the wealth of its influential servants, who naturally receive heavy bribes for the gift of appointments. The *akbar naveezes*, or newswriters, like the paymasters, are very ill paid, but their influence is so great, that it is a matter of policy on the part of the officials, whose actions they are employed to spy, to reward them handsomely, either for their silence, or for their giving a highly colored

statement in the most favorable light, of what, in reality, may be a matter of questionable character. The Durbār are aware, of course, how much their servants abuse their power. Yet they not only wink at dishonesty, but actually encourage it. I once had a conversation with a native Koomandan of high birth. "Sahib," said he, "what is the good of my being honest? If I have the reputation of being otherwise, I must pay the news-writers liberally, and connive at the bukshee's impositions, or I lose my place, and become a beggar. My Government therefore force me to be dishonest, for to please those rogues alone, requires triple the amount of my salary, and besides this, I must flatter them, and keep them in good humour." When native officers entertain such sentiments, is it to be wondered that the people of Oudhe should groan under oppression?

This system of *espionage* appears to me to be indeed the source of half the misery in Oudhe.

The European Officers in the Oudhe service have however maintained, *almost* without exception, in the midst of the general depravity, so high a character for uprightness, honor and courage, that I cannot speak too highly of them. When disputes between the landholders, or Talooqdars and the Chukladar or Amil occur, it is the European Officer that is generally called upon by the former to pledge himself by seizing his arm, (this observance is called *baun*;) that no treachery is medi-

tated on the part of the latter. Examples of Amils perfidiously seizing Talooqdars, who had ventured into their camp, to settle the amount of revenue to be paid, have become so very frequent, that landholders are now afraid to appear in the tent of the Governor, without having first secured the protection of the European Officer, in whose word of honor they justly put implicit reliance. A great deal of power is thus vested in the Oudhe Officer; and the Chukladar, under whose orders he is placed, finds it a matter of policy to conciliate him. To receive presents from his superiors, is one of the privileges of his appointment, but not so to take *nuzzers* from zemindars, against whom he is frequently directed to proceed hostilely. This I may venture to say he always refuses, except when he has the permission of the Amil, at whose disposal he is placed. Any Officer may stand security for a Zemindar to any amount, however large, by granting receipts in advance; which he is however only enabled to do, when he has the collections of the revenue on his estate; but in that case he receives a per-centage from the landholders, proportionate to the risk he runs. There are two ways of standing security, one called *Kubs takalamec*,* and the other *Kubs vusoolec*.† When the former contract is taken, the Officer who stands security for the Talooqdar, must, in case of the latter's failing to pay in the revenue, make up from his private purse the deficiency to the Chuk-

* "Unconditional contract," from *قبس* (*qubs*), contract *لا* (*la*) without and *كلام* (*kallam*) word.

† "Contract depending on collection of revenue," from *وصول* (*vusool*) collection-tax.

ladar. If however the latter *Kubs* be given, the landholder's security runs comparatively no risk; the Officer pays to the Amil what he obtains from the Talooqdar, who, often, under the impression that his security has given a *Kubs lakalamee*, gladly pays to him what he would refuse to give the Chukladar direct.

I have hitherto only spoken of the King's troops that are commanded by Native Officers; I have now to describe those solely under European Commandants. These men are well dressed, well disciplined, supplied with excellent arms, and furnished with very good ammunition. They are paraded according to the same rules as those that prevail in the Company's armies; and being the picked men of Oudhe, are enlisted solely for their appearance and strength, unless they are particularly recommended by the Durbar people. They are decidedly as efficient in the field as our sepoy, on account of their being often engaged in active service against the Talooqdars, who oppose (sometimes not without success,) the King's Government, and who, the possessors of very strong forts, and chiefs of thousands of retainers, are no despicable foes. Whatever improvements have been introduced into these regiments, are solely owing to their Officers. The Commander, in his Corps, possess little short of absolute power; no one questions his promoting whom he pleases, or discharging whom he likes; yet rank is only given to Native Officers, whether commissioned or non-commissioned, for distinguished merit, or by seniority. A sepoy is seldom dismissed without being first tried by a Court

Martial, and as consequently, injustice is rarely committed, the men look up to their Officers with respect. They are also well cared for, having a hospital and Native Doctor attached to each corps.

These Officers hold a recognised position in society, which those in the Native Corps do not; and are, from being well paid, able to keep up a respectable appearance. There are none above the rank of Captain, nor any below that of Lieutenant. The former, if commanding a regiment, receives allowances amounting to 800 Rupees a month, and the latter draws a salary which generally varies from 200 to 250 Rupees per mensem. They enjoy however certain rights and perquisites which considerably increase their income. The second in command, the Adjutant and the Quarter Master, the only European Officers besides the Commandant, are all paid alike. Each of these Battalions contains about a thousand men, exclusive of native officers, and has a battery of eight heavy and light guns, to which about 250 men are attached. Captain Barlow's men, I think, are the best looking, and Captain Magness' sepoy the best drilled; but Captain Bunbury's are scarcely inferior to the latter two. A company of Sappers and Miners is also added to each of these corps, and a troop of Irregular Cavalry is sometimes attached to each Infantry Regiment. Barlow and Magness have both very good bands. Besides these three corps, that commanded by Soubah Sing, formerly commanded by Captain Bukley, though far inferior to the others, may also be classed among the King's Regular Regiments.

There was also one under the command of Capt. Hyder Hearsey, which after twice mutinying was disbanded. Captain Hyder Hearsey was at Lucknow when the mutiny occurred. It seems to have originated with one of the native officers, and to have been connived at by one of the Christian officers, who permitted himself quietly to be placed under arrest. The intention of the mutineers was to march into Lucknow; and after clamoring for pay, to take up a hostile position against their Government. When, however, they went into the tents of the two brothers Lieutenants Patrick and A. Orpheus Orr, those gentlemen refused to permit themselves to be placed under arrest, and, each armed with a double barrelled gun, seated themselves in two chairs placed back to back, while two orderlies, who alone remained faithful, defended the approach from the right and left. These spirited officers then threatened to shoot the first man who laid hands on them, and the mutineers, as much from fear, as from respect for those whom they had but the day before obeyed as their superiors, eventually dispersed, and marched towards Lucknow, under command of one of the Subaldars. Arrived near the city, they demanded their pay from Government, expecting the Durbar tamely to submit to their terms; but owing I think to the advice of Mr. Davidson, the then Resident, their demand was peremptorily refused. They encamped not far from Con-
stantia, fortified their camp, placed their guns, and assumed a very threatening attitude. For two days they were unmolested, but on the third, the Oudhe Government demanded and obtained

assistance from the Resident, who ordered Brigadier Webber to send two Regiments against them. Colonel Harvey accordingly marched, but he only arrived at a deserted camp; the mutineers had vacated it the night previously. They had not been aware of the intention of Government, or, it was surmised, they would have stopped to fight. Had an engagement actually taken place, the slaughter would have been terrific, as the mutineers had the best guns of the two parties. There are other circumstances connected with this mutiny, which I refrain from mentioning. One of the ring-leaders was afterwards punished. Some of the men, who submitted eventually, were drafted into other corps; but they proved a mutinous set, and were gradually dismissed by their new Commanding Officers.

There is also a Police battalion, divided into two detachments, one commanded by Captain William Hearsey, consisting of 656 men, inclusive of Native Officers, and the Artillery attached to one gun, besides 50 Irregular Sowars—and the other under Captain Alexander Orr, who commands a detachment of 267 Infantry and Artillery (to one gun) and 50 Cavalry. They are on the same footing as the regular Regiments I have above described, and employed for the capture of the dacoits, dhutoorahs or poisoners, and thieves, who seek shelter in Oudhe from the Company's territories.

Captain G. R. Weston at present holds the appointment of Superintendent of the Oudhe Frontier Police, and Captains Hearsey and Orr, of the Oudhe service, are placed immediately un-

der him as his Assistants. They are in fact, as it were, lent to the Company, and no orders can be transmitted to these Officers, except though Captain Weston, who receives them direct from Colonel Sleeman. The Northern half of Oudhe, or the Seetapore Division, is confined to the care of Captain Hearsey; while the Southern half of the kingdom, or the Sultanpore Division, is presided over judicially by Captain Orr, whose head-quarters are at Fyzabad. Both these Officers have done their own and our State eminent service, obtained titles of nobility from the Native Court, and received the thanks of many of our best and most energetic Magistrates, for their zeal, activity, persevering vigilance and gallantry. Captain Orr in particular was honored with the especial thanks of the British Government on several occasions: yet no substantial benefit resulted to these officers from their having exposed their lives in the public service, and aided our Civil Officers in their endeavours to secure our criminals. The rewards they receive for the seizure of the robbers they invariably distribute among their men. During the vigilant and able superintendence of Capt. Weston, upwards of two hundred and sixty desperate ruffians, many of them deeply dyed in crimes of the most atrocious nature, were arrested by the Oudhe Frontier Police in the years 1849, 1850 and 1851; and were made over either to the Dunbar, or to the Magistrates of our conterminous districts, by whom requisitions for their capture had been forwarded.

Captain Weston is likewise Assistant to the General Superintendent for the suppression of Thug

gee and Dacoity under Captain Sleeman; and has the advantage of conducting all the extensive operations which belong to his office, under the Resident Colonel Sleeman; whose projection and entire management of an admirable scheme for the extinction of the greatest crime which any nation has ever suffered from, have given him not only an Indian, but also a European reputation. In the first Number of my "Notes on the kingdom of Oudhe," I classed Thugs, (phansigars or stranglers) among the people who found shelter in its jungles. This was a mistake of mine. Thanks to Colonel Sleeman's unceasing endeavors "to sweep them away from the face of the Earth," no such monsters are now in existence here; or at all events do not exercise their horrible profession, even in a country, where life and property are so insecure as in Oudhe. Dhuttooreahs, or poisoners, however, are not very uncommon. They render the unconscious traveller insensible, by poisoning him with the seed of the dhutoora, either in his food, or in his tobacco. The consequence of eating or inhaling it is not always death; though a sort of torpor is produced, which generally has a very sensible effect on the constitution of the victim.

Exclusive of the criminals I have above enumerated, more than one hundred dhuttooreahs and professional dacoits have, within the last three years, been committed for trial before the Resident, by the Assistant to the General Superintendent for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoity. The fact is, that since the advent of Colonel Sleeman, crime has, thanks to his

energetic and judicious measures, and the cheerful co-operation of Captain Weston, and his assistants Capts. Hearsey and Orr, greatly decreased in this mis-governed country. Many leaders of gang robbers, who had openly defied all the efforts of the Oudhe Durbar for their suppression, and who murdered and plundered its subjects, and travellers on the roads, with impunity, have met with the punishment they so justly merited, and a salutary impression throughout the length and breadth of the land has thus been produced. Since the present Resident's arrival too, criminals who had remained for years, in confinement under trial, have been finally sentenced and disposed of; and although much, *very very* much, requires to be effected, yet there is no question but that life and property are now *compared* *relatively* safe.

When it becomes necessary that a larger force than usual should be employed against any of the great criminals, application is made by the Superintendent of the Oudhe Frontier Police, to the Resident, who writes to the Durbar, that he requires aid. Accordingly the Regiments under Captains Barlow, Bunbury and Magness are occasionally directed to assist him; but the Oudhe Government can also apply for the services of Capts. Hearsey and Orr, to aid its Chukladars in bringing the refractory Zemindars, who refuse to yield to the Amil's extortions, to submission.

A detachment of the 2nd Oudhe Locals was, when Captain Hollings, (a gentleman much liked by the Officers of the Oudhe Service) held the post of Super-

intendent O. F. P., sent against Bhugwunt Sing, of Arohee, a noted marauder, half Zemindar and half dacoit; but it met with a sad reverse at Sahurrea, and the Sepoys were obliged to retreat in disorder. Akbar Beg is another notorious robber, who for years eluded the vigilance of Captain Hollings and all his other pursuers. He is now however a peaceable subject of the King, who sometime ago granted him a free pardon; a very wise measure, seeing that no one could seize him, and that he did infinitely more harm, when at large, than when permitted to reside unmolested in his stronghold. Captain Hollings, who was for two years in pursuit of him, has had no reason to remember him with feelings of friendship. Numberless stories of this man's exploits are told.

I became personally acquainted with Mirza Akbar Beg, when making a tour into the district some years ago. I then kept a Journal, from which I make the following extract, which I hope will not be entirely uninteresting. In describing an individual, a notion may be formed of the class to which he belongs.

"A rich Talooqdar came to visit — to-day. He holds the fort and estate of Piprowsa, to the N. N. E. of Lucknow, and at some distance from this place, where he has been for a short period encamped. He is the stoutest man I have ever seen, and reminded me strongly of Shakespeare's character of Falstaff. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. He could scarcely breathe from the mass of fat that composed him. He had no turban, but a cloth wound round his head served the same purpose;

his chin was shaven, but the silvery roots of his growing beard indicated his advanced age. He wore gloves, to conceal, as — tells me, the marks of incipient leprosy. The only ornament about him was a beautiful silver hilted sword, encased in a green velvet covered scabbard. He is a Mahomedan, and rejoices in the name of Mirza Akbar Beg. He was accompanied by five men armed with swords and bucklers, fine, handsome-looking warriors, with long black beards and a most martial appearance. They seemed to be the principal Officers of his body guard, as a *durree* or carpet was spread out for them; while the great body of his retainers stood at a respectful distance from their Chief, who was seated in a chair beside us. He enquired very kindly after me, and asked the news of Lucknow. Like all natives of any importance, he was very polite and obliging. After a short conversation, he returned on horseback; and it was with great apparent difficulty that he mounted."

And yet this very man, I afterwards learnt, kept the best troops in the kingdom fruitlessly in pursuit of him; and by his vigilance and activity baffled all their efforts to apprehend him. His revenues have this year been punctually paid in to the Amil, but even then it was not without some show of resistance. He reminds me forcibly of what I had read of the feudal barons of old, and indeed the condition of Oudhe cannot be better illustrated than by comparing it with the state of Europe during the dark ages. The Talooqdars and Zemindars (by the former I mean great landholders or squires, and

by the latter term small landholders or farmers) like the knighted robbers of the middle ages, have their castles and their retainers; like them, they plunder their neighbours, often burn their villages, take forcible possession of their crops, set their liege lord or his lieutenants at open defiance, and by their violence and rapine, effectually prevent all industrial and commercial pursuits from gaining ground. This is more attributable to the extortions of the Amils than to any other cause; of course always excepting the corruption of the Court, which is the fountain-head of the evil.

Many landholders, who have no title to their possessions, are indebted to deeds of violence for their position. I cite an instance, but thanks to Colonel Sleeman's prompt proceedings, the criminal, of whom I am about to speak, has met with his deserts. Prithipath was the younger brother of a Rajah, who owned one of the most flourishing estates in the country. To gain possession of it himself, Prithipath, accompanied, as is the custom, by a large number of armed followers, went to pay the Rajah a visit; and while the brothers were engaged in friendly conversation with each other, Prithipath's men at a preconcerted signal from their master, fell upon the Rajah, and murdered him; after which the fratricide took possession of his victim's musnud. Nor was the murder of a brother the only crime perpetrated by this ruffian; he ravished women, plundered villages, tortured to death with the most cold-blooded cruelty, travellers and petty Zemindars, and murdered several British subjects. These repeated

deeds of violence, all of the most sanguinary nature, though they could not rouse the anger of a corrupted Ministry, yet roused that of the Resident Colonel Sleeman, who sent out Captain Weston with especial powers, and at the head of a considerable force. Prithipath was vigorously hunted down by Captain Weston, and soon lost his life in an encounter with the troops under that officer.

The average number of similar fights that take place in Oudhe, between the Government and its subjects, would be incredible to a stranger to the Nawab, and it is impossible to calculate the number of lives lost in these encounters. There are no pensions in the Oudhe service; but the humanity of the officers generally provides a remedy for this disadvantage. A wounded sepoy is still kept on the strength of the Regiment, and the son of a fallen soldier is often permitted to draw the pay of his deceased father.

The number of forts almost exceeds belief. There is scarcely a district that has not its twenty or thirty; nor a Talooqdar that has not at least three; they are not by any means to be despised; on the contrary, to take any one of them reflects the greatest credit on an officer.

Some of the engagements that are fought in the district of Oudhe, are not, as some may imagine them to be, mere child's play. Though little or no glory can be earned in them, and much less profit, yet there is often fully as much bravery and skill displayed in these actions, and as much danger incurred, as in any of the great wars of the East India Company. Oudhe is indeed a good school for training warriors, as is ful-

ly proved from the fact, that Oudhe sepoys have always been considered superior to sepoys of other Provinces.

The Amil readily grants the permission of erecting *gurhees* (as the forts are called), since he feels no interest in a district, of the government of which he might at once be deprived. His only idea is to make his situation as profitable as he can. He has under him a Naib or Deputy, who bears almost the same relation to him as the Minister does to the King, and who is often the active manager of the revenue affairs. Under the Naib are Tehsildars or Collectors, who have the collection of the revenue of the smaller districts, into which the larger one is parcelled out. These functionaries are all paid by the King.

I have now pointed out the relations of the Landholders to the Amil, and of the Chukladar to the Government. Your readers must already have come to the conclusion that the Chukladar system prevalent in Oudhe is execrable. The Government is aware of this, but it suits the individuals who compose it, to continue a system which tends to enrich them. The few Talooqdars, who pay the revenue direct into the Government Treasury, are always the most regular paymasters, and the most peaceable subjects; but to grant this privilege to all Landholders, would be to deprive the Durbar, at one swoop, of the very considerable nuzzur they receive for their patronage.

The number of employés and stipendiaries in the King's service, both high and low, male and female, does not, I believe, fall short of 135,000 individuals; of which the military alone amount to

about 87,000 ; if then the Landholders entertain but half as many armed followers, the armed population of Oudhe exceeds 120,000 men.

There are no less than nine Irregular Cavalry regiments entirely under Native Rissaldars, as the Commandants are here denominated, and officered by Natives only. They have no uniforms, and are exactly on the same principle as the Nujeebs. Their turbans alone are sometimes of a uniform color, either sky blue edged with silver lace, or red. Their arms consist of a Hindostanee talwar, a rhinoceros-hide buckler, and a spear, and sometimes a pair of pistols, and a blunderbuss. The men have to furnish their own arms and their horses ; which are, generally speaking, sorry looking animals. Their pay varies from 16 to 25 rupees a month. The numerical strength of each of these corps is not alike, some consisting of 1,000 sowars, and some of only 2 or 300.

There are also several regular regiments of Cavalry, but likewise all officered by natives only. Their uniform for full dress is French grey with shako and plumes and for undress, a dark blue jacket, with red and silver lace facings, a silver flower or star on the breast, (Officers having gold stars.) They are commanded by African Eunuchs, favorites of the King. There is also an African regiment, formerly acting as the King's body guard, and dressed in very fine dark blue velvet jackets, with silk lace of the same color ; black cloth pantaloons, striped with blue, and forage caps ; but now presenting a most ragged appearance. They are the descendants of Hubsh ees,

imported during King Ghazeeood-deen Hyder's reign, and are still considered as slaves, though, like the regular Cavalry sowars, they draw—(when they can get it)—25 rupees a month. They have to furnish their horses, but their uniform and arms are given them by Government. This regiment is supposed to be 650 men strong, but I do not believe that there are ever more than 200 men present. Besides these there is—and this will surprise your readers—a Cavalry regiment of *women*, regular Amazons, who understand drill pretty well, but have not to stir out of the Mahall compound. They are the guardians of the Zenana. I have never been able to ascertain how strong they muster, though I often made particular enquiries on the subject.

The King possesses eight splendid parks of Artillery, containing altogether above 1,200 pieces of cannon, heavy and light field pieces, mortars and howitzers. A great number of them are mounted on gun-carriages, and employed to salute the new moon, in honor of which His Majesty wastes monthly a vast quantity of gunpowder ; others lie neglected and uncared for. These guns have mostly been obtained from the Company's Magazines, but a considerable number were cast at Lucknow. During Nawab Asophood-dowlah's reign, that prince's brass and iron foundry was planned and superintended by Major General Claude Martine, (the liberal founder of the Colleges that bear his name) who, among many other appointments, held that of Commissary General of Ordnance to the Nawab of Oudhe. The superintendence of these parks is now entrusted to some of the great

men or favorites of the King—but it is only nominal. There certainly are Captains of Artillery, but their number is very limited. The Golundazes or Artillerymen, form a body, very much neglected. Their uniform is somewhat similar to that of our Horse Artillerymen, but it is now exceedingly shabby.

The table on the opposite page will show the monthly and yearly expense in pay only, of His Majesty of Oudhe's Troops. It is the most correct estimate I could obtain.

For comparatively so small a kingdom as this is, the following figures would give a person, unacquainted with the real state of the case, a very high opinion of the King of Oudhe's military establishment; but the reality is far different from the appearance. The strength of the military shows only on paper. With the exception of the regular Regiments, all others are almost useless. There is no discipline in the Nujeeb Corps, and worst of all, there is no military routine, no Commander-in-Chief, no real General who commands them. The Commandant of the Regiment is C.-in-C., General, Colonel, Captain, every thing in fact. His orders he obtains from any influential favorite direct; and when on duty in the district he is placed at the disposal of any Amil, who however cannot interfere with the internal management of his Corps, and to whom he owes no military obedience. The King of Oudhe's Army is like a body without a head; it has no chief to look up to; there is not the remotest shadow of "system" in it; it has no real strength therefore, and is in fact the most unmilitary military that

ever existed. True, the rank of "General Sahib" is held by two persons, but neither of them knows or cares any thing about the army; except that they derive certain trifling advantages from one or two particular Regiments. Their title is merely nominal, and they neither do, nor indeed are expected to do, the slightest military duty, not even as much as signing their name to an order.

One is the King's younger brother, and the other is the youngest son of his Majesty. The latter is a child of ten years of age.

There was only one man that could and would have raised the Oudhe Army to a respectable position, I mean the late Colonel Roberts, who was on the point of obtaining the King's commission as "Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty of Oudhe's forces," when he was obliged to leave the service.

Colonel Roberts, I understand, (for I was not personally acquainted with him,) was eminently successful in his intercourse with natives; whom he pleased, by flattering their prejudices, and amused by an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and stories of the wonders of Europe. He had therefore, when in the service, greater power than any European Officer ever possessed.

His two regiments were well officered by European and Eurasian Gentlemen, who brought the Corps to the highest perfection of discipline. Each Corps had an Adjutant, a Quarter Master, five or six Captains, and a large number of Subalterns.

The Officers had a Mess; order books were sent round, Court Martials were held, and indeed everything done according to Company's routine.

ABSTRACT OF THE ARMY AND POLICE.

DESCRIPTION OF TROOPS.	Number of Men.	Monthly Pay in Co.'s Rs.	Yearly Pay in Co.'s Rs.
Sowars dressed in the Hindoostance fashion, nine Regiments, average No. in each Regiment being 380, }	3,416	74,200	8,90,380
Tork Aswars* Cavalry, dressed and mounted after the English fashion, seven Regts. average No. in each being 447, Infantry Talanga Regts. dressed, armed, and mounted after the English fashion, but commanded by Native Koomandans or Eunuchs, fourteen Corps, average No. in each being 987, }	3,130	19,252	2,31,030
Captain Barlow's or the 1st Oudhe Light Infantry Battalion, }	13,846	69,100	8,29,200
Captain Bunbury's or the 2d Oudhe Foot Guards, }	1,245	8,380	1,00,560
Captain Magness' or the 5th Oudhe Infantry, }	1,015	7,308	87,696
Captain W. Hearsay's Detachment Frontier Police, }	1,245	7,960	95,520
Captain Alexander P. Orr's Detachment Frontier Police, }	656	4,190	50,280
Irregular Infantry or Nujeebs, thirty-three Regiments, average No. of men being 884, }	267	1,784	21,408
Camel Rissalah, Zumboorakies, Camel Gunners, }	29,180	128,510	15,42,120
Miscellaneous Infantry not included in the above, }	115	1,570	18,840
Artillery, Topekhana Kullan, or Kaisaree, or Great Park, commanded by Nawab Unjum-ood-Dowlah and his brother Sadik-ood-Dowlah, }	155	1,724	20,688
Artillery seven small parks commanded (nominally) principally by Eunuchs and Fiddlers, }	2,530	10,718	1,28,610
Native Police Guards dispersed throughout Oudhe, }	3,105	15,211	1,82,532
Sabundee Troops who are kept up by Chukladars and charged in the accounts, but not mustered, numbers continually varying, and therefore unknown, however, say at a calculation about, }	4,930	23,385	2,80,620
Mushrootee Police troops kept temporarily by the Chukladars, about, say .. }	8,000	33,102	3,97,235
Total Number of men on the Military Establishment, }	15,000	48,450	5,84,400
Civil Establishment, Stipendiaries, &c. &c.,			38,09,300
Grand Total, Co.'s Rs.			92,67,418

* Tork is a corruption of the English word 'Troop.'

The present Resident, Colonel Sleeman, who is intimately acquainted with the different merits and demerits of the Oudh's corps, may perhaps, by his influence, cause the disbanding of some of the Nujeeb Regiments, and the substitution of European officered Regular Regiments. In that case he would indeed deserve the gratitude of the Military of the country, as well as of the King ; who now keeps up at an enormous

cost, an almost useless military establishment (if we except only the few corps that are commanded and officered by Europeans) which does not even serve the purpose of pageantry. The expenditure, as I have shown by the preceding table, would not be much raised by these arrangements, while the efficiency of the corps would be increased tenfold.

(To be Concluded.)

FAREWELL TO H. W. S., ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

(HOR. II. OD. VI.)

HARRY, who would accompany your friend
 To where the Caffers chafe against our sway,
 Or to the vexed surfs of Bengala's Bay ;
 Would that our pilgrimages both might end,
 Where Hertfordshire's green meadow-lands extend ;—
 Or else where pastoral Medway's waters stray
 Through Kent, sweet country of protracted May,
 Whose gardens foreign vineyards cannot mend :
 Smiles for me still that corner of the Earth,
 And calls for us from lanes and leafy hills ;
 There might we pass our days in decent mirth !
 And when in death my ashes should repose,
 You, meekly mindful of our bygone ills,
 Should pay the tear poet to poet owes.

HOW TIM DONNIGHEN CAME TO INDIA.

It was a delightful evening during my passage to England in 1846. The ship was bowling steadily through the dark clear blue water, and although the wind was full aft, scarcely any motion was perceptible. The flying fish, chased by the Bonitoes, rose in silvery shoals around us, closing their swift flight with a pattering descent into the water, and on our bows, stretching away in the far distance on either side, long lines of porpoises were tumbling "down with the breeze."

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a loud laugh proceeding from a number of sailors, seated together on the forecastle; the mirth and merriment was loud and long, and as I thought the story that called it forth might possibly amuse me, I walked forward to listen to it. Now when a man has been ten years in India, and during those ten years has been backward and forward, from Kyook Phyoo to Kurnaul several times, besides making sundry *dours* at right angles between those distant stations, it does not take much to distract his attention from the monotonous every-day routine of life on ship-board; besides, while on my passage to India, a jolly Cadet, I had always had a fancy for the Saturday night's yarns and songs on the forecastle, and it was with some pleasure I found myself taking the same walk along the "waist" with the same object in view. The immediate cause of the merriment was a comical-looking Irishman rejoicing in the name of Tim Donnighen who was working his passage home

in the double capacity of valet to a Queen's Officer, and general helper when there was anything to do up aloft, or when the vessel went about. He was a good-humoured, bright-faced fellow, and had the credit of being the wildest as well as the most amusing dog on board; in addition to his other accomplishments he was not a bad fifer, and was, what is called, the life and soul of his own particular circle. On my arrival amongst them, I found this worthy busily occupied in relating to his eager listeners, how he had once contrived to escape the perils of drowning in the Arctic regions, by jumping on the back of a large seal, which carried him safely to the ice, and never left him afterwards until he was picked up by a Whaler, and even then, said he, "he swam after the ship, and blathered like a child in a wash tub, till the vessel got out of his depth, and he didn't venture further."

My presence seemed to cause a lull in the conversation and I almost regretted having gone forward, as a dead silence succeeded my advent. I begged they would not allow me to put a stop to their amusement, and, as a proof of my desire to listen, I sat down, and offered to pay my footing in the shape of a bottle of grog. On its arrival, I handed a pannikin full to Tim, and asked him to proceed with his tale.

"It's finished, sir," said he, "and sure that's the ind of it; but I don't mind telling it over again, if your honor's inclined to listen; not that it's interesting to

any but those consarned, and it is far enough away one of the party most interested is by this time. I don't mind telling it over again if your honor likes."

Notwithstanding the general request of those around him, that he would repeat it, I declined inflicting a repetition of the story on them, but I asked for something novel, in order that we might all be amused.

"Well, then, sir," said he, "I'll just tell you how it came about that I left ould Ireland, and took up warm quarters in Injee. You must know, and if you don't I'll tell you, that Dublin city is by no manner of manes the sort of place you'd like to lave, if you wern't obleeged, or if people hadn't got tired of you and run rusty; things will run crass sir, at times, and there's no desavin yourself that they won't, but it's a pleasant city is Dublin.

"Whew! its mighty dhry all this talking makes one, if your hanner will just let me have another pull at the pannikin, I'll get on like knives sir."

I did so, and he proceeded.

"Dublin, sir, is a fine city, - leastways it was whin I was there tin years gone, and it's not likely considering the improvements all over the world, that ould Ireland is a bit behind hand with em! Granted then it's a fine city, and the boys in it fine tarin' fellows, as you'd wish to see; may be you'd like to know something of the pretty colleens, and it's them I'm coming to fast: for nobody knows them and their ways better than myself, though I say it, sir, and seein' that I've been used to 'em ever since the time when I was a wild young scamp runnin'

about the streets of Dublin, I ought to know something about them. By Jakers, sir, I was a broth of a boy, so I was, even when I had a mighty dale of throuble to kape my equallilybum in the gutthers."

"To keep what in the gutters?" said I, interrupting him.

"My equallilybum, sir; that's your own darling English for standing up-right, for I read it in a dictionary. Well, sir when I was about sixteen or a thrifle under, I don't say it to make myself taller, but if you'd searched 'from one ind of Ireland to the other, I don't think you'd have found a beather looking fellow than Misther Donnighen's eldest and ounly son and heir, and that's myself. I don't take the laste taste of credit to myself for this, bekase it wasn't my fault, seein' that as I was pitched all of a hape into the world, so I lived in it, and barrin the murdherin' hole we've just left, which has very properly won itself the Christenin' of the Black Hole, I haven't got any particular raison to be dissatisfied with it. Och, sir, but it's a dirty place that Injee, sure it is; what with the hate and what with the dust, and the want of a green shamrock to pick when St. Patrick's day, rist his sowl, comes round annually onct a year, it's a wonder of the world how white people manage to live in it at all at all, sure it's a tarin' warm place in summer, and mightily plased I am to get out of it."

"Yes," said I, "but you were going to tell us how you came to get into it."

"By and bye, sir, I'm coming to it fast: the fact is, I must tell my story my own way, or maybe

you won't understand it, and that will be puzzling for all parties."

"Proceed," said I.

"Well, then," continued he, "it was a bad onlucky day when I iver left the ould cuntry. A very bad day it was; but I'm mighty thankful I've tuk my bones with some flesh and blood upon them, out of it, which is more than most people can say who go there; but that's not the point. You must know that if there's one place in the wide world more full of purty faces than another, it's Dublin city: and thry as you will, and shut your eyes as you may, you can't always contrive to keep clear of 'em, in fact it's a matther of wonder to me that more of us don't give in in the middle of so much temptation: but somehow the boys don't suffer in the ind; they always take to their scrapers, and get clear off, while the little collecs are left to ram their purty knuckles into the corners of their bright eyes, and make the best of despair, which is a cloak, sir, that won't seldom bear turnin'. But that's neither here nor there. When I was about sixteen years old, more or less, I fell in with as purty a girl as ever brushed the morning dew off the green grass; she was the daughter of a widdy, who lived about four doors away from our cabin; just outside Dublin, by the Cat and Chesnut. I used to play with her as a child, and walk with her by moonlight whin she got to years of indiscretion, like myself. Nqw next to a good looking Irishman, there's few things in life more plazing than a good looking Irishwoman, and that same every morsel of it was Katty O' Shea if there niver was another in the wide world. I'm not going to talk bal-

derdash about her having a Gra-cian Head; Katty's was a rale Irish one, and as nately orna-mented wid eyes and rosy lips, as any head ever was in the wide world. We fell together quite promiskous, like the butthercups and daisies; niver a morning dawned that her bright eyes didn't look gladness at me as she tripped over the meadows to her uncle's shebeen on business. It wouldn't have been perliteness to let her go alone, so I used to walk with her, and pick her wild flowers for her beautiful black hair, and make her look more like an angel without wings, than a flesh and blood being as Katty was. Och! I'll not forget them times in a hurry, sure I won't.

In our town, though there was a good many dacent looking boys enough, there was only one I was at all jealous of, and that was a fine rollicking fellow, a thrifle oulder than myself, and I may say nearly every bit as handsome, and sure it's handsome of me to say so. He was taller and bigger in every way than I was, and I used to feel sometimes, without knowing why, that I'd like to fight him: I don't think I'd have denied myself the pleasure, if I'd been certain I could lather him, but when that isn't the case, depind upon it, fighting's poor fun. This young gentleman was looked upon as a wondher in the town; he was always betther dress'd than any of us, and always looked hearty and jolly, but sorra a bit could any body tell how he lived; he used to go away sometimes for a month or six weeks together, and nobody knew why or where, but he always kem back looking sun-burnt and rosy, and had lashin's of tinpinnies in his pocket to throw

away. Whenever he kem back I used to see him hanging about near Katty's uncle's house, and when he saw Katty he'd talk to her and molsood her her wid his fine sayings and his presents of ribbon and lace, which by the same token didn't quite plase me; but I kept quiet, and only told Katty sometimes that I thought she was very fond of him, and that I didn't like him any the betther for it: but Katty, the darlin', only tossed her purty head, and curled her rosy lips when I said so, that I hadn't the heart to say more. Now whether it was that I thought he was staling the heart that wasn't his own, or whether I thought Katty had a liking for him, or bekase I knew he was a betther man than myself, I don't know; certain I am that I wouldn't have cried my eyes out if I'd heard of him falling into a bog, or losing his way home some night, when there was no moon to light his way. I didn't quite wish the boy ill; but I can't say with thruth that I wished him well. However, Katty was thrue to me, leastways she always seemed to look for me sooner than anybody else, and this put me in good humour. Och! they wor mighty pleasant days, and I've seen none like 'em since, but that, may be, is the fault of nature, for I can't remimber me since that time any roses like the roses in days gone by. Well, sir, Katty got to look upon me as a part and parcel of her morning's walk, and I should have felt like a sprat in a taypot without her, till at last one day she came tripping slowly up to me, looking heavy-hearted, and, says she, 'Timmy, darlin', I've bad news for you: but it's yourself can make it good if you will; my mo-

ther has been talking to me about my runnin' about so much with you, and says it's not to my credit, and my brother Denny says she's right and you're wrong, and that I'm worse; so, said she, with a tear in her purty eye, I promised to tell you this, and niver to walk with you again, if they wished it just to keep peace; but you know Tim, my heart will burst if I have to lave you, and you can be good and kind if you will.'

"Och, sir, I was taken up like a throat wid a minnow, and couldn't spake. At last, whin I had recovered my breath, I wondered I'd niver thought of this before, and then began to think how I could comfort Katty, for without almost the manes of feeding myself, and no chance of betthering my condition, it would have been a little worse than madness to marry; besides I'd never thought of it, and although Katty may, she'd niver mentioned it to me. What to do, was more than I knew, and as words of comfort was all I had to offer, I must have looked confused whin I told her to be of good heart, that times would change, and I would get work and slave for her from that day forward. We walked on, and it was a pleasant walk, but I felt as if there was a load at my heart which was hard to be got rid of, and it was long before I could persuade myself that Katty was not wrong to speak to me about what any body said. I thought she was tired of our happy walks, and wanted to get rid of me, but I was bad-tempered and selfish, thinking only of myself; and when we parted, she saw I was not light-hearted and she said so—for a cloud was on my face. She was right; my temper was sour-

ed, and I hated her mother and brother from that moment. I don't know whether it's been the lot of any of you gentlemen to fall desperately in love. I don't mean the bread-and-butter style of love we all fall into when we don't quite know how to spell the word, much less to tell the meaning of it, but the regular upright and downstraight business, when you're fit for nothing else but walking about through the clover in couples, and the pair of you haven't an eye for any one else; it generally happens once in a man's life, and it's just the bit of sugar he never loses the taste of afterwards. I won't tantalize you gentlemen, by telling you any more about it, for sure it isn't a pleasant subject to myself, and it can't well be to you, who only listen, and can't take the same interest in it as I do; but I tell you so much to let you have the smallest taste in life, of the misery of finding yourself obliged to put a stop to such pleasant amusement, without so much as with your lave or by your lave, and it was just in that same scrape I found myself, when Katty told me I must come to the scratch, or say good-bye to her altogether.

“ ‘ What's your intentions, Tim,’ ses she,
Sarra a bit of me knows,’ ses he.”

So I hated Katty's mother for putting such nonsense as weddings into the girl's head, and I hated Denny her brother for saying hard words—the young omaudhawn, about the height of a cabbage stump, and offering his opinion!—If it had been possible, I'd have hated Katty too, but two in a family's enough to hate at a time, so I put on the stame, and hated with double power, so I did.

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“ Now, gentlemen, you'll say, maybe, that if I had been up to my collars in love, and proper respectable love, it would have cost me a thrifle more trouble to hate the family of my intended than it did; but no such thing; the fact is, I'd niver thought about a matther so serious as a weddin', and I don't believe Katty had, until her ould cat of a mother put it into her swate little head. But there it was, I was expected to become a young husband of sixteen, and widout a tinpinny to make the peat fire smoke, or even half a cabin to keep a pig in I could call my own; it was a matther of great wonder to me how I should advise myself. So I lay in my matthras that night, tossin and tumblin about, wonderin whether I was most fit for a sodjer or a sailor, and seein that I knew as much about rafing as I knew about retrating, I thought it was a toss up between the trades: but thin I didn't like to lave Katty, and it's small taste of a sailor's life one sees on land, except about the quays. Well, I couldn't make up my mind, sir, what I was best born for, barrin a very aisy life, and as that don't answer without the manes to live, I made up within myself a sort of counsel's opinion, that it was no use in me to thry it; so I thought and thought, and at last fell asleep.

“ It was a fine morning when I went out into the air. The weather was blue and clear, and the brisk westerly wind was blowing up cauliflowers on the top of every crisp wave; on the trees the birds, were singing cheerfully, and some of them perfering the use of their wings, were high up in the sky, whistling like mad and looking like flutthering butterflyes that had

lost their way up aloft, and, like myself, didn't know which way to turn for the best. I looked in the distance for Katty, but divil a Katty was there as usual. I looked to the right, thin to the left—no Katty—and even whin I turned my eyes again to the sky, and thought—angel as she was,—she might be up there, I saw nothing but the bright blue, and the fluttering birds. Presently I heard a loud schrame towards the say, and lookin' I saw the comicallest little chap I ever saw in all my life, tossing and tumbling head over heels, and springing about like an Injee rubber frog; he didn't seem to have any feet at all at all, or if he had he didn't throuble 'em much, but kept standin' on his head, and thin throwing himself over in the air as if some onseen person was playing tip-cat with him. Och, it was a sight for sore eyes that was. Maybe you think I didn't go and spake to the young spalpeen, but I did, and if his voice wasn't a caution to trumpets, my name's not Tim Donnighen. Just hand me the pannikin for a second, sir, while I take a dhrink, for it's mighty dhry work talking."

I handed the pannikin, and Tim resumed his tale.

" 'Hallo,' says I, 'what the mischief are you doin', my fine fellow,' ses I.

" 'What's that to you, Tim Donnighen,' ses he, stopping in his tumbling. 'Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine,' and with that he fell to tumbling again like mad.

" 'How do you know my name is Tim Donnighen?' ses I.

" 'What's that to you, Tim Donnighen,' ses he again; 'how do you know I'm a fine fellow,'

ses he, grinnin', as if he'd a mind to split his chaps from ear to ear, the ugly monster of the world as he was.

" 'Now gentlemen, if you've put a civil question to a craythur, whether he's flesh and blood, or whether he's brimstone, you're jist entitled to a civil answer, and a sensible spirit 'ud give it, though the good people are all powerful, savin' your presence; so I went up to him, and says I, 'now thin, mister, I'll see whether you've got any feeling in spite of your tumbling about,' and I was about to dale him a purty whack over the head with my blackthorn, when he up with his hands, and, ses he, 'whisht, and I'll tell your fortune.'

" 'Be Jakers, you'd better tell your own,' says I.

" 'No, Tim Donnighen,' says he, 'be aisy, whisht, you're a foine lad,' ses he, 'and what's more, you're deep in love with a foine lass, and that is Katty O'Nale, as iver thripped over the meadows of a morning.'

" 'But,' says I, interrupting him, 'what in the name of Father Mick is that to you?'

" 'Name him not,' ses he. 'The Father and I ain't got nothing in common, but I'll tell you all about it. You're wanting some tin-pennies, Tim; I'll put you in the way of getting some, and if you'll promise to keep it sacret, mayhap I'll dance at your wedding!'

" 'Och, divil fly off wid yer first,' ses I, 'none of the capers from the likes of you, for it's little I want them,' ses I; 'if you don't tell me at onst how you kem to know my name, and so much of my private affairs, by my grandmother's aunt's best Jazy I'll crack your onseemly crown, and that's thruth for you.'

“ ‘Do you see that hole in the cliff?’ ses he.

“ ‘I looked, and sure enough there was a hole in the cliff, so I said, ‘yes, I saw it.’

“ ‘Well then,’ ses he, ‘just you wait ‘till I go in for five minutes to put on my best coat, and I’ll be wid you again before you can say “knife,” ses he, wid the book that ‘ull tell your fortune, Tim Donnighen, and put you in the way of makin’ it.’

“ ‘Off you go,’ ses I, and away went the comical little vagabone, tumbling about as before, for all the world as if he was a snowball.

“ ‘Presently he came tumbling out again, very red in the face, lookin’ as if he’d been dhrinkin’ and smellin’ so too, for a whiff of his breath came along wid the wind as he was spakin’.

“ ‘Well,’ ses I, ‘what are you going to shew me you vagabone,’ ses I.

“ ‘Can you keep a saycret, Tim Donnighen,’ ses he.

“ ‘Musha! that I can,’ ses I— ‘secin’ that I’ve kept your hiding place a saycret for the last hour,’ says I, ‘and a word from me ‘ud hang you or burn you for a witch,’ ses I.

“ ‘Witches isn’t males, Tim Donnighen,’ says he, ‘but that’s my business,’ ses he. ‘Do you see the say?’ says he.

“ ‘That do I,’ ses I, ‘and small blame to me eyesight for that same, secin’ that there’s little else, but say and land in the neighbourhood of this,’ ses I.

“ ‘Well then,’ ses he, ‘that say ‘ull make your fortune, so the sooner you take to it the better.’

“ ‘And is that all you’re going to tell me?’ ses I.

“ ‘Sorra a word more,’ says he, ‘to save your life, except that if you’ll take a look into that hole in the cliff when I’m gone, you’ll see what I mane, and now, Tim Donnighen,’ ses he, ‘my sarvice to you, we’ll meet again some Sunday whin it’s moonlight,’ ses he, ‘but if we shouldn’t, take care of yourself.’

“ ‘With that, gintlemen, he bundled off, leaving me staring after him, and wondering how in the Pope’s name he contrived to get out of sight before I could stop him, or even whistle him back.

“ ‘As soon he was well away, I walked down towards the hole in the cliff, and whin I got there, I had a bit of a consultation with myself, as to whether or no it was proper for me to go in. But I soon decided, for there was something about the little scoundrel so comical, that I couldn’t help it, and was dragged on against my will whether I would or not.

“ ‘The thoughts of that cave makes me dhry again, sir, so I’ll just throuble you for another drain. —Och, whin I got to the mouth of it, niver was there such a smell of whiskey, as I tasted. By the powers, it was all but hivinly, and that’s no small word in praise of it; every hole and corner of the cave was full of tubs of real Innishown, and a few that worn’t occupied with whiskey were full to the bung wid brandy; but they were all spirits, and it tuk more than my breath away to sniff at the air about me. At last, sceing nobody the whiskey might belong to, I thought there was no harm, in satisfying myself! and I thought I might as well taste it, so I whips out my gimblet, and making a hole, big enough for

a speiket, I put my mouth to it, and you'll hardly believe I iver took it away again. After a while I put my thumb on it, and drew breath. Och! the recollection of it is betther than none at all, and it wasn't long I gave meself to breathe, but I put my lips to the hole again, and took another good sup. Sure that was the fine flavoured whiskey, so it was, and niver before nor since was the likes of it tasted. Now, gintlemen, you must know I niver took so much as half a taste of whiskey before, and no wondher that it took its revenge on me, for in about ten minutes I was just as complately drunk as the ould cook was when he roasted the salt horse instead of boiling it last week, the craythur. I tried all the persuasion I was master of to get my legs to go straight, but no, they wouldn't, and at last I toppled over, or the ground kem up, and hit me on the nose, (I niver to this day could make out which,) and I wint off insensible and onconscious to every thing but the taste of the whiskey.

"Whin I woke up, I found myself still in the cave, with my hands and feet tied fast together, and with a screeching headache, I opened my eyes to look about me. There was about a dozen fine looking devil-me-care-fellows, sitting round, some having great murdherin' pistols in their bands, and some with big knives, and they all looked at me as if they'd like to use 'em on my good looking body; the only wondher to me is, that they didn't, while I was asleep. Sorra a bit should I have known anything about it at all at all, and they might have required my absence without lave. I didn't know what they wor, and I hadn't sense nor time nor cour-

age to ask, but just as I gave a groan that made some of them start up, one said to me in a voice like thunder,—

"What brought you here?" ses he.

"'Sorra a bit of me knows,' ses I. 'An ugly little lump of a chap, calling himself a friend of yours, fust shewed me the way,' ses I, 'but I came into your presence oninvented,' ses I.

"I saw them give the wink all round, and one ses, ses he, 'I'll wager a thrifle it's that everlasting tarin vagabone Mick of the cliff,' ses he; 'but what's to be done wid this feller,' ses he, giving me a dig in the soft part of my back wid his long knife, 'shall we put him out of the way of timplation,' ses he! And then there was a lot of talking in a low voice that I didn't hear, and at last it was decided that they'd cast lots whether I'd live or die, and the biggest ruffian of the lot got long sthraws and put 'em together in his fist and brought them to me, and,' ses he, 'now, my Bouchal, jist take your pick, and if you dhraw a long 'un, your a dead man before you can pick your teeth,' ses he, 'but if you dhraw a short 'un, we'll let you live. Och, what a chance I had; by the powers there was only one short sthraw, and that trying to hide itself in the middle. Just at this moment, who should I see caperin' before the mouth of the cave in the distance, but the ugly little villain as told me to go in, and I was just going to let him in for his share of the throuble, when I see his hand up wid a whole bundle of sthraws, doing exactly what the ruffian inside was doing. By Jakers, if it hadn't been such an outlandish place and

uncivilized like, I'd ha sworn there was a looking-glass opposite, the ugly little monsther did it so well, but divil a bit of me could make out what he was afther; presently I see him take one out of the centre of the bundle of sthraws, and tare and ouns if it wasn't a short 'un. Och! you'll hardly believe it, but I did just as he did; I tuk one out of exactly the same place, and smother the cats if it wasn't a short 'un too! Murdher, it was a fine sight to see the little rascal outside caper and toss his body about as if it hadn't a whole bone in it, and then he bundled off, and I lost sight of him altogether.

"When I tuk out the short sthraw, one of the fellows round me came up and said, ses he, 'you're a lucky fellow, and though you don't know me, I'll soon shew you I'm not such a stranger as you think me. With that he whips off a pair of false whiskers and a beard, and I saw before me the very man who had caused me so much jealousy in our town, and who, I rather more than suspected, was my rival. Now,' ses he, 'you're one of us, and though I don't know what in the name of conscience you mane by the frind who introduced you, it will be your own fault if you're not well threatened, and your morals respected,' ses he, and thin he filled a can of whiskey, and ses he, herc's a toast; 'bloodyind to all guagers.' The toast was dhrunk, and I, being dhry, Arunk it too. Just then there was a great row outside, and a fellow kem rushing in wid a cracked head and the blood sthraming from it, 'and,' ses he, 'take to your scrapers, they're afther us.' Och! you should have seen the confusion, faith, it was a case of

every one for himself, pistols and knives were handled; and I found myself wid arms I didn't quite ondersthend the use of, in less than no time at all. 'Tim Donnighen, run for your life,' ses my friend, my rival, 'and let daylight into the first fellow who thries to stop you.' Away we all wint, helter skelter, through holes and cracks, and over rocks I wouldn't have thrustud myself in an hour before. Musha, but it was awful work for tindher feet so it was. I'd got well out into a place where I saw the day peeping in, and I was just thrying to collect my scared senses, whin I see a fellow wid a shillaleh above his head, and above mine too, so I only looked, 'and,' ses I, 'here's at you, you blood-thirsty villain,' and off wint a horse pistol wid a bang that put my arm out of jint, and sent the murdherin' villain with the shillaleh, over to his mother earth. The coast was clear, so I threw away the pistol, and scuttled for life. Och! it was a run that was I got, and whin I found myself safe, which wasn't for some hours after, it was a mighty dale of throuble I had to fetch my breath, and thin it kem so full of whiskey, that divil a bit of me knew where I was. At last I got aglimmerin' of raison, and I looked round and saw I was lying on a bench top at the Cat and Chesnut, and close beside me was a rid-coated feller, wid his head covered wid rid ribbons, which I'd some difficulty in persuadin' myself wasn't blood.

"'Come, get up,' ses he, 'it's time to be moving, and you've been knocking over the pots, and making bobbery enough in your sleep to prove you ought to be wide awake now.'

“ ‘What,’ ses I, rubbing my eyes. ‘Where am I? and who are you?’

“ ‘Come,’ ses he, ‘none of that, I’m up to the likes of you chaps.’

“ ‘Tell me,’ ses I, ‘am I in custody, and thin I’ll be content.’

“ ‘Custody,’ ses he, ‘is that the name you give it? Faith, you’re bound to sarve her glorious majesty the Quane, and you’ve tuk the shilling,’ ses he, ‘so tumble up and come along wid your sargent.’

“ By my soul, gintlemen, you might have knocked me down wid a feather, the murdher was out. I’d took myself off in a huff wid poor Katty, and gone and got too much to dhrink at the Cat and Chesnut, jist to dhrown care. Not being my own masther, I’d listed, and what’s more, I’d clinched the business by spinding the shilling in whiskey, and there I was a slave! I hadn’t the heart to move, or to tell anybody what had happened, but I just up stick, and

away wid the sarjent, who tuk me over to Liverpool, sick and bedevilled; from there I wint to London, and was very soon shipped off wid a lot more, to join a regiment on furrin sarvice. The furrin sarvice was Injec, the place we’ve just left. The smuggling party, the cave, and the little comical fellow who tuk me there, was all a dhrame, brought on by dhrinkin’ too much whiskey. I’ve seen sarvice, sir, and I was wounded at Sabraon, but I warn’t killed, so the ind is answered; but I’ve left Injec for iver, and if any of you catch me going there again, I’ll give you lave to list me a second time, and that’s saying no small shakes for the sarvice. It’s been a long story, and I’m afraid I’ve tired you out, and I know I’m dhry enough, so hand me the pannikin, while I take a dhrink, and that’ll give you time to think of a yarn to keep the pot bilin; but that’s the way I kem to Injec.

TO J. S. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

31ST DECEMBER.

THE frosts of winter, and his minished beam
Temper the air; and bind the zone of Earth
Until she gathers plenteousness and mirth
For blessed Spring; though all unkind they seem,
And she, tranced in wan slumbers, does not dream
How glorious is the promise of her dearth.
This dumb time is the season of your birth,
And haply, darkling, you may sometimes deem
That Heaven frowns on you yet—when you remember
We see things not as they are, but take on trust
Much that our Master tells us; and our joys,
Snatched in mad trembling, cheer us (for they must),
But as the hours that Teachers give their boys—
Rejoice that you were born in dark December.

H. G. K.

THE CANTERBURY COLONY, ITS SITE AND PROSPECTS.—NO. II.

THE emigration scheme, which the Association put forth, has been sarcastically termed by the Attorney General of New Zealand—"a magnificent vision of colonization." And so it is—but one that may be realized. Never did men work more earnestly and wisely to fulfil a great undertaking, than did the members of this association. Powerful by talent and rank, having influence in Parliament and with the nation, and many of them being good practical men of business, as a body, they were eminently fitted to carry out the object they proposed. But they overrated either their own influence, or the knowledge of the nation on Colonial affairs. All knew an effort had been made to colonize New Zealand, which had failed to produce the results anticipated; but few knew the cause. Though the scheme was received with interest by the public, there were not many found willing to adventure themselves and their capital in an experiment they considered had been successfully tried before. The high price the association put upon the land made men pause. The question suggested itself. "The Association sell land for three pounds, the Government for one pound an acre; the land is the same, separated only by a stream. Why should I pay three pounds for an article I can procure for one?" Putting out of the question the fact that two pound ten shillings of this, is a subscription to place the land purchaser, his servants, and many of his household goods on his land, and that it is all expended in and on the colony, what is the relative value of land

near the town of Christ Church, and land far from it? In England, space is annihilated by railways; far and near, have no place in the vocabulary, and the value of land of equal fertility is equalized; but how is it in a country without roads, without an organized system of carriage, and with a scarcity of labour? It makes this difference. The farmer cultivating land within two or three miles of Christ Church, will make money, though he pays a high price for his land; but were the sum he gave for his land given to another farmer to cultivate land some thirty miles away, the chances amount almost to a certainty that he would be ruined. Every mile lessens materially the value of the soil. Whatever may be the value of land near Christ Church out of the boundary of the Canterbury block, the soil is worth nothing for present cultivation, though it is quite as good. Before the association was formed, the real value of the plains was unknown. That so many emigrated, shows their influence, and that of the Church of England, whose protégé this Colony is; when the nature of the country, the produce that could be raised, and the markets open, were so little understood.

The proceedings of the Association were the opposite to those usually adopted in founding a colony. This Company was formed and the plan matured, before the site was chosen. It was not a scheme to colonize the plains of New Zealand; nor to grow great exports of wool; nor to open an investment for capital. It was a scheme to carry out

complete, to an uninhabited land, a section of English society; to open the colonies to gentlemen; to transport knowledge and learning, the arts and sciences; to prove to the world that the energies cramped by poverty, and the crowd at home, may have scope, by emigrating, without losing all that makes life valuable; and to build up a society on that foundation which experience had taught them to be the best—the Protestant religion. It was a noble scheme, and Providence, as if to second such an effort, threw into their hands a tract of land perhaps better adapted than any other for the object they had in view. This plan matured, they proceeded to choose the site. The British empire was before them, and knowledge their guide. With every means of information open, they deliberately preferred New Zealand. They then sent an agent to select a site in these islands, and secured for him the assistance of the Governor and Bishop. The next step was to procure a promise from Earl Grey to grant the colonists power to legislate locally for themselves, when the colony had advanced to a certain point—a boon of a great value, as the history of the former settlements in that country had shown. Even in New Zealand the value of the plains was not then understood. Clever as the Bishop is, he has little idea of the advantages possessed by one locality over another, or of the profits arising from sheep farming; this he showed to the world, by writing two letters which appeared in the *Times*, containing calculations very far from any such as an Australian squatter would act on. I presume his object was to

cool down the ridiculous ideas with which men too often emigrate. He wished the site to be chosen at Taranaki, a lovely spot possessing great advantages of soil and climate, but with no extensive grazing grounds, and without a harbour. It is the site too of the New Plymouth Settlement. The Wellington people wished their valley of Wairarapa to be taken for the New Settlement. A place deducting wooded land, lake and bog; just large enough for an Australian squatter's run. The agent, Captain Lomas, was one who judged and acted on his judgment. Arriving at Port Cooper, now Lyttelton harbour, he inspected the plains, put a few leading questions to the Messrs. Deans, and selected that site on which the colony now stands—a place most unaccountably passed over by the people who directed the original colonization of New Zealand.

I must refer all to the map to point out this locality. They will see that New Zealand is made up of three Islands, the North, the Middle and Stewart's island. On the east coast of the Middle Island, and about the centre of it, they will see a head-land jutting into the Pacific; that head land is Banks' Peninsula; take a sweep of land from where this Peninsula juts, of the size of a large English County, and they have marked off the boundaries of the Canterbury colony. Stewart's Island is a small place containing about one million acres, at the extreme South of New Zealand, and therefore cold. The North Island is larger than Ireland; for the most part it is hilly, some of the peaks rise to more than ten thousand feet. Gigantic forests cover the country; underneath the trees grows dense

vegetation, bound and knotted together by numberless parasitical creepers presenting immense difficulties of clearing. In this Island are assembled almost the entire Maori population, consisting, according to different estimates, of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand. Some consider the presence of the natives an advantage, others think differently. The three principal settlements are Wellington, New Plymouth and Auckland. Wellington is situated at the east, New Plymouth at the west extremity of Cook's-straits, which divide the North from the Middle Island. To the north, having a capacious bay to the front, and another to the rear, stands Auckland. The Middle Island is larger than England. Old navigators have described it as a chaos of mountains, and a region of perpetual winter, and so it strikes the spectator on beholding it from the sea; the plains are nowhere visible, but conspicuously through the length of the land rises the great chain—its summits never without snow. When Banks' Peninsula is sighted, it looks like an Island. It deceived Cook, and he called it Banks' Island. The mountains and the plains are two parallel lines bounded on either side by the sea. On the west coast the mountains rise abruptly from the Pacific, forming strikingly grand and wild scenery. I believe this west coast to be a region of perpetual winter. Gale follows gale, rolling on this gloomy shore the swell of an ocean unbroken by any land. Avalanches hang on the hills, mountain torrents come rushing down through fissures and ravines, and where protected from these western gales, vast forests cover the ground.

Few have seen this desolate shore, for few ships venture to coast along; but they who have, describe the scenery as amongst Nature's most sublime but dreariest works. The scene on the other side these mountains is in striking contrast. The chain forming the barrier of protection, the vast plain which descends from their feet to the sea in an imperceptible slope, presents a smiling appearance of level and sunny land. One spot alone breaks the monotony of the beach—a group of hills, which abut from it into the Pacific, rising to more than three thousand feet, and containing 280,000 acres. These hills form Banks' Peninsula. From them the aspect of the plains is that of a large sheet of brown paper, with a few dark daubs to represent patches of wood, and a few ultra-marine blotches for the bright blue of running water. The land we now look on is the site of the Canterbury Colony, and the ground on which we stand is the height which surrounds its harbour. This sight seldom fails to disappoint the emigrant, more particularly should he never have been out of England. He at once puts it down as a bog of Allen on a large scale, and I have seen more than one for whom a glance sufficed. It is hard to believe, but still true, that men have travelled half way round the world, and condemned the land they had come to colonize, without having put a foot upon it. This brown appearance is given by large tracks of fern, a plant which grows as high as the waist, dies, and turns from a bright green to a dull brown. I stood on the height I speak of, and beheld a view, whose one attribute was grandeur. Three features made up the whole, the Alpine range,

the plain, and the ocean. All was taken in at one glance. I never had seen a view of such proportions, for I never before had looked through so pure an atmosphere. Every thing was before me that the curve of the earth did not sink below the level of the eye.

I have said the plain and hills formed parallel lines, but I have used the term to convey a general idea. I stood facing the grand range and the plains, with my back to the Peninsula and the sea. Far to my right stood a range of great mountains, their snow-capped summits clearly relieved against the blue sky, although eight miles away. Abutting precipitately into the Pacific, they rise ten thousand feet above that ocean, and form the commencement of the grand Alpine chain. These hills are called the Karkoras, though set down in the maps as the Lookers-On. The range takes a curve to the south, showing here and there a few peaks like white islands surrounded by an ocean of blue. As the hills approach, they are seen in a connected line at some forty miles distance; they pass, continuing their southerly course till the peaks again become white islands, and finally disappear below the horizon. To my front, to my right, and to my left, stretch away the vast plains bounded by these hills. To my right rear the clear horizon may be traced along the Pacific, till the water meets the land, coasts down by the plains, circles the Peninsula, and sinks to my left with the land below the horizon. Marked by a long line of white breakers on the ninety-mile beach below, flow the Heathcote and Avon; to the left lies lake Ellesmere, and here and there the

blue line of a stream may be caught as it flows through the plain to the ocean. But the eye in vain seeks a prominent object to rest on. All is vast, open and bare. Suppose this plain was covered with towns, villages, cultivated fields and gentlemen's parks, it would present a view perhaps unequalled in the world. A vast and fertile campaign country, varying in its tints from the dark loam of its soil to the bright green of its cultivated meadows, a noble range of snow hills, and water from the heave of the Pacific on its beach to its running streams; but it now presents a striking example of how much the works of man add to the beauties of Nature. It is a fine subject to work on, one worthy the enthusiasm of the authors of its colonization, and the men who have undertaken the work. It is like an unfinished picture, by a great master, the sky and back ground admirably filled in, with a rich mass of corn for the foreground, and middle distance to be worked into shape by other artists. They who follow to work out the design shadowed forth by the Great Master, should not shrink because, a great deal remains to be done; they should rather rejoice that so much is left to their taste and skill; and though they will not live to see the full beauty of the finished picture, what they do will remain as a memorial of them, and be proudly pointed to by their children. And I much doubt whether the child, in gazing on its beauties, will reap so much enjoyment as the father in creating them.

The height I stood on separated the harbour of Lyttelton from the plain. The hills rose

bluffly around this harbour, with a rocky and barren look that strongly recalled the wild western bays of the Scottish Highlands. Lyttelton stood on the slope of a hill between two jutting spurs that formed a small bay, and hid, from the view, the entrance of the port, some four miles below the town. Behind rose a peak called Mount Pleasant, the highest point of the range I stood on. The summit of this range formed a curve, as it ran into the sea, ending in a bluff called Godby Head, the left promontory of the harbour looking seaward. The lowest height of this curve is six hundred feet; over this the road is now being carried to connect Christ Church with the harbour. Christ Church is situated on the plains, four miles from the foot of this range. A stream called the Avon, which rises in a mysterious way some two miles above the town, flows past in a deep and beautifully transparent stream. Another of greater magnitude runs by the foot of these hills, and is crossed by the road. The Heathcote is large enough to admit vessels of from twenty to thirty tons burden, several miles up its channels. The hills that form the right side of the harbour are of the same character as those that separate it from the plains; but much higher. From the entrance to the head of the harbour, the distance is about seven miles, and the average breadth about one and a half, or two. At the head the hills are low, but around the harbour they form a connected chain. No gullies break their conformation; the Harbour is enclosed as by a wall; but strong South West gales blow over the low hills

at the head of the bay, and create a heavy swell for so confined a space. Lyttelton is exposed to the full force of these gales. I saw one of them blow ashore six small vessels which were out of nine, anchored opposite the town. There the holding ground is bad, being composed of a hard blue clay, over which the anchor slips. A large vessel anchored not far from the town was drifted half a mile, though she let go a second anchor, paid out 180 fathoms of cable, housed her top-gallant masts, lowered down her top-gallant yards, and braced fore and aft the others. I thought this gale a hurricane, but outside, a ship lay up for the harbour, under close reefed topsails. Had she been in the harbour, the wind would have taken the sails, and probably the masts too, out of her. The low hills at the head admits this wind, and the mountains on either side the bay confine it. It rushes down therefore as it would through a funnel. In other respects the harbour is a good one, capacious enough for all purposes of trade, easily made, and free from dangers of rocks, sandbanks, &c. Ships working up can allow their bowsprits to graze the hill sides as they go about, and choosing anchorage near the side opposite the town, they are safe from the south-westers, as they are more sheltered, and the holding ground is good.

The difficulty of connecting the harbour with the plains by a road, has a little dismayed the colonists, but the road is marked out and partly made. It proceeds two miles down the bay, towards Godby Head, crossing the range at the low point I mentioned. The difficulty is to carry the road to this ele-

vation, and that difficulty rests in cutting through a precipice some half mile in extent. Goods are now carried to Christ Church by water, round Godby Head, and over the bar formed, where the Heathcote and Avon enter the Pacific, and then proceed up the latter stream, which is navigable for some miles for small vessels. This bar is always dangerous and often impassible, and many vessels have been lost in crossing it.

A bridle path runs up the right spur of the bay in which Lyttelton is situated. Christ Church is about nine miles by this path; by the road when finished (and late accounts say they are working at it, and that the iron work for a suspension bridge has arrived from England to be thrown over the Heathcote), that town will be about twelve miles from Lyttelton. Besides this harbour of Victoria, or Lyttelton as it is commonly called, there are many others in Banks' Peninsula. The most capacious, the best, and by far the most beautiful, is Akeroa. Covered as the highlands of the Peninsula are with woods—steep, fertile, and watered by numerous torrents—all these bays form lovely scenes; but that of Akeroa is of surpassing beauty. It is the site of the old French settlement. The village is prettily situated in a fine bay formed off the main one. Jutting spurs form many such bays in the harbour of Akeroa, and each bay has a distinct valley, watered by one or more highland streams, that pour down the hills, and emerge from the woods, cool, sparkling and clear. The noble woods, that cover these vallies, and run up the sides of the hills, till in some instances they crown the summits three thousand feet high, are un-

surpassed in luxuriant and beautiful vegetation by those of any country in the world. It is absolutely astonishing to men accustomed to England's best woodland scenery, to see the wild waste of Nature's profusion here. I have seen some countries in temperate climates and some in tropical, but I never saw any thing that could in any way be compared with this. The vast growth scarcely strikes one so much, as its surprising beauty; the number and variety of the parasitical plants and creepers—many flowering;—the graceful way in which they entwine and hang from the boughs of the giant trees;—the shrubs and young plants in such perfume and graceful negligence, on one side bound together in a mass of vegetation, and then standing separately;—and the unequalled groves of the tree fern, the rukara palm and the wild fuchsia, generally about the size of the small trees one sees in India. Let it be borne in mind, that all this is under the shade of a great forest, and in the depth of winter. The notes of birds are the only sounds that break the stillness of the woods, save the bubbling stream that runs through, with the bank here and there torn away, and bridged by fallen trees. The very perfection of that beauty is attained, which is aimed at in England, and which our artistic cultivators can make so poor an attempt to imitate. It is strange to see these trees, which in England would be looked on as priceless gems, considered an incumbrance, and burned, cut down, and destroyed, as if they were the enemies of civilization—to see men commence to cultivate a new land, by destroying that which the refinement of cultivation, in an old one, aims to

produce. It is strange to see at Akeroa, men cut down and burn as useless, trees beautiful and valuable as furniture wood, whilst at Christ Church they would sell at a high rate; to hear at the one place men complain that their land is all wood, and at the other that it is all clear: neither content, both grumbling at *nature*. They might as well complain that she had not built hedges and farm houses for them, and I believe that some in their hearts expected it; otherwise it is hard to account for the disappointment so many express.

All these bays have the same extraordinary conformation of hills as that of Lyttelton; every one is shut in by the wall-like formation of the mountains. The scenery of New Zealand deceives an English eye. Every thing is on so grand a scale, that the emigrants invariably underrate distance and size. I have seen them look with contempt on the vast forest which covers Banks' Peninsula, and jauntily set out to climb its hills from the ship in which they had just arrived. Though the error be practically proved, and therefore acknowledged, yet they still receive impressions with as great confidence in their judgment as if the eye had not been the first to deceive. I will endeavour to convey the first impressions of the ordinary run of English emigrants, but I would first remark that Nature is not so lavish of common sense as the preface to the word would lead one to suppose. I was astonished at the little knowledge of the country, and the number of false ideas with which the generality emigrated, and what little use was made of the opportunities

they had of informing themselves, although when one arrives at the reason of their disappointment, it is not so surprising after all. An emigrant ship rounds the "Snares," (small islands at the extremes south,) and stretches up the east coast of the Middle Island. Away on her port beam lies the chaos of snow-capped mountains. The sun sets behind them, and brings out the white outline in strong relief, against the mass of wan colours that tinge the sky. Again, it rises from the Pacific, and the light is first caught by the cold sparkling snow, leaving the base of the hills in deep shadow, both glorious views, but how few to appreciate them! The generality gaze in fear and trembling; it is the land of their adoption, and they see only a chaos of mountains. The Peninsula rises like an island. It looks rocky and bare near the sea, but behind they see patches of shrubs. They enter Lyttelton harbour, the hills stand around them, abrupt and barren, they are now shut in from the rest of the world. They see the little town of Lyttelton, with its wooden houses and V huts, and are disappointed; for they expected more, though the town is but a few months old; they land and see the public works which they think little of in their ignorance of a new country; they ascend the hills by the Christ Church road, and with fainting heart perceive the precipices which remain to be cut through. But all this is nothing to the bitter, bitter disappointment, with which they behold the bog—bare, barren and brown,—which lies in its vast solitude at their feet. These are the first impressions; yet what is the truth? The barren harbour is as beautiful as the majority of those

so many of their countrymen yearly inundate the Scottish Highlands to see. The road is a rise of one foot in nineteen for two miles, the *coup-d'œil* of the plain and mountains is of striking grandeur. The brown moor is a great extent of level land, fertile as the plains of Lombardy. He who takes heart of grace and descends, finds it lighter at every step; he soon perceives the land below is not a bog, but a good dry soil, covered with a vegetation of fern, flax and grass; he takes up a handful of earth, and sees it is a rich loam; he crosses streams of pure and running water, and every where perceives the land adapted for growing all that can be produced by English soil. We are the creatures of education. A Hottentot believes in the beauty of his mistress; a Russian likes train oil; a Swiss springs gaily up his native hills; and a Sinee perceives attractions in the Unhappy Valley. Is it surprising then that an untravelled Englishman beholds with dismay his new home? Can he look with delight on these grand hills, on this wide extent of waste land, when his dreams were of green meadows, of hawthorn fences and gorse covered hedges, of daisies and butter-cups, and all the beauties of his native soil? He has been brought up in garden-like scenery; he is placed on an untouched waste; he has beheld nature only trained by man; he has read of Nature, of her flowery meadows, and streams lined by weeping willows; and his native land has every where carried out the description of books, till he imagined he saw in all this, Nature and Nature only. Could we obliterate, by one stroke of the pen, the work of centuries, and point

him out his native country in her native state, as so well described by Macaulay; he would not know his birth-place. But this is never dreamt of; his conclusions are formed from a land, that from the top of St. Paul's to the bottomless pits of its coal mines, is all art. With scarcely an idea of nature undressed, he lands in a wild waste, and compares New Zealand with England. But he that can see further than the mere surface, perceives that the soil and climate are admirably adapted for growing all that can be produced in England. Therefore he can there create the scenery he loves so well, for though the growth of Nature, it is still the work of man. He does well then to set to work to do so, for in doing this he cultivates the soil, creates an export, and earns his bread. The two are intimately blended,—the beauty of the country and its cultivation. Certainly in detail the one is dependant on the other, for though Nature gives all grand and sublime scenes, it seldom presents to the eye an object that can be long dwelt on with pleasure, at any rate to one accustomed to European scenery; there is always something wanting, no matter how beautiful the waste on which you gaze. The beauty of these plains can scarcely be imagined when wrought into a high state of cultivation; Nature has done her part; she has given to the pilgrims a land grand in extent of plains and mountains, and sublime in beauty, rich in fertility, well watered, and unequalled in climate, with plenty of wood, stone, and, late accounts say, coal. What more then can they want? what more can Englishmen want? Who ever saw a body of Englishmen quite pleas-

ed with any thing ? Who ever knew a regiment quartered in a pleasant station ? It is often amusing to listen to men differently situated from colonists. A ball is generally a bore, town dull, the country slow. I once heard two gentlemen discuss the disagreeables of their positions ; the one was twenty-two years of age, and had eighteen thousand a year, the other was five-and-twenty, and had an estate of five thousand. The topic was the annoyances their wealth subjected them to, and how much happier they were when surrounded by debt ; and what they said they felt ; and showed it by shortly afterwards leaving England on an expedition to the interior of Africa. From my experience I would say that grumbling in Canterbury is in proportion to the grumbler's ignorance of the world. He who has seen most of it is most pleased with the country. I greatly fear writing in this strain ; it may be attributed to vanity ; but I profess to having seen a great deal of the world, as far as mountains, plains and sea go. To write clearly, I must write freely, without being hampered with the dread of constantly bringing myself on the stage. I do not believe that any intelligent man, who had seen New Zealand, ever predicted any thing but success to it as a colony, and I do not believe that any man of common intellect could prophecy any thing but success to Canterbury as a settlement, however much his opinions may clash with the theories on which it was founded. These theories have, I believe, been ably laid before the Indian public, in an article in the *Benares Magazine*. They have been approved of by

the English nation, and backed by many of her ablest statesmen. Let the public judge of them as they may ; my business is not with the founder, but with the settlement.

I have heard men compare the settlement of Canterbury with that of Port Philip,—much to the disadvantage of the former. And why ? Because New Zealand grows fern, Australia grass ; the one therefore is brown, the other green : they had taken this as conclusive of the sterility of the former, and the fertility of the latter : as well might they judge the beauty of a woman by the color of her garments. The grass of Australia is often deceptive, the fern of New Zealand never ; the one may fail to support the flock, the other gives way to grass, and by cultivation, may be made to carry a flock fifteen times as great as a like quantity of land in Australia could be made to feed, because all the grasses of England grow equally well in New Zealand. It is this fact that for me gives the country such a charm,—the charm of our home beauties stealing over the wild grandeur of this favored land, and heightened by a climate, of which the most lovely of English days can scarcely convey an idea. When Christ Church has grown to a pretty town, when the young oak of England stands by the side of the giant trees indigenous to New Zealand, when the avenues to gentlemen's houses are lined by the graceful and beautiful shrubs that yield her fruits, when the green grass of England is sprouting in her meadows, fenced by hawthorn and hedges, when daisies and butter-cups flower over the land, when the timid hare springs across the field, and the coveys of par-

tridge break from their cover, and the sun of heaven shines brightly through the pure atmosphere, tempered by breezes from the Pacific and the Alpine range, then there will be but one thing wanting to make New Zealand the Eden of the world—the charm of age, the vestiges of the past, the spot endeared by old associations and traditions.

The plains of Canterbury are admirably adapted for cultivation ; there is absolutely no impediment in the way, if a high grass or shrub called *toi-toi* be excepted, whose roots are too strong to be easily dug up. When the fern is burned off, the land lies flat and bare, easy to dig and plough ; no rock, stones or gravel impede the agriculturist ; even boggy-looking places are often mere surface water, better adapted than the drier soil for cultivation. Near the sea the plains become marsh, but these bogs when drained are rich : higher up, a mile or two beyond Christ Church, the plains are quite dry, and continue so to the foot of the hills. Near the mountains the land undulates, and patches of wood are more frequently met with. A low range rises near the foot of the Alps, covered with forests, which run up the sides of the mountains.

No district can be better watered than that of Canterbury. Streams pour down from the mountains and meander through the plains, forming tongues of land, and most excellent boundaries for sheep runs. These streams are liable to inundations from heavy falls of rain in the hills ; or the snow melting. Some of the channels spread over a great space, and render the passage across difficult. This difficulty of communication is con-

sidered one of the disadvantages of the country. Near the sea the courses of the streams become slow and deep, generally admitting vessels of about thirty tons some twenty miles up their channels. The vegetation is fern and grass, mixed with flax, and patches of wood and forests of great extent. Generally speaking, the soil is a dark loam, of no great depth, having underneath a light clay. There are stony and sterile tracts, but even these are well adapted for sheep runs. Christ Church, the future city of the plains, is well placed to ensure the bright destiny claimed for it. When men sneer at the wretched contrast presented by this infant town, and its high sounding title, they commit a folly. It is not now, nor will it be for many years, a town of any importance, but its ultimate greatness is not the less sure. It is with the works of man as of Nature, that which grows slowest, often becomes the greatest, and is ever the most durable. The town is placed on a beautiful level space of fertile land. The Avon supplies it with excellent water ; it is surrounded by a vast plain ; within ten miles is a good harbour. The hills of the Peninsula lie in front, to the rear and to the right run the great chains of snowy Alps, and the murmur of the Pacific waves, as they fall on the beach, is heard in the town. Lyttelton, which at this moment is of far greater importance, will eventually be but the mere shipping port of Christ Church. The situation of this embryo city is very central, and as Lyttelton is the only port of any value from the Karara to Otago, it follows that every thing must be shipped through Christ Church, and all business

transacted there ; nearly every part of the plains may be connected with this town by a system of canal communication. In draining the bogs near the sea, canals might be dug, connecting the rivers, and draining the land. Could such a system be carried out, it would raise the value of land at a distance from Christ Church, increase the exporting power of the plains, facilitate immigration, and at once give importance to the town ; but unfortunately these things must follow, not precede, cultivation and immigration ; and men who would gladly act, must stand and look idly on at the vast resources of this land, undoubtedly for the want of labour and capital, whilst thousands of men are sighing in another land, for something to do, their energies cramped, their means a bare subsistence, or worse still, supporting a shabby gentility.

The only impediment (a great one I confess) to railways, lies in the streams ; no roads are now required, as waggons can be driven all over the plains, except near the sea, where the land is boggy. There is an advantage, if I do not mistake in the idea I have formed of the land, possessed by Christ Church, which its inhabitants little dream of ; and would hold, I doubt not, at no great value, but I consider this advantage as great, for in all my estimates of this county, I look more to futurity than to the present. Christ Church is one of the most securely ported towns in the world. It will never require fortifications, under any circumstances, unless the Canterbury people go to war with their countrymen at Otago. Fortifications are useful to a capital only, to check any sudden rush of an

enemy, and give time to the nation to rise and relieve it ; otherwise the loss of the capital might throw such resources into the hands of that enemy, and so weaken the nation, as to force them to succumb. From this danger Christ Church is exempt. A chain of natural fortifications runs round the plains, leaving Christ Church exposed on one side only, and even on that point not much exposed. The town faces the sea, to the right and rear runs the Alpine chain, impassable for an army. From the Karkoras to Otago there is but one available harbour, that of Lyttelton. The entrance to Lyttelton harbour is also the entrance to Port Levi, or Albert ; the tongue of land which separates them is a high mountain, whose promontory is about three quarters of a mile from the entrance, which is perhaps more than two miles broad. With this promontory right in the middle, these three promontories are scarcely accessible from the sea, and they are placed as if an Engineer Officer had pointed out the spots for batteries. No ships could enter in the face of such a triangular fire, but were the entrance forced and the port carried, if the inhabitants blew up the road, the enemy would find themselves still in a most difficult position. No other harbour in the Peninsula would be of any value to an invading army. Some place of anchorage for small coasters has been discovered near the Raikes, but I should think it useless to a fleet ; and as to landing on the beach, the thing is utterly impracticable. The only course then that could be followed, would be to land in one of the ports at the Southern ex-

tremity of the island, and march some hundreds of miles over a difficult country, and if that could be done in the face of a people by an army that had just performed a long sea voyage, then Nature has wasted her favors on a parcel of cowardly slaves: such a people will never be the produce of New Zealand. I hold this land to be exempt from battle and murder by position, and its climate frees it more than any other from causes of sudden death.

The Almighty in a great measure has granted to the people the prayer so devoutly put up by the Church, but they are unaware of the fact, and are often loud in their complaints of the difficulties thrown in their way. Some may yet live to thank God for these difficulties, which may ensure their freedom and exemption from danger, though Sydney be bombarded, and Melbourne in the hands of an enemy. The peculiar formation which so protects these plains also makes this site singularly well adapted for a colony. It enforces a system of centralization, which, in my opinion, adds greatly to the chances of success, although Bishop Selwyn, in his letters, has expressed a contrary opinion. I believe that in subduing Nature, the better system is that usually acted on in war. Concentrate masses on a point, overcome all opposition, and from that point diverge. When men scatter loosely over a country, half their efforts are wasted in procuring supplies. Many of them fail in doing this, and their work is then altogether lost. The individual efforts often frittered away, would if combined, have ensured success.

In buying land, the first choice is that unoccupied nearest

Christ Church; the next takes that nearest him; the same fencing does for both on the side they adjoin; and so on, the circle gradually enlarging, and each increase adding value to the neighbouring property. There is no lottery here; he who comes first is best served. No one buries himself in the jungle. He lives in a condensed and civilized society,—the success of each insuring the success of all. One plays into the hands of the other. I have a thing which another man wants. I lend it. I have a field to plough. Another man has a team doing nothing. My field is ploughed. The supplies are put on the ground. On the ground you occupy is the market for your own produce, and if there is a surplus, from that spot it is exported. Who can doubt but this is an element of success? I believe therefore that present success is insured, and the future very great value of the land around Christ Church, certain. I believe that Christ Church will be the only city that will ever rise on these plains from the Karkora to Otago, but I believe it will become a perfect Paris in grandeur and centralization. In short, it will be the city of the plains. The peculiar formation of the country, the central position of the town, and the centralizing effect of railways, will do this in spite of any opposition.

The first settlers on the plains of Canterbury were an Australian family, but they could not stand the solitude of the wilderness. A Scotch family followed. The Messrs. Deans had emigrated under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, but finding their lot cast in a bog, which they could occupy only at the peril of being

served up to hungry Cannibals, left Wellington, and located themselves at Riccarton, now one mile and a half from Christ Church. With the foresight and perseverance so characteristic of their nation, they saw the plains would yet form a great settlement. For years they remained in this vast solitude, but met at last with a rich reward. Several families settled on the Peninsula, but no others on the plains. Last December twelve months, the four ships dispatched from England, with the first settlers, arrived, strange to say, within a few hours of each other. The Messrs. Deans treated the new-comers with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Riccarton became a scene of eating and drinking; the lonely house in the wilderness was turned into a crowded haunt of hospitality, and the time of its owners was fully taken up in entertaining their guests and pointing out the capabilities of the land. These gentlemen were no theorists; they dealt in plain matters of fact, and advanced nothing that could not be practically proved. It was from such men that I endeavoured to obtain the information which I sought regarding the prospects of the colony, and the best pursuits for individuals. I compared the information given by these three—the old New Zealand colonist, the newly imported English farmer, and the Australian Squatter—and I came to the following conclusions,—“that the best export a young colony can produce is wool;” “that Canterbury is admirably adapted for growing that export;” “that producing it is the most profitable investment for money.”

The exports New Zealand can produce, may be classed under

three heads. That from stock, that obtained from the soil by cultivation, and that grown by Nature. In endeavouring to enumerate them, the readers of this *Magazine* will bear in mind that I, in my ignorance of stock and of a new country, never presumed to form any opinion save from the information I obtained in the colony, and that not having the most distant idea of writing on the subject, I was quite content when I had satisfied myself. I formed strong opinions in favor of the colony, and these opinions were principally grounded on my belief in what I now deal with. I have classed the means of producing exports in their places, as to their relative value now to the colony, but I believe time will reverse the order. In the first instance the settlement must be made by stock, and that stock principally sheep. The reason is obvious. Sheep multiply in progressive proportion, and grow their wool without the aid of man. What can be so good an export to raise in a colony where there is a scarcity of labour, as that which requires so little? The exports produced from the stock, which feed on these plains, are wool, tallow, hides, horses, cheese, salt, butter, cured meat, preserved meat, and tongues. The farmers will export grain of all sorts, and the produce of grain, potatoes, preserved fruits, beer, bacon, hams, salt pork, and I know not what else. Nature grows in abundance flax, furniture woods, and spars. On landing in the colony, it is at once apparent that wool is the main stay of the settlement, and on it rest the hopes of fortune, and the surety of success. Ask one and all, what is the best pursuit for individuals, and every

one will return the same answer—"Sheep farming." The following questions are the first generally asked, and the answers I think may be relied on. What quantity of land is required for a run? Answer—A moderate one is about 20,000 acres. Q.—In England, they say one acre can carry four or five sheep; is that the case? A.—Yes, when laid down with English grass. Q.—Why not take less land and cultivate English grass? A.—It would not pay. Q.—What number of sheep should be placed on twenty thousand acres? A.—At least one thousand. Q.—What would be the capital required? A.—No gentleman could start safely under £1,500. If dependant on this sum, he should be careful not to take a false step. The danger is—that he commences with no experience, when experience is most wanted. All required, after a little experience, is common sense, which of course would lead him at once to secure an experienced shepherd. Should he surmount the difficulties of the first three years, he will be an independant man. Q.—How many sheep could such a run carry? A.—At the most from eight to ten thousand. Q.—These lands, when cultivated, can carry twelve or fourteen times the number which land in a state of Nature can? A.—Yes. Q.—Why won't it pay to cultivate it? A.—Labour is too dear. Q.—How can these runs be obtained? A.—Inspect the plains and choose your ground—all uncultivated land is open—point out your choice on the map at the land office, Christ Church; pay down £10 as first year's rent—place £100 as a deposit in the Bank, to

be forfeited if you do not stock the run—that is, put one thousand sheep on it, or cattle in proportion. A calculation is made of the increase of sheep, and on that is grounded the increase in the rent—till in five years it amounts to a yearly sum of £100 (one hundred); at this it remains, no matter what number of sheep you can condense on the run. It is guaranteed to you for seven years, but will remain yours till sold as rural land. You can get runs from Government on more liberal terms. In fact this is not considered by Australian squatters as liberal, but it is decidedly so, when the advantages held out by the district of Canterbury are considered. Q.—What would be a safe calculation for the increase? A.—It is under the mark to calculate that sheep will double every three years. Q.—What return would a thousand give? A.—When the run is fairly stocked, and the number increased to four or five thousand ewes, which according to this calculation will be in about seven years—if your sheep are good, and give fine fleeces—you may at least calculate on receiving £150 per thousand per annum. Q.—Is that over and above all expenses? A.—Yes. The sale of wethers and old ewes ought, on a well managed run, to pay all expenses. Q.—Do you say, supposing I started with one thousand sheep, on a run of 20,000 acres, which I might do if I expended £1,500, that in ten years, my run would carry ten thousand sheep, and give me a clear income of £1,500 a year? A.—That is the sum total of what I say, and my own belief is, that the profits are under-rated. Q.—Is there much risk attached to this

pursuit? A.—Nearly all the risk is at starting. I consider acclimated sheep on the plains pretty safe. A south-west gale, with the heavy rain that often attends it, might do some damage during the lambing season, and you might loose some by wild dogs; but we have never suffered from the diseases that sweep off whole flocks in Australia. Q.—What diseases are the sheep liable to? A.—The foot-rot when placed on wet ground—but the plains are generally too dry for that—and the “scab” imported from Australia; both are vexatious and troublesome diseases, but neither kill. Q.—Is it not a generally entertained opinion in England that the climate of New Zealand is not adapted for growing fit wool in any way to compete with that of Australia? A.—The wool of the sheep imported from Australia grows coarser, as the sheep grows larger, but the difference is more than made up in the increased weight of the fleece, and of the carcass of the sheep. In Australia, the average weight of a fleece is $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., in New Zealand 4 lbs.; wool has not yet become a trade from these Islands, and it is neither cleaned nor packed well: this considerably affects its value in the London market, but we may yet rival Australia in the only point in which she beats us, that is, in the fineness of the fleece, as we gain experience in making up the bales, and take care to import good rams.

The profits resulting from successful sheep farming are so great that men who know nothing of these colonies are slow to believe in them. “Pooh,” they say, “if such were the case, every man in the colony would embark in this pursuit.” Yes, and so they *who can*,

do. That the number is few in proportion, only shows what every one knows, that poor men emigrate, not rich ones. When a man embarks with a small capital in wool growing, he leads a life of privation and solitude for some years, and has small profits or positive loss to begin with. At the same time, he sees around him numberless other openings for his capital, returning a per-centage that appears fabulous to people in England, accustomed to consider five per cent. a high rate of interest for their money. A man whose capital is not large enough to place one thousand sheep on a run, and stand an outlay for two years or so, which could not be done under £1,500, should not engage in sheep farming. If his capital be less, there are many other pursuits open, which, without the risk of ruin, would return a far greater interest. The reason is clear. There is little difference in the expenses of a run, no matter what the number of sheep on it; whilst the returns depend entirely on that number. He who puts five hundred sheep on a run loses money for years, but he who puts two thousand, quickly realizes a large income. There are two ways open for men with a small capital, who wish to engage in sheep farming. Combine with another party who has an equal sum, and stock your run together, or take or give sheep on the system of “thirds.” That is, a man engaged in another pursuit, puts a certain number on your run, there to feed and be taken care of by you; one-third the increase and produce of that number goes to you, the owner getting the remaining two-thirds. This system is constantly adopt-

ed, and it is a great proof of the high profits resulting from the pursuit. It must be borne in mind that 15 per cent. will readily be given for money lent on good landed security. When men prefer taking all the risks attending sheep in another man's keeping, and obtaining only two-thirds of the profits, it is clear they must have a strong inducement; their object is to allow the sheep to increase till they become sufficient to stock a run. When this object is attained, the man considers himself independent. It does not follow, because sheep double every three years in number, that capital progresses in an equal ratio; for as they increase in number, they fall in value.

Although local circumstances affect the value of the flock, the wool is in no way affected thereby, for Europe is the market, and that market protects the stockholder against the animal falling below a certain price, the standard being the quantity of tallow it will produce when boiled down. At this moment sheep are selling on the Canterbury plains at one pound a head. Some years hence they will not be worth more than a third of that, but the men who get good runs now will not lose, though a few years ago, like those of Canterbury now, they were obtained for the asking, for as the sheep fall in value, the runs increase. In Port Philip the runs are valued at a higher rate than the stock on them. It will be precisely the same in Canterbury; the runs obtained for the asking will in twelve or fifteen years be very valuable. It is calculated that Lyttelton will be the export town for three millions of sheep, and

cattle in proportion. Without any cultivation of the soil, each sheep will give four pounds of wool, each pound, (I think, I estimate it low) being worth a shilling. The sum therefore for the clip is £600,000. The importers of stock will be at an outlay of perhaps at the outside £200,000 to place some 150,000 sheep on the plains, and build huts and pens. In less than fifteen years that number will swell to more than three millions; during the interval the wool will pay all the expenses not covered by the sale of wethers and old ewes, and give a good return; but when the plains are fully stocked, all the increase, being sold, ought at the very least to pay expenses, therefore an expenditure of £200,000 will produce a yearly return of £600,000 after an interval of fifteen years.

To the majority of my readers this calculation will appear fabulous, but it is based on the experience of the colony, and that of other colonies, and it should not be forgotten that the settlements of Australia are living exemplars of its truth. I ask what made Sydney, what made Melbourne, what made all Australia? Sheep. From what did the countless flocks that now cover the vast plains of our settlements on that continent spring? Here are cities exporting a produce valued at millions sterling, and to which they owe their existence; the origin of which exports was in little more than nothing. Why then should it be deemed an exaggeration if we claim a tithe of such results for a richer land, a better climate, a greater capital, and more experience? Of the truth of these calculations I am satisfied, and even if my accounts

are exaggerated, enough of truth remains to make it the most profitable pursuit in the world open to gentlemen.

It may be asked why do not more people emigrate to such a land? With such an opening, why do people go to a country like Canada or the Cape of Good Hope? Answer this question; on the contrary I cannot, and I would like to hear it answered; but one thing I do know, and that is, if I live, I will take good care to go to New Zealand myself, and that soon. The export of wool is the foundation on which will rest the success of Canterbury.

Besides three millions of sheep the plains can carry cattle in proportion, that is, one to some twenty, or five and twenty sheep. The richness of the grass is tested in the excellence of the milk, and the butter and cheese. Already the Port Cooper cheese is celebrated in the Australian colonies. The cows are often allowed to run without being milked, but this will not long be the case. The increase alone pays well now, but as land becomes dearer and labour cheaper, the milk will be too valuable to be thus thrown away. It is a very profitable pursuit to establish a dairy, and requires far less capital than sheep. Any horses required can be bred on these plains, from the English dray to the English racer. This is a question that nearly touches the Indian Government, and one that should not be dismissed without some consideration. Are the horses for the artillery and the dragoons up to the work required? No; most certainly not. Where can the horses required be obtained? The objection to the Australian

horse is, that he is allowed to run wild till he can never be quite broken in. At any rate those exported seldom are; the reason is, a large tract of land is required to graze them. Both cattle and horses become as wild as those of the Pampas, and many a broken bone does the squatter receive in the desperate chase, and still more desperate encounter with these wild animals, but in New Zealand they may be domesticated as in England, with this advantage,—the climate is so good, they require no cover, and as no snow lies on the ground, they can graze all the year round. I maintain that were the Indian Government to take up a run, lay a portion of it down with English grass, and import stallions from England and mares from Australia, they could breed better horses and cheaper than could be procured from any other part of the world. For such a trade New Zealand is at least as well placed as any settlement in Australia save Swan River. The route for all is through Torres Straits. When the monsoon is from the South east, when the Straits are shut, the Eastern passage, through the China Seas, is preferable to beating round that stormy Cape, the Lewin, with a cargo of horses on board. In that case New Zealand has the advantage. Suggestions that appear good and practicable, should not be slighted, because they come from an unknown individual. If this meet the eye of any person authorized to advise the Government on such a subject, I hope it will not be dismissed without enquiry. It may be said this should be left to private enterprise; but if so, Government will wait a long time before

they get the horses they want, for the men who have the necessary capital will not embark in such a hazardous trade as long as sheep farming lies open. Nor will the government receive the horses they want when this trade begins. Private individuals will rear these, for which they can get the best price. The best price is given for racers, hunters and chargers, and it is not likely that any attempt will be made to breed the bone and muscle required to carry our heavy dragoons and their accoutrements. To produce all these exports no money need be spent on the soil; but were the land cultivated, the amount would be vastly increased. It is the business of the stockholder to produce them; that is, men occupying runs on lease from Government or the Association. The other great section of the producing community is the agriculturist, or men occupying their own freeholds, or the freeholds of other people; the difference between them is this. The first occupy land they are prohibited from cultivating; the others occupy land they have purchased to cultivate; the one produces from stock, the other from the soil. The Messrs. Deans practically proved to the colonists how well the land was adapted for growing grain, potatoes, and vegetables of all sorts, grapes and English fruits, and in short all the produce that can be grown in England. On their farm they pointed out the field which last year, to a rude cultivation, had yielded a crop one-third more than the average of English soil: then they drew attention to the growing crop from which they expected an equal return. There was the garden, with apple and

pear trees in full bloom, and stocked with all manner of vegetables. There is an old proverb, which experience has taught every child, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and that proof the Messrs. Deans abundantly gave their visitors. The proof of farm produce is in a farm dinner. All who dined with these gentlemen were well satisfied with their culinary prospects on the Canterbury plains.

How could they be otherwise, when good beef, good mutton, good bread, butter and cheese, and such potatoes and pork, were put before them? It is difficult to enumerate the different productions that can be grown by the soil; in fact they are not known. Englishmen always commence with what they have been accustomed to grow in their own country, and they are right, for these articles are the staple of life. There is no use in speculating on what can be grown, when we can deal with realities. We have the following facts before us. That there is a large extent of level land, open and fertile; that the climate possesses even greater producing powers than the soil; and that both are singularly well adapted for growing all that can be produced in England. It has been repeatedly stated in England that there is no market for this produce. All the arguments I ever heard condemning this colony, have been founded in an assertion, the reverse of the truth. All admitted that a great surplus of food could be produced; but when man and beast were stuffed, the residue was a drug. The assertion was, there is no market open for that produce, and the country can produce nothing else. Requiring an import, and

having nothing to export, you fail of course. I have endeavoured to show how untrue this is. And I now boldly assert that no Englishman ever put foot in a country the produce of whose soil was capable of giving so large an export for so small an expenditure. Of course in the colony no man could talk against the clear evidence of his senses, but such was in a measure the belief in England before I left; and this arose from, and was supported by, the opinion of some Australian stock holders. Were these men asked what is the best export a colony can produce, they would answer, the produce of stock. I know it to be a fact that there is no country so capable of supporting that stock as these plains, and there is no country in which they thrive so well, certainly not in any part of Australia. Then what can these men mean by making such an assertion? The fact is, they did it in ignorance; the land was unknown, and as if to throw them more out in their calculations, at the moment the *Times* was on that ground, predicting ruin to this colony; in the very country which was to be the cause of ruin, were rising markets sufficient in themselves to insure success. The gold discovery in Australia insures to New Zealand a market for all the produce she can grow for years. The effects of this discovery are to draw the labourers from the cultivation of the soil of Australia, to induce immigration, and to give wealth to them, enabling them to become good customers. It will readily be admitted that a surplus of food is an element of success rather than failure; that if the colony can raise a good export independent of that surplus, it makes suc-

cess certain; but if that surplus can also be exported with advantage, it renders success doubly sure. The prospects of the Farmer at this moment are most cheering, the markets of California and Australia rising to the East and West, ensuring for years high prices, and certain markets for ever. The money made by cultivation will be expended in extending it, as the export of grain increases, another will be brought gradually forward—beer. The supply required for the colonies is great, and any surplus will be consumed in India. And this brings me to another market completely overlooked—India and the settlements on the coast of Asia. Once this trade commences, it will go on increasing till all the settlements in the Eastern seas discover that what they call Europe produce comes in reality from New Zealand. Any reflection will show all who know any thing of this subject, that such must be the case. Is there not a demand in India for beer, hams, tongues, bacon, cheese, &c., horses and spars? Here is a country at one-third the distance of England, with a climate and soil, say at least equally good, and without rent and taxes to pay. Such a country, when labour is more abundant, will certainly be able to compete successfully, unless England protects herself; but it would be manifestly unjust if she were to leave the West India plantations to cheapen an article for her consumption, repudiating protection, yet force another community to pay a high rate for an article of her produce, enforcing protection. Besides Europe we see other markets around New

Zealand to the East, to the West, and to the North, and some of the countries, where her produce is wanted, are those which supply the world with many articles of necessity and of luxury. The *Forium Lenox*, or New Zealand flax, is looked on by all the colonists as the good angel of the country, which will yet shower wealth and abundance on the land. It is a pity to see this plant, capable of being manufactured into anything from a silken string to the back-stays of a line-of-battle ship, lie rotting on the ground. All required is a chemical process to separate the fibre from the vegetable matter around it. This cannot be done by manual labour with any hope of profit. Rope manufactories have been started at Nelson, and some of the coarser flax exported to Australia, but as yet all attempts to export it to England have failed. In the colony it is a most useful article, used by the settlers for anything from a shoe string to a saddle girth. The New Zealand rope is a sufficient proof of its strength, and the mat of its beauty, when manufactured. It is a pity to see such a valuable article lying useless for the want of labour and means to manufacture it. And it is a pity to see tall spars stand useless in the forests, and valuable furniture wood decaying on the ground. A certain cabinet maker in London manufactures all his furniture from New Zealand woods, and there is no more beautiful furniture in town. I have seen many pieces in the country highly polished, of great beauty, lasting in quality, and easily worked. Now the trees rot by thousands in the forests, and acres of them are burned down. Nothing but a steady and conti-

nued stream of emigration can turn these articles, from useless lumber, into valuable exports. New Zealand was first brought into notice by the whaling settlements established on the Island, but the palmy days of whaling are gone; nothing but a few stations now remain of what was once a considerable trade; still the whale frequents the coasts. Last year, more than usual were seen, and oil can still be counted as one of the exports of the country. I have said enough to prove, if nothing else, at least my own strong opinion in favour of this colony, but I have better proofs of its future success than any opinion I could form. I mean the deliberate opinions formed and acted on by the Australian squatters, who visited the plains before the operations of the association drew attention to this part of New Zealand. The Australians had held no very high opinion of the land. It was a country of mountains, bogs and woods, where no money could be made, the test by which they try every scheme.

The theories of this plan, although generally ridiculed in these colonies, attracted to the site of the new land a few of the Australians. They saw at a glance the value of the land, and closer inspection served to confirm their opinion. Several letters were published by these visitors in the Melbourne papers, and created an excitement there. Meetings were held, and the best means discussed of transporting stock and emigrating to this new land, but the discovery of the gold mines came in time to save the Canterbury colonists from the oyster being swallowed by another party, leaving the shell alone for them.

This gold mania gave another channel to their thoughts, but sufficient attraction still remained to induce several to settle on the Canterbury plains. Amongst them was a gentleman standing high in the opinion of his fellow colonists of Port Philip; the opinion he had expressed tended much to give this colony such attractions in their eyes. His letter ran thus:—"I consider this to be the best country now open for a man of moderate capital." The value of such an opinion can only be known when the men, who came to this conclusion, are known.

New Zealand is making rapid strides to greatness. Steam Navigation will soon connect her with England. Already a scheme

is on foot to ply steamers between her different ports, and the imperial parliament, this session, will grant her a constitution. These are but the first streaks of light which the rising luminary of her success throws ahead before it appears. It will rise quickly and shine brightly, and all will be astonished when this new nation comes forth from its obscurity, a very England in its nature and in its people.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject. If I trespass on the indulgence of the public, I hope it will be borne in mind that to many what I write is of much interest, and I must entreat that a brief space may be granted me in the ensuing number, to address myself more pointedly to those for whom I write.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

To one who, from a lofty mountain-side,
 Surveys the distant plains that lie beneath,
Cities and hamlets, and the ocean-tide,
 The field, the wood, the heath,

Seen all together, in more truth appear,
 Their bearings and their blendings duly shewn,
Than if arising, and descending near,
 We viewed them, each alone.

And thus the exile, whom his fates debar
 From mixing in the war of civilized life,
Beholds, perchance, more justly, from afar
 The fortunes of the strife.

The rule of weakness in his own dear land,
Less hated by her sons than anarchy,—
Her sons, who need no regulating hand,
So that they are but free.

In other realms the struggling peoples lie
Bound down, and gagged by slow-decaying power ;
The modern Borgia, with a desperate eye,
Tramples the Tri-color.

Seaward a bold young nation gathering strength,
And growing great by husbandry, of least,
Stretches from Pole to Pole her creeping length,
Joining the West and East.

Not seeing yet, nor giving to be seen,
Whether her mission be of Heaven or Hell,
Gnawed in her bosom by a sore gangrene,
Not pledged, or ill or well.

Everywhere, wars and rumours, luxury's door,
Vainly beset by impotent distress :
Sad haps of field and flood ; dark clouds before,
Truth's small voice growing less.

Thus, in the last watch of a tropic's night,
About the appearing of the morning star,
The woods are crashed with tempest, void of light,
And howling near and far.

The song-birds silent, cowering in the boughs,
Wait for the Sun—Lord ! let thy healing rays
Disperse our storms, while grateful souls arouse
The world with hymns of praise.

H. G. K.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO CASHMIR.*

IN these days, when the far-famed valley of Cashmir is accessible to all those whom idleness or the necessity of relaxation induce to abridge for one month at least the enervating hot weather of the plains of the Panjab, it may not be amiss to afford some practical hints as to their proposed trip, which, without being as voluminous as a Murray's Guide Book, will yet prove of service. Many are the travellers who have already written on Cashmir, such as Bernier, Hügel, and Vigne, the latter of whom penned a most able and complete account of the valley; its natural features, and its products and manufactures. In the present sketch it is rather proposed to put before the traveller an itinerary, that he may calculate time and distance, and observing what places are most worthy of observation, may shape his course accordingly.

We will suppose the tourist to start from *Bhimbhar*, a town on the frontier of Golab's territory, about 35 miles from Gujarat, and 22 miles from Jhilm. *Bhimbhar* is about three miles short of the *Adidhak* range of hills, and is included in the *Mirpur Kardari* of *Dewan Arjan*. It formerly belonged to certain Musalman Rajputs of the *Chib* caste, the last of whom, *Raja Faiz Tulab*, is now at Lahore. The town contains about 200 houses, and has a *Serai* built by *Jehangir*. There is also a kind of *Daradari* built by *Golab Singh* for the accommodation of European Travellers, a very sorry affair. There is nothing remarkable about

the town, which has a desolate appearance, and the few tanks and gardens of former days are rapidly falling to pieces. In one's route from *Bhimbhar* to the *Adidhak* range of hills, one crosses and re-crosses a nullah, which is full of large stones, and if swollen by recent rains, is a very serious impediment. The name of *Adidhak* is very applicable, being derived from *Adi* first, and *Dhak* or *Dhaki*, a common Punjabi word for ascent. To the top of this hill is about three miles, and from the summit one has a fine view of the plains beneath, which one is only too gratified to leave. As one descends, the change in the appearance of the country seems quite magical. A rich vegetation of firs and underwood takes the place of the arid plain on the other side, and a short walk brings one to *Shahabad Serai*, about 12 miles from *Bhimbhar*, where also there is a *Baradari*. From this a march of ten miles takes one to *Noushera*. The route is through a pretty country crossing occasionally a winding stream, the ledges on either side of the path being covered with butterflies and other insects. Shortly one ascends the *Kaman Gosha* hill, the winding descent on the other side of which is long and troublesome, and appears to be the origin of the name, as resembling the winding curve of a native bow. *Noushera* is situated just beyond the *Tohi* stream, in which there is good fishing. It is a neat looking town, and formed part of the

* The mode of spelling proper names adopted in this article is that of the Asiatic Society, with the accents omitted.

possessions of Sooltan Khan, the Rajpoot chief of Bhimbhar, from whom it was wrested by Ranjit Singh. Here is a very comfortable little Baradari. The next march takes one to *Chingas Serai*, a distance of about ten miles, the road being exceedingly rough and stony. Some parts of the march are very pretty, but there is a great deal of sameness about the vegetation. The variety of insects is very remarkable. The old Serai of the Musulman æra is on the brow of a hill, but is deserted, and out of repair. There is on the other side of the stream, a miserable Baradari for the accommodation of European travellers. From Chingas Serai to *Rajauri* is fourteen miles. The march is very pretty, and the country through which one passes highly cultivated, the Indian corn and rice crops being in perfect order. The people in the fields were, when the writer passed, beating their drums fortissimo, either to return thanks for the recent rain, or to implore a blessing on the crops; probably the latter. Wild fruit trees are here very common, pomegranates, figs and peaches hanging in pendent clusters from the trees on the side of the road. The wild rose is in great abundance. *Rajauri* is a fine town, contains 500 houses, and is situated in a fort between the Tohi river and a smaller stream called the Sukhtohi. The place belonged to Rajputs of the Jaral caste, and the head of the class was Raja Rahim Ullah Khan, whose son, Fakir Ullah Khan, was till recently in Lahore. The house he built for himself is pleasantly situated on the brow of the hill, underneath which flows the river, and the view of the Ratan Panjal

range beyond is very fine. The town of *Rajauri* is, though large, dirty. The people are handsome, though somewhat sickly looking, and speak a dialect which differs considerably from Panjabi. The treachery of the headman of *Rajauri* is well known to the reader of Cashmir history. On the occasion of Ranjit Singh's first attempt to obtain possession of Cashmir, he encamped with his troops in the vicinity of *Rajauri* at the foot of the hills, and despatched onwards a vanguard over the mountain passes, acting under the guidance of the chief of *Rajauri*. The individual however, partly from treachery and partly to avoid delivering over this part of the country to the detested Khalsa, assembled the hill tribes, closed the passes, and caused an attack to be made on the vanguard, who surrounded on all sides by enemies, and cut off from all assistance, found themselves obliged to retreat by devious and circuitous routes, in which, harassed by the hill men, and worn out by fatigue, they lost several of their best leaders, and numerous brave men. The writer has been told by Sirdar Goormookh Sing Lumba, a white-bearded old chieftain, who was among this force, that the troops fought their way back over the snow, sword in one hand and the staff in the other. When Ranjit Singh succeeded in taking Cashmir, the treacherous *Rajauri* chieftain was, like another Bajazet, put into a cage and carried to Lahore, where he died shortly afterwards.

From *Rajauri* to *Thangh*, at the foot of the Ratan Panjal range, is a short march of ten miles. This place being high and cool, the traveller will do well to use

his tent, and not to put up in any native house, where the plagues of Egypt, in the shape of fleas, will pursue him.

A delightful march of twelve miles over the Ratan Pir or Ratan Panjal mountain takes one to *Baramgalla*. This hill is beautifully wooded, is of great height, and enjoys a delightful temperature. As a sanatorium it would be very accessible, and might by double marches be reached in three days from Bhimbhar. The 'tung,' a kind of spruce fir, flourishes abundantly on this mountain, and is very picturesque. The descent from the summit is very fine. The road leads through a vast forest, in which almost total silence prevails, save the murmuring of a stream beneath. The sides of the path are richly clothed with verdure. Wild strawberries and blackberries are abundant, and the variety of ferns and other plants is interminable. On the larger trees are seen great numbers of the Langur monkey, fine fellows, with long tails, and remarkably agile and fleet in their movements. At the foot of this forest is a rushing mountain torrent called the Parnai, over which is a fragile bridge, hanging loosely from bank to bank, crossing which one shortly reaches Baramgalla. There is nothing remarkable about this place, but there is a great quantity of game in the surrounding hills. It is part of the jaghir of Raja Jowahir Singh, Golar Singh's nephew, who holds on condition of service, an estate of five lacs, comprehending the districts of Kottee Noushera, and the country between.

A march of eight miles through a deep defile, along the course of a mountain stream, takes one to

Pushana, a miserable little hamlet, only inhabited during the summer by Cashmiris, who bring their cattle to graze on the hills around. The bed of this stream being deep, and the torrent impetuous, there are no less than 28 bridges between Baramgalla and Pushana, and being but rudely constructed of branches and twigs covered with earth and stones, they are instantly carried away by heavy falls of rains. The care of them is made over to the villagers, who are bound to keep them in order, and repair them when broken. Pushana being on the steep side of a hill, there is no room for pitching a tent, and the traveller is obliged to resort to the novel expedient of encamping on the top of one of the houses. Proceeding from Pushana, about two miles onwards, one reaches the fort of the Pir Panjal mountain, a tough ascent of some four miles. One traverses for some distance the frozen surface of a stream, underneath which one sees the water flowing at intervals, the snow conglomerated above in a thick mass. This bed of snow probably never entirely melts during the year. As one climbs higher and higher, the 'tung' fir ceases, and one begins to see roses in full bloom, though when the writer passed this way, it was the month of July. On the extreme summit of the mountain is the hut of a fakir, who gives water to the thirsty and tired traveller. The view from this point is truly magnificent, and apparently unbounded, and the cold is so great, that even in the middle of July, a warm coat is not only comfortable, but necessary. From the Pir Panjal, a delightful walk of four miles takes one to *Aliabad Serai*. The sides of

the hills are clothed with the richest green, and the meandering brook which winds its way towards the valley of Cashmir, and is constantly replenished till it becomes a mountain torrent, is clothed on the bank one traverses with flowers of every hue ; and the variety of colours, combined with the verdure of the hills and the freshness of the air, is truly enchanting. The Serai is a tumble-down place, with only one banniah's shop, and surrounded by a rich waste of flowers, thistles, nettles, clover, &c. From Aliabad Serai to *Hirpur Serai* is about 13 miles. The road is but a narrow foot path along the side of the hill, and on it have been selected the sites of two of Golab Singh's chokees, in which are stationed sepoy to prevent any Cashmiris from leaving the country without a passport. As each traveller passes by on his road to the Panjab, he is required to produce such a pass, signed by the Kardar of Srinagar, or one of the officials on the road ; and if it be not forthcoming, he is directed to retrace his steps. On descending the hill, one crosses a bridge over the Shupayyan river, which flows from the Pir Panjal hills, and from this a pleasant walk of two miles takes one to Hirpur. From Hirpur to *Shupayyan* is 7 miles. The descent being very gradual, and the hills low, the scenery has not that striking character which it possesses nearer the Pir Panjal, and the first view of the valley of Cashmir rather disappoints one. The traveller has now arrived at the entrance of the far-famed vale.

For the traveller whose stay in Cashmir is limited to the brief period of 10 or 12 days, it is advisable to proceed first to Islamabad, which is about 18 miles

from Shupayyan. This is a wearisome march, with a dreary monotony of wretched villages, rice-fields, and water-cuts, water-cuts, rice-fields and wretched villages, so that by the time one reaches the river Visu, or Bisu, about three miles short of Islamabad, one has an uncomfortable feeling of Cashmir being a delusion, and splashed muddy and wearied to death, the ancient mariner who ferries one over the river in a wretched little skiff, large enough only to contain one soul, appears a veritable charm. Proceeding a short distance, one crosses the Hydaspes here, a narrow, sluggish, stream, over which we could throw a stone with ease. A rude and insecure wooden bridge spans the river. One mile beyond is Islamabad, formerly called Awantnag, or Awantkhund, from the spring of water which wells up from the foot of the hill near which the town is built. Islamabad is a city in Cashmir, being the second town in size and importance ; but it probably does not contain more than 12,000 inhabitants, and sad it is to see the number of deserted houses, and the air of general ruin which pervades the place, notwithstanding its reputation for shawl manufactures, and the celebrity of the various spots of pilgrimage. In the vicinity of these latter, one of the most noted is Matan or Martindro about three miles from Islamabad, where there is a spring of water sacred to the Sun, the presiding deity, and near at hand the caves in which the Rishis, or anchorites of former days took up their abode, lived, and were buried. A holy man was Bhum Rishi, whose resting place is to be seen in one of the largest of these gloomy re-

treats, and who rivalled the Devotees of Syria in the austerity and strictness of his devotions. About a kos south of Matan are the remains of a fine old temple said to have been built 1313 years ago, by a certain Raja Vain Datt, son of Lalita Datt, the prominent position and striking architecture of which are very remarkable. A spacious quadrangle, with one large and three small gateways, surrounds a massive stone temple of such solidity of structure, that the fanatic zeal of the earlier Musulman rulers was unable to complete its overthrow; and it stands to this day, though partly demolished, and with all its sculptures effaced, in defiance of a power which has itself passed away, a worthy memorial of the science and taste of the kings whose genealogy is commemorated in the Raj Taringani. Each side of the quadrangle is supported by 26 pillars of stone in good taste, and is divided into compartments about 8 feet long; and this pile of stupendous and massive stone, subject as it has been to the inroads of time and the demolishing hand of barbarism, bids fair to outlast the Druid's altar, and the temple of the Greek; and heathen though it be in its origin, one cannot help looking with reverence on the mass of hoary ruin, which has kept its stand so long on the Matan hill. The traveller, who is anxious to visit Amarnath, to bathe in the Sheshnag, and to inspect the pigeons which make their appearance at the time of the yearly festival, may do so by sacrificing ten days in the trip, but his devotion must be great, for there is not much to repay one for the loss of time. He will be better repaid however by proceeding from Is-

lamabad to Achhubal, which is without exception the prettiest place of pilgrimage in Cashmir. It has its legend and its fakir of course. The story goes that Shib and Parvati were sporting in a garden, which in the golden age existed here. Shib hid himself, Parvati sought him in vain, and tired and sorrowful, sat down and wept, and from the tears which she shed, sprang up fountains of living water, which have continued to flow to this day. And in truth these natural fountains are very pretty, and bubble forth as if some unseen spirit were disporting beneath. Jhangir, who must have had a great taste for the picturesque, caused a reservoir to be built for the reception of the water, which issuing thence, falls over some marble cascades, and escaping into the stream beneath, flows away to Islamabad, where it mingles itself with the Jhilam. There is a small garden attached, full of vines and other fruit trees, but the despotic hand of Golab Singh has confiscated this; and the tutelary priest, a frank and jovial looking Jogi, feelingly lamented to the writer, as he lay under the beautiful Chinar trees, which shade the spot, the loss of the capital wine made from his favourite grapes; to drink which was to him evidently the summit of human felicity.

A march of 10 miles will take the traveller from Achhubal to Shahabad, a large village containing 300 houses, in the Pergannah of the same name. It is situated at the foot of a low range of hills which extends to the higher Panjal in the direction of Devi Gol, near which is the source of the Behat or Jhilam. There is not much worthy of no-

tice about Shahabad, but about 3 miles beyond is Varnag, where there is a very fine spring of water built round in the year 1029 Hijri, by Jehangir, who directed a circular range of marble compartments to be erected to confine the waters. The lapse of time and the neglect of the Sikh rulers have however considerably destroyed the tasteful appearance of this spot, and the cascades built afterwards by Shahjehan have almost disappeared. The place derived its name from a tradition that Shib struck his trident into the ground here, and that a spring immediately issued forth. "Var" is said to signify a trident, and "nag" is a common name in Cashmir for a Khund, or fountain of water. To the European traveller however Varnag will derive its greatest interest from its having been the favourite retreat of the celebrated Nur Jehan, the light of the world, whose Kasr or palace, broken in ruins and scarcely distinguishable, still points out with a faint memory, the traces of the woman most celebrated in Indian history, and who could look without interest and curiosity on the spot where she, throwing off for a time the cares of state and rule, lived retired and secluded, enjoying the beauty of the scenery around. We will suppose that the tourist is not anxious to inspect the Mandah cave, or to take off his shoes and stockings to test the icy coldness of the stream of water which flows through it, and we will also warn him that the sanctity of Uma Devi, another sacred spot beyond Achhubul, appears to have consisted chiefly in the general fashion in which the tipping old father, who formerly resided here, mystified the brains

of his disciples with his cheery cup. In short, not allowing the stranger even to dive into the recesses of the Bishanpara Pergannah in search of game of all kinds, which is so abundant there, we must positively drag him away from this, the most enticing part of Cashmir, and launching him at Islamabad on the Jhilam in a boat with eight or ten gondoliers, despatch him onwards to Srinagar, under the guardianship of their enlivening 'haisa,' and with the vigorous stroke of their spade-like oars. By the evening of the first day he will reach Pampur, where we must allow him to stop for a while, to gather some of the saffron for which the place is celebrated. Many centuries ago a certain wise Brahman, one of the enlightened of that age, lost a 'thali' in a fountain called Zon or Zaiun, and while searching for it, happened to find a small flower, which in a dream he was counselled to plant and cultivate, and being a believer in nocturnal visions, he obeyed the mandate, and thus was the first to make known the properties of the saffron plant, which is at present grown in 18 villages of the Vehu Pergannah, which is situated between the Pergannahs of Pral and Phak. Two of these villages are Zon and Pampur, in the latter of which the crop is collected in the month of October, at which time the Maharaja comes in person to inspect the proceeds of the harvest. The land in which the saffron is grown is called 'Wudar' or high land, and is of a light friable soil, which is divided into rows of compartments about five feet square, the irrigating water flowing freely through the partitions dividing the plots. The

bulbs which resemble those of a crocus are put into the ground, when small, and take from two to three years to come to maturity. The land is turned up three times the year, 1st in Asar, 2nd in Sawan, and 3rdly in Asuj, and in Kartik the flower is plucked. The amount of land under cultivation is said to be 100,000 chamans or plots, or about 7,000 Cashmiri bighahs. The number of flowers in one bulb varies from one to six, and they are of different colours, blue, yellow, and red. The red flower called 'Wewal,' consisting of the pistils, is the real saffron, with which however the coarser parts of the flowers are generally mixed for sale, so that it is somewhat difficult to procure the article in its purity. In 100 plots 4 traks are produced, the trak being 6 seers or 12 pounds, i. e. 24 seers in 100 plots, consequently the total produce in 100,000 chamans is 600 maunds, of which scarcely a fourth remains after drying and separating the useless part of the flowers. The government gets one-half of the whole produce, the selling price being 9 rupees a seer. At Lahore it fetches from 12 to 20, and at Delhi 25, 30 and 40 rupees the seer. Saffron is called Kesra, and in the common dialect of Cashmir Kong-posh.

Those who are fond of antiquities will find at Ventipur, in the Tral Pergannah, about 9 miles higher up the river than Pampur, remains of two temples of the same fashion as the large one at Matar. Parts of the quadrangles are still to be seen, but the centre temples are one heap of ruins, and the gateways are the only parts which have escaped the iconoclastic hands of the Mu-

salmans, and so ruthlessly has this demolition taken place, that it is difficult to obtain any accurate account of the founder's name, or the æra in which the temples were built. Ventipur is said however to have been the capital of Cashmir in the time of Raja Vain Datt, and its ancient title was Deogara. Some of the great stones scattered about have faint traces of ancient Nagari inscriptions, and a few are scrawled over with Arabic writing equally illegible.

The approach to Srinagar, the capital, is very picturesque. The banks of the Jhilam, hitherto high above one's head, are near the city somewhat lower, and the view one obtains is very pleasing. To the right is the small hill called the Takht-i-Suleiman, crowned by a black temple, from which a Sanyasi's flag is seen to wave, and having at its foot a noble avenue of poplar trees, extending a mile in length, up and down which the Turkish rulers of Cashmir were wont to test the speed of their cavalry, sitting themselves on an eminence at one end of the avenue to survey the horses as they coursed over the grassy plain. The sides of the river are studded with small bungalows, built by Golab Singh for the accommodation of European officers, and an occasional glimpse of a pair of boots, and a cheroot at the windows as one passes, shows that they are not uninhabited. Before each bungalow, are moored in the river, one, two, three, or more boats, with their complement of rowers, who for the brief period during which European officers remain in the valley, live in clover, well paid and lightly worked, but as Golab Singh said, 'When the

Sahibs go, we shall see if we cannot make you refund some of your extra earnings.'

If the traveller happens to have with him a Darbar orderly, and his arrival is expected, he observes, as he nears the bungalow destined for his reception, a boat coming to meet him, with a very Dogra looking personage, who, seated in state and sword in hand, looks the very personification of a prime minister. Who is he? you ask with some interest, preparing to be very polite. "Oh! that is the person whose duty it is to look after the supplies," replies rather contemptuously one of the hanjis, as boatmen are called here, and you find that this important individual has not the slightest right to a chair, and, if properly treated, collapses and falls, like the stick of a rocket, to his original insignificance. However, you are now lodged, and commence to look about you.

Who can say when the holy city of Srinagar was founded, or how long it has borne that venerable title? From the time when the valley of Cashmir was first cleared of its waters and the Baramgalla pass cloven through the impenetrable barrier of the Panjals, from the æra when Kusyapa the divine, and the succeeding Rishis, practised their austerities, and gave the reputation of Holiness to the country, Srinagar has been known and revered; on the Hari Parvat, now surmounted by a small and insignificant fort, the Pandits will still point out to the enquiring traveller the vestiges of the abode of the ancient Hindu rulers, traces of whose presence are found in the shape of coins and other antiques, ut any correct history

there is not, the Raj Taringani and the *Ayin Akberi* being the sole records which now remain of the past. In the latter work will be found a list of all the ancient Hindu Kings, the correctness of which we have no means of ascertaining till all the coins hitherto found can be deciphered. The divisions of the valley given in the *Ayin Akberi* can mostly be identified at the present time, the eastern part being called Meraj, and the western Kamraj; and a great number of the Pergannahs, called in that work Mahals, still retain their former name, but it is unnecessary to give them in detail. Srinagar is a large town, containing some 70,000 inhabitants, and its aspect varies much from that of most oriental cities. To the writer it seemed to resemble much Rotterdam. There are the same narrow streets, high houses, small bridges, and dirty canals, which allow the water of the Dal lake to egress into the Jhilam. There are thousands of small skiffs, or rather punts guided by old women, and full of the *singhara* nut and vegetables, and at every corner of every street there are fruit-women's stalls laden with apples, plums, grapes, and the other productions of the summer. The shops are numerous, dirty, and gloomy, though they be; and through almost every other open latticed window one sees the shawl loom with its many hundred threads. An air of bustle and activity prevails in all directions. People move on through the streets rapidly, as if on important business, all on foot nearly; and there is a din of hissing Cashmiri Shibboleths, and sharp 'uhs' and broad 'os,' which at first quite bewilder and perplex one.

Were it not for the strange tongue and the dark faces, one might fancy one'sself suddenly transported to the busy existence of an European city. Pandits in their woollen garments, and the red 'teeka' on their foreheads, meet one at every step. The whole place seems to swarm with them, and they ply every trade, being equally ready to cheat in all. Astrology, amanuensis-work, brokerage, retail shop-keeping, nothing is too high or too low for them. They have an universal presence, and are never better pleased than when playing the part of middleman, between an European officer who fancies shawls, pashmina and articles of vertu, and the artisan himself. No Bengali Sirkar could be more apt, sagacious, and prepared to fill his own pockets; while they possess the additional attraction of being holy men, who under the garb of sanctity have the privilege of cheating, with their smug faces, and their carefully-studied and oft-repeated 'mantars.' If the flies, mosquitoes and fleas, those pests of Cashmir, buzz, bite and sting till the victim is frantic with pain and rage, they still have not the leech-like sucker of the Pandit, who hangs on, not till he is exhausted, for this never happens, but until you contrive to shake him off. He, like a boa-constrictor, first lubricates, and then devours you.

And now, let us see what the celebrated manufactories of Cashmir are like. We enter that dark and gloomy house, and escaping from the dirt and filth which usually exist on the ground floor of a Cashmiri dwelling, proceed to the first story. Here, in a small room at most seven feet high, are half a dozen looms at work, from which

depend several hundred threads of pashmina, which the careful and ingenious workmen are with much toil and labour weaving into the alwan on the loom. It is unnecessary to describe a process so often related, but it may be judged how wearisome is the task, when it is mentioned that six months are occupied in the preparation of the shawl. Wretched is the condition of these workmen. Unable to leave the country, they are obliged to labour for the Government, and though so skilful, that at Loodhianah or Amritsar they would earn for themselves from one to two rupees daily, they here receive the miserable pittance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ anna. It is not to be wondered at that the shawl manufacture has declined under this blighting system. The workmen are the slaves either of the Government or of the great shawl contractors; the principal of whom, Haji Abid, and Mukhte Shah, being themselves well fleeced by Golab Singh, think it no shame to plunder their workmen, who embarrassed by debt, and completely at their mercy, toil on without hope. The consequence is that this compulsory system, added to the exorbitant tax of 15, 20, and 25 per cent. levied by the Government on the manufacture, has had a most prejudicial effect on the fineness of texture of the modern shawl. Opinions are divided regarding the patterns of the long shawl, some affecting the old Mohammad Shah style, in which the hashia or border was narrow, and a blank space left in the centre, called technically the 'matan'; others advocating the French pattern, the principle of which is, to cover the shawl with as much work as possible. In the latter

case, the shawl becomes very heavy, and is called by natives decisively 'hathi-ka-jhul,' but in Europe this style has quite superseded the more simple pattern of former days. Some of the older shawl manufacturers and designers possess drawings of the patterns which were then in vogue, and to the writer's mind they are far prettier than the more complex designs of the French school. Such patterns too cost much less in the execution from their simplicity. Kalamdams and various other articles in lacker work, together with silver ornaments, are the chief productions of the industry of Srinagar. The Pandits are skillful hands in copying Persian manuscripts, and the paper of Cashmir is cheap, and of fine quality. The use of the *Buj Patre*, a white bark, the papyrus of Cashmir, on which formerly all manuscripts were written, is now little known.

Let us now, before paying a visit to His Highness Golab Singh, take a boat with its motley crew of men, women, and small boys, and have a row or rather paddle on the Dal. It is a strange place this Dal, half land and half water, with patches of cultivation, and houses interspersed in detached places in the centre of it, and traversed by innumerable little boats gliding rapidly along its weedy channels. It is covered with fine blooming red lotus flowers, and the *singhara* nut, the kernel of a small five-pointed black substance adhering to the tendrils of the plant, as it floats on the surface of the water. In taste it resembles somewhat a filbert, but it is dry, and is eaten by the Hindus only on their fast or fasting days, as a 'dernier resort.' The poorer classes of Cashmir however, who live chiefly on

vegetables and fruits, and seldom taste grain, consume considerable quantities of the *singhara* nut. The kernels of the lotus, which are found to the number of 15 or 20 in each plant after it has flowered, are also eaten; but it must be an imaginative mind indeed which could produce a poetical image from that squalid old woman, dirty and scantily clothed, who is fishing about in the weeds in search of the valued fruit. Had Tennyson been in Cashmir, he would perhaps not have been so eloquent.

He who is so minded may climb the Tukht-i-Suleiman, which borders the Dal on one side, and on the top of which is a temple dedicated to Shankar Acharjya, the exterminator of the Sauragis. From this point one has a fine view of the town of Srinagar, with its high tumble-down looking wooden houses, of the Dal spread out beneath, and the Hari Parvat in the distance.

The Shahlimar and the Nishat gardens, with their marble cascades, are worth seeing, and the beautiful black marble pillars which support the summer house centre of the former, will repay a passing glance. Many fanciful derivations have been given of the word Shahlimar. The Cashmiris say that Limar signifies a garden in Turkish, and that the meaning is therefore the 'royal garden!' On the north-western side of the Dal is the Hari Parvat, on which is a small fort built by Ata Mohammad, in 1226 Hijri, shortly before the country was taken by Ranjit Singh. At the foot of the hill is a very tasteful Khangah, in memory of a saint called Makdum Jhanian.

The Jama Masjid, the principal mosque of Srinagar, is a low structure with four minarets, and shows plainly the Turkish origin of the early Musalman rulers of Cashmir.

The ancient town of Srinagar appears to have been built considerably to the northward of the present city, as in that direction one finds numerous remains of old temples and other buildings, the greater part of which have however been destroyed, and have aided in the construction of the mosques of the believers. On one of these latter, formed of the stones of a Hindu temple, there is an inscription bearing the date of 901 Hijri, corresponding with 1484 A. D., to the purport that it was built by a certain Saif-uddin, in the reign of Sultan Fatah. The writing, however, is very illegible, and is inscribed in Kufic letters.

Every one who visits Cashmir, has an interview with Golab Singh, who resides in a fort called the Shergarhi, on the river Jhilam, a miserable place, with anything but an air of royalty about it. Let us go and dine with him. The party consists perhaps of some 10 or 12 officers, who are received by a company of rather scar-mouche-looking sepoy, and a troop of very irregular looking horse. However the saluting and the trumpeting are performed 'con amore,' and the entrée which one makes, holding Joala Sahai, the prime minister, affectionately by the hand, is very imposing. At the threshold the Maharaja, who has probably just got up at 5 P. M. and scarcely recovered from the effects of his daily dose of opium, which he partakes of in consideration of his eschewing

wine like a true Rajput, receives one with much emprossement, and conducts one to a chair next to himself; where, while the Panjabi and Cashmiri nach-girls are chanting that dismal old melody of 'Tazeh-ba-tazeh,' and other mellifluous songs of the valley, accompanied by one or two dirty-looking musicians on very squeaking instruments, the Maharaja regales one with an account of his maladies, and his wonderful medicines. Of the latter, the most remarkable is a black substance like cobbler's wax, which is said to be formed of the urine of a rare beast, with paws like a tiger, and leathern wings, which is occasionally found in the high hills beyond Iskardu, the said substance being of great efficacy in curing bruises and broken limbs. Superstitious though he may be in such matters, the Maharaja is a most intelligent man, possessing a very accurate knowledge of the Panjab, and an extraordinary memory. He is fond of talking of his exploits in former days, of relating his adventures, and of making himself out to be a great hero. He is profuse in his politeness, and speaks with a most suave manner. While one is complimenting and being complimented, in steps a very original butler, whose turban and white trousers, with the curious addition of spurs, leave one in some doubt as to what kind of hybrid he is. The dinner is announced, and the Maharaja very politely escorts his guests into the room prepared for them, where he leaves them to the care of Dewan Joala Sahai, who remains during the dinner seated against the wall, and counting the bottles. The dinner is

generally tolerably good, but gin, or brandy, or anisette, are the choice drinks with which the repast is to be washed down, except the guest betake himself to the blishti, who is at hand to supply water 'au naturel' from the 'mashak.'

And now, having seen something of Golab Singh in his private life at home, let us take a glance at him as a ruler. Illiterate, and almost uneducated, he has, like his old master Ranjit Singh, a very powerful memory, and is in the habit of hearing all the reports which are brought to him from various parts of the country; and he may often be seen in the evening, at which time he transacts his business, floating slowly down the river, with a Motasaddi at his feet, reading out the accounts of one of the Kardars. Suspicious and cautious, his government contains within itself checks on all the officials, his usual course being to appoint a Dogra Rajput as Kardar, with a Cashmiri Pandit as his assistant, the latter of whom is indispensable, because the Dogra race is generally unable to write, but being looked upon as more trustworthy, acts as a check on the crafty and astute Cashmiri. Half the officials are of this favoured Dogra race, generally Jabiwal Rajputs, of Golab Singh's own descent, and by far the larger proportion of the Sepoys come from the hills near Jammu. The soldier, when enlisted, must bring his wife and family into the Maharaja's territories, to remain there as hostages for his good behaviour, and the wily old man encourages the marriages of sepoy, as it ensures their continuing in his service. Each man gets a present of a month's wages on his wedding day, and if any of the royal family are wedded, it is of course only fair that every official in the country should be mulcted his one month's pay, which is accordingly done. Some of the Hindusthani sepoy objected to this arrangement, suggesting that some of the royal family were always getting married, and that they had no wish to alter their condition. They carried the day, and escaped the mulcting. Golab Singh having probably heard of Malthus' fame, has very wisely levied a tax on marriage, which is not a little profitable. It only amounts to 8 annas a head however, and is collected solely from Musalmans, the Pandits being exempted from the impost, which may account for their being so prolific. The sepoy receive four rupees a month, and the irregular troops, which garrison out-of-the-way forts and thanahs, about three rupees, and they are naturally not very well contented, but the infamous system of allowing sepoy to plunder the Zemindars by assigning them what is called a 'rassad,' or ration, being in vogue, they manage to eke out their scanty pay.

All the officials, whether Kardars or Thannadars, have judicial powers; that is, they investigate and decide cases; but the government takes care that the fines levied are accounted for. It will be seen from the following anecdote, whether the law dealt out is good of its kind. The writer, being encamped at Shahabad, close to the Thanah, listened to a dispute which was taking place between two Cashmiris, one of whom had robbed the other of ten rupees. The thief had promised privately to make restitution, but as the

parties quarrelled about the terms and came to blows ; they went to the Thanah for justice. The learned Pandit, who officiated as Judge, after a lengthy verbal examination of four hours, decided that the thief should be fined two rupees, and as the plaintiff had not given information of the theft at the Thanah as a well-disposed subject should have done, that he should be fined two rupees also, so the crest-fallen suitors went away sorrowfully, admiring the impartial justice of this Cashmir Solomon. Crime, it must be confessed, is very scarce, theft particularly so. Golab Singh, like other eastern potentates, makes it a source of revenue, and fines are inflicted summarily on the village in which the offence has taken place. The jail at Srinagar is not very full, as I believe was ascertained by an officer who paid it a visit last year in rather an irregular manner, and the prisoners support themselves by begging.

The revenue administration is carefully superintended. Some Pergannahs are leased to the most influential of the Darbar Pandits, of whom the chief are Rajkak and Lachman Jin, while others are held Kham by the Government, the Kardars being, as above stated, almost invariably Dogras. Their pay is very small, averaging from 20 to 30 rupees a month ; but of course their perquisites are large. The chief crops are rice and Indian corn, the latter being grown in those Pergannahs which lie in the hills, and are irrigated by numerous runlets of water. The government takes half the produce nominally, when the harvest is collected in kind, and affixes its 'thapa' or mark to its own heaps of grain, which you may be sure are religiously respected. For

instance, in a village producing 2,000 kharwars, the government revenue is 1,000, and the additional items of abwabs, fees, &c., amount to two traks, or the eighth of a kharwar, which consists of sixteen traks, the trak being equal to six seers. The total is consequently 1,000 and 125 or 1125 kharwars out of 2,000. The revenue is never less, it may be said, than two-thirds of the produce, and frequently reaches the exorbitant rate of three-fourths. The zemindar consequently lives for a great part of the year on the wild fruits and vegetables which are produced in abundance around him ; and *ata*, or rice, are to him rare luxuries. The abwabs are most ingeniously laid on, for it would be difficult to say what natural or artificial production is not taxed. So much for the juice of the walnut, so much on grazing, and so much on the shop of each artisan, tend to swell the amount of the revenue. In the western parts of the valley however, the exactions have reached such a pitch, that there is scarcely a village in those Pergannahs, in which many houses are not to be seen deserted, and in ruins, the owners having, with kith and kin, escaped into the Hazara hills, by devious and unfrequented paths. A great portion of Cashmir, in short, is out of cultivation, and the total revenue is not probably more than 18 or 20 lakhs. In the *Ayin Akberi*, the revenue is stated to be 3,011,618 kharwars, which at 16 traks the kharwar, amounts to 48,185,888 traks, and two traks being sold for a rupee, the value is 24,92,944 rupees, or nearly 25 lakhs. Including Ladakh, Small Tibet, Iskardu, the mountain country between Baramulia and

Mozaffarabad, the Jammu Hills, and the other dependencies, together with the extensive and profitable customs, Golab Singh's income certainly exceeds 50 lakhs yearly, and new devices are constantly being planned to increase this sum.

The chief grievances of the people are over-assessment; begari labour; the confiscation of all religious grants; the interference of the government with all retail traders, who are prohibited from dealing, without permission; taxation on all articles of industry to an unprecedented extent, the shawl paying six annas in the rupee on its value; every silversmith contributing a quarter of his monthly income; and even the little skiffs which ply on the Dal in search of the *singhara* being assessed: these, and the prohibition against leaving the country, except with a *perwanah* or passport, signed by one of the Cashmir officials, an order especially applying to shawl weavers, the most persecuted of all workmen, are the grievances complained of, and complained of justly, whose effect is that the people are in an unprecedented state of misery, and, as far as respects the poorer population, live literally from hand to mouth. Were it not for the bounty of Nature in producing so many fruit trees and vegetables growing wild in the woods and valleys, the end would be starvation or flight. A braver race would take more efficient means to better their condition, but the Cashmiris are a degraded people, long tyrannized over, accustomed to blows and abuse, and insensible to kindness, and as a native would say are 'zulam parast'; that is, they worship oppression.

Meanness, fraud, and lying, are their characteristics, but ill set off by their shrewdness and their pleasant and lively manners. Golab Singh is a true miser, and would, I verily believe, sell his own soul for a due payment. Though able and intelligent, he sees not that his unbounded avarice, the key-stone to his character, produces a hateful tyranny, a tyranny so bad and so abhorred, albeit with bated breath, that his name will assuredly descend to the third and the fourth generation, and, as people talk of Noushirwan the wise, and Akbar the clement, so will they tell of Golab Singh, the tyrannical miser. And so we take leave of him.

The sportsman will find in the hills beyond the Phak Pergannah, in which the Shahlimar garden is situated, great numbers of 'barasingha' deer, but winter is the best season for pursuit, as at that time they are less wild, and approach near to the valley.

About seven miles from the Shahlimar is the entrance to the Lar Pergannah, one of the most picturesque districts of Cashmir. It is very narrow, but well wooded and irrigated, being traversed by the Sindh river, and also the Ganga stream, which descends from the Harmukh hill, a famous place of pilgrimage, which is very difficult of access. On the road to this mountain, about three miles beyond the village of Vangat, is a temple of very great antiquity, buried in a thick jungle. There is no inscription or figure of any kind on it, to lead one to an idea of its origin and date, but the heavy style of architecture resembling that of the temple at Katas in the Panjab, shows that it is anterior to the buildings at Matan,

Ventipur and Patan. The roof is in ruins, and now affords room for two or three firs of tolerable size, and other trees which have found on it a congenial soil. The Ganga and Sindh streams are foaming mountain torrents, whose clear water is extremely cold, but delightfully refreshing in the hot months.

Taking a boat from Srinagar, one is conveyed in about eight hours to Sopar, which is some twenty miles lower down the river on the further side of the great Wallar lake,—a magnificent expanse of water, to see which properly, one should mount one of the high hills in the vicinity. En route one may pay a visit to the Mansbal lake, a pretty piece of water, at the North-west corner of which is the village of Saffupur, which was apparently a place of resort formerly of the Musalman emperors.

When the writer arrived at Sopar, Mian Ranbir Singh, Golab Singh's son and heir, was stationed there, busily engaged in forwarding supplies and troops for the expedition which was sent last year to quell the unruly people of Chilas, who had committed several acts of atrocity on the inhabitants of the neighbouring country of Hasora, and whose fort, long being believed to be invincible, fell at last, in a great measure through treachery, before the army under Dewan Hari Chund, a brother of Joala Sahai.

Ranbir Singh is about 25 years of age, and has a manly appearance; but his face is somewhat spoilt by his thick lips. His manner is abrupt and unpleasing, and compliments fall from his mouth as if he were spitting forth an unpleasant sweetmeat. To his

followers he is peremptory and sulky, and he evidently has little command over his temper. He is no match with his father in intellect, and decidedly inferior to his cousin, Raja Jowahir Singh, who inherits much of the ability of Dhyani Singh, the great Vazir of the Panjab. There is little to be seen in the Pergannahs of Hamal, Mochipur, Vutur Lolab, and Kuliama, which lie to the west of the Wallar lake; but no traveller, who has leisure, should leave the valley, without seeing the beautiful plain of Gulmargh, a verdant sward in the centre of the hills, south of Baramulla, which, in the spring season, is covered with innumerable flowers, and affords a rich pasture to large herds of cattle. The climate is delightful, and the view from the higher hills, superb,—the whole valley of Cashmir lying beneath, like a map, and the vast Nanga Parvat looming forth in the direction of Hasora. This plain is reached by a long march of thirteen miles from Sopar via Vagura, in the Pergannah of Krun; and though there are no villages near, one can obtain supplies at the ziarat of Bapam Rishi, where a hospitable Musalman fakir attends to the wants of the traveller.

A pleasant march of twelve miles takes one from this to Baramulla, on the confines of the valley, where the river Jhelam takes its course through the Panjal. The descent to Baramulla, from a wooded hill, is very picturesque, and the town seems to be large, but distance lends a considerable deal of enchantment to Cashmir villages, the houses of which appear from afar to be fine lofty habitations, but on nearer inspection prove to be truly dirty places,

and though 3 or 4 stories high, each story is so low that one can hardly stand upright in it. They are built almost entirely of wood, and the arrangement in a house of four stories seems to be that the cattle are tethered on the ground floor, the cooking carried on above that (the smoke ascending freely to the upper stories); then the family property on the third story, and *au quatrieme* the family sleep in the common sty without much regard to decency. The whole is crowned by a sloping roof, flat roofs being unadvisable, on account of the snowfalls. Baramulla is prettily situated on the banks of the Jhilam, over which there is a bridge of seven arches, constructed, like all others in Cashmir, of crossed piles of wood sunk into the stream, over which are placed, lengthways, long logs of timber. A regiment is commonly stationed here, to protect the passes, and there is a small fort. But our time is up, and we must leave the favoured valley; so adieu! oh oily Raja, and smooth spoken Vazir! Farewell! ye dirty caftaned and cheating Pandits, ye merry boatmen, and ye sulky Dogras! Farewell! thou strange mixture of beauty and dirt, of squalor and merriment! We turn that rock beyond which the Jhilam, hitherto a slow and sluggish stream, begins to roar and leap, as if rejoicing at its escape from its imprisonment: one look back, and the valley of Cashmir is hidden from us. Has our trip pleased us? Yes, decidedly. Perhaps the Maharaja is not so well contented at such tourists moving about over his country, taking notes, enquiring about the revenue and sympathizing with his oppressed subjects; nor do the

little excesses of some of his visitors, such as breaking the heads of his sepoy, charging his jails, and carrying off in their train numberless people, who would otherwise be unable to leave the valley, probably give him much satisfaction. But it must be allowed that he keeps his temper, and is quite as polite as can be expected from a ruler, who has to put up with so many indignities.

From Baramulla to Noushera is seven miles, a short march. Noushera is part of the possessions of the Raja of the Kakka Bamba, into which house Shekh Emamud-din married, and Mrs. Kakka Bamba, as Major Edwardes facetiously called her, is said to have been the most active in stirring up her husband to the insurrection which led to his being turned ignominiously out of Cashmir.

From Noushera to Uri is fifteen miles. On the road are the remains of two temples, neglected, in ruins, and half hidden in jungle. The Thanadar of Uri has a large extent of country in his jurisdiction, which extends from Baramulla to Chagulthi, and to the Punch Panjal. From Uri the traveller can either return to the plains by Punch, Kotli and Mirpur, or take a short cut by the Chikar route to the Marri sanatorium. The writer proceeded by the latter road. The mountain path is atrociously bad, and ill adapted for horses or mules. From Uri to Chagulthi is sixteen miles, and thence to Hathia fifteen miles, after which one leaves the impetuous stream of Jhilam, which here rushes along with great velocity, roaring as it runs. The country about Chikar is a wild mass of hills, with a few patches of 'makhe' cultivation. To Chi-

kar from Hathia is a short march of nine miles, and a long journey of sixteen miles takes one to the fort of Danna, beyond which commences the descent of the hills to the Jhilam, which is crossed at a ferry beneath the village of Bargot. The river here is not wide nor very impetuous, but the banks being strewn with huge stones, it is a difficult matter to get horses into and out of the boat. Dewal, where there is a Thanah, is about sixteen miles from Danna, and after crossing the river, one is again in the Company's territory. A pleasant march of twelve miles, still ascending the same spur which one reaches on passing the river, takes one to Marri. This sanatorium is certainly very well chosen, the climate being excellent, and the view from the summit very fine, comprising all the Hazara hills, and the mountains of Cashmir in the distance. On the other side of the Indus are visible the Mahaban hill, supposed by Abbott to be the Aornos of antiquity,

and away in the horizon a high range, which must be far north in the Yusafzai country. The western face of the hill is magnificently wooded.

A descent of twelve miles takes one to the village of Tret, whence an easy 'ride of some twenty-two miles carries one in to Rawalpindi, where one's excursion comes to an end.

In conclusion it may be mentioned, that if the tourist wishes to travel with ease and rapidity, he should employ hill coolies, but they are more expensive than mule carriage. If mules are hired, it is advisable to make up light boxes to be slung on each side of the animals. A small tent eight feet square, will suffice for a habitation. It is indispensable to take a *charpai* with one, for even if they are obtainable on the march, which is rarely the case, such beds are not likely to be resting places, on account of the swarms of fleas which abound everywhere.

PACEM EXPOSCERE BELLO.

THROUGH the length and breadth of India,
 Let our hosts triumphant go,
 From the boundaries of Ava,
 To Cabul of the snow.
 Tho' she stretch her rod of power
 O'er a separating main,
 The nation whom God fighteth for,
 Can never fight in vain.
 Our ears, O Lord! have heard the tales
 Our fathers proudly told,
 The noble things thou didst for them,
 In glorious days of old ;

The battles fought for liberty
By true men and good,
The burning piles of martyrdom,
The fields where freemen stood.
They cried to Thee for strength,
As they gave themselves for Thee,
For well they knew that Thou couldst grant,
To Right the victory.
And Thine arm hath known no shortening,
Nor Thy power turned away,
As we drove the heathen out of old,
We will conquer them to-day.

Scribe, Poet, Priest or Orator,
Whose peace is bought by war,
Knowing whom all serve, deem amiss,
The Soldier's work no more ;
Till, from the Birman boundary,
To Cabul of the snow,
Through the length and breadth of India,
This triumph-song shall go ;
“ These brought to pass with guiltless sword,
And those with valiant pen,
Glory to God on high, on earth
Good will, and peace to men.”

H. G. K.

Selections and Translations.

THE ITALIAN NOVEL.

(Translated for *Saunders' Magazine*, from the German of Julius Van Mosen.)

WHEN I was at Rome, I occupied an apartment in a large house not far from the Ponte Rotto. One morning I was leaning over the balcony, communing with my own heart, and dreamily gazing upon the numerous boats and market rafts that were floating down the Tiber. The thousand ever-varying scenes that passed before my eyes, whether upon the river or in the street, fascinated my mind, and gradually rivetted my undivided attention. Now I would see a noisy Trasteverine, in a blue velvet jacket, with his hat stuck jauntily on one side, driving along his mule loaded with baskets of fruit and vegetables; then would appear a group of dark-visaged, sun-burnt mountaineers, with fierce eagle eyes; here sat an old female sinner, mumbling her prayers; there a dumb man, laden with years, tinkled his broken bell, to draw forth the alms of the charitable for the love of the spotless Virgin; while before me stood a lusty Capucin, broiling in the heat of the sun, and bawling out the while for a *Bajocchi* to mitigate the torments, and quench the insatiable thirst of the souls suffering in purgatory. I remember it all, as if it were but yesterday. At that moment an old guitar-player passed beneath my balcony, and began singing!—

*Ahi! quanti palpiti,
Quanti sospiri,
Quanti dilliri,
Feci per te!*

His song was suddenly interrupted. A confused mass of people came rushing up from the banks of the river. The noise and uproar of the excited crowd prevented me from catching more than the frequent exclamation, "Ah! poor thing, poor creature!" This roused my curiosity, and I leaned over the iron-railing in the hope of discovering the nature of the object that was being borne along by the mob. Merciful heavens! what a spectacle did I behold! The dead body of a young woman, fastened by a rope, was stretched out upon a long narrow plank, carried by two fishermen. Presently it arrived almost directly beneath me. A few minutes only could have elapsed since the unfortunate being had been dragged lifeless out of the river—that inanimate corpse, still attired in its dripping garments, with its long raven-black dishevelled hair reaching almost to the ground; the noble, youthful, but lifeless countenance with its distorted mouth yet shadowing forth its former loveliness; that form with its marble bosom uncovered, chaste as death; below which the arms were pinioned, tied with a handkerchief round the delicate wrists to keep them from falling over the side,—this youthful affecting picture of death, fearful but beautiful, made a profound impression upon me.

Long after the crowd had passed away, and the street resumed its or-

dinary aspect, I remained rivetted to the spot, gazing absently on the road. The guitar-player was still there, greatly excited, and talking loudly to a number of fruit-dealers, who, with baskets on their heads, filled with oranges and citrons, and their arms folded, surrounded the musician, and listened to him with painful attention. He held his guitar in one hand, grasping it like the club of Hercules, and ever and anon swinging it round his head with such violence, that the strings vibrated like so many bells. I had many a time before given him a few *paoli* for little fugitive bits of poetry he was in the habit of vending; so that as soon as he recognised me, he stretched out his neck, and screamed aloud at the top of his voice—" *Signore, una stupenda novella.*" I beckoned to him, and he was almost immediately by my side. "I know very well," he said, as fast as he could get the words out, "I know what you want. You want to know the history of that poor young woman. Would she were still alive! But then we must all die! And yet so young, so rich! I must tell you the story, but I am as dry as any whetstone. Are you waiting for the Orvieto, Signore?"

I took a flask of Orvieto out of the ice-tub, and filled up a bumper, "Oh! ho!" exclaimed the old man with delight, "this is my little straw mantle from Orvieto, the jolly little mendicant monk. Ah! ha! 'tis an old Est, Est!"*

My funny old parasite first tasted a few drops, then seemed lost in thought, and made his face as long and as pointed as if he were going to draw it through the eye of a needle. He then shut one eye, and holding the glass above his head, spun out a long golden thread, as if the wine had been changed into

macaroni, until he had sucked out the last drop. Licking his lips with his tongue, just as a fencing master tries his foils with a few bends, he at last set off, and chattered away something to this effect.

"A beautiful lady, she who was drowned! Were you not acquainted with the young Marchesa Ponelli, who lived in the Piazza Serlupi? Holy Mary! What will Luigi, the Marquis, say? But, then, why did he marry a Jewess? What think you, Signore, will a few drops of baptismal water wash out once for all, the whole Jewish slime? If I am talking heresy in my simplicity, it must be innocent heresy. Any how the Marchese Luigi is a capital fellow for a nobleman, for he has composed many little songs for me, which go off my hands like new bread or young Jesuits. But can any man force his head through a wall, or confine a pigeon to the roof, or a young woman to her chamber? Have you ever seen the one in the glass case with a lemon in her hand? But the Jews are an accursed people, and when the devil wants to bring a young man into trouble, he straightway takes the form of a pretty girl, perhaps of a Jewish maiden. It is for this the Jews are accursed. Thus when the poor people in Rome are suffering from famine, and thousands are imploring the Holy Father for bread, there are always some who begin talking at the Jews in the Ghetto, and an outcry is speedily raised against that people. In the excitement hunger is forgotten. It was so about two years ago, when my inside was rattling and rumbling like any old Jewess. Ah! it was a merry time in the Jewish quarter. Those filthy-looking, long bearded fellows, and the yellow-faced women,

* A certain prelate of Augsburg was once making a pilgrimage to Rome, but at the same time being resolved to enjoy the good things of this world, he dispatched his servant in advance with instructions to mark in large letters of chalk, the word *Est*, on the door of every tavern where the wine was good. On reaching the hotel at Montefiascone, the monk saw the symbol thrice repeated, *Est, est, est*. He accordingly alighted, and drank himself to death. His epitaph was written by his servant, and may still be seen in the Church of St. Florian—

Propter nimum est, est.
Dominus meus mortuus est.

with their children, were shouting and screaming, just as they did before Jerusalem was destroyed; only I was not present at that time, for it happened you know under the emperors. The Roman people sang

how they drove out the Jews. Did you ever hear the song, Signore? Here it is—the price is only four Bajocchi.”

The guitar-player then sang in high key the following verses :—

Del furor la tromba aquilla
Senti il popol, come strilla !
Vuol vendetta con gli Ebrei,
Con gli scribi e Farisei.

Dove siete gente sporche,
Son già pronti palchi é forche,
Nòh vi giavano pianti
A impiccarvi tutti quanti.

“On this occasion,”—he said, continuing his narrative—“they chanced to drag an old Jew into the street. In his hands he clutched a costly necklace of precious stones, set in gold, which he held so tightly, that you would have fancied his fingers had grown into it; when all at once a sturdy blacksmith dealt him such a terrific blow on the head, that the hair flew about, and the golden chain dropped from his grasp. ‘May the chain be cursed,’ cried the Jew, ‘from midnight to midnight; may every one who wears it perish outright; may it be cursed as if it were the very money of Satan!’ After uttering these imprecations, the old man fell down dead. Just at that moment his daughter, whom nobody had before observed, threw herself upon his body, and shrieked loud enough to lift up the roofs from off the houses. As she was young and fair to look upon, some of the gallants in the crowd began to have unfavorable designs upon her, as the night drew on; but this luscious apple had not been roasted for them, and they were obliged to desist.

“It so happened that Luigi was just then passing through the Ghetto, and the screams and uproar drew him to the spot. Making his way through the mob, he soon cleared a passage for himself, and hardly had he forced himself into the inner circle, where they were fighting and struggling for the maiden, when the crowd

became stilled on perceiving that he was a nobleman. As soon as the girl observed this, she threw herself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, stuck to him like a sea-crab, exclaiming—‘Oh! save me, Signore, save me from these murderers! Though I am only a Jewess, have pity upon a poor wretched orphan.’

“On this the young fellows cried out, ‘we are only going to baptize her and make a Christian of her.’ But Luigi shoved them aside, and taking the Jewess under the ample folds of his Carbonaro cloak, he led her out of the Ghetto. Ah! what noble people these noblemen can be!

“In this manner he passed on through several streets, until he reached the Church of the holy Caterina de’Funari, when he began to think what he was to do with his orphan charge, and where she could rest that night. The church door stood open. He turned round to her, and said: ‘I cannot very well take you into my palace without making some inquiries about you, for my mother is a Christian, while you are only a Jewess; but I will intreat her to afford you shelter for this night, and to-morrow you can return to the Jews’ quarter.’

“‘Oh, my father!’ cried the maiden, ‘my father! They have murdered him, and now there is no one in the world to care for me!’

“Now, as she spoke with a very marked foreign accent, which caused

her to make a little round mouth, Luigi asked her, 'Are you a Roman Jewess?'

"We arrived only yesterday from Spain," replied the maiden; 'my father was a Rabbi at Saragossa, and came here to comfort his brethren in slavery in this city. And now, alas! he is murdered! Oh, God of my fathers, and my God!'

"My poor child! What's your name?"

"Leah," answered the girl. 'Oh, Signore, let me return and die with my father.'

"Greatly affected by her sorrow, the Marquis said to her, 'if you will enter this church, I will go myself to the Ghetto and look after your father's dead body, and then return to you immediately.'

"With some such words as these they walked up the steps and entered the church. Before the altar was burning the ever-kindled lamp, the oil of which is supplied by the penance money for the purification of souls. It was consequently tolerably light within the sacred building. Excepting altars and lamps nothing was there, only these two. Luigi led the Jewess up to the altar, and bade her sit down there. This was a grave sin indeed, and I am quite sure he has since done penance for it on his bare knees, at the holy steps of the Lateran.

"The story goes that when they came before the altar, the Jewess suddenly turned her large black eyes on the Marquis, and from that moment he was inflamed with love for her. What marvellous eyes some people have! Dog's eyes, horse's eyes, cat's eyes, fish's eyes, hen's eyes, but no crab's eyes, for crabs, like hungry folk, have their eyes in their belly. Witch's eyes are the worst of all. Now the Jewess had coal black witch's eyes, with which she could at once kindle love. Whenever a beautiful witch of this kind looks at you with her wicked eyes, lose no time in pressing your thumb between your fore and middle fingers; this is a certain remedy against the sorcery of love. But to return to my

Jewess, whom I left at the altar. She quietly wrapped herself up in the cloak, and sat down on the steps all alone, while poor Luigi, like a stricken deer, bounded along from street to street.

"After half or perhaps even a whole hour had thus passed away, he came back to his Jewess, and assured her that her father's body was already interred in the Jew's burial ground. When Leah heard this, she struck her forehead, it is said, with such violence against the marble steps, that you may see the impression there to the present day. But that can hardly be true, for it would have been a miracle. However, it is certain that Luigi found it very difficult to comfort the beautiful Leah. An honest man might as well struggle against the plague, as contend with an obstinate woman. Ah, Signore, you ought to have known my wife Peppina; she would have acted much worse. When Luigi brought his Jewess to his mother, she curtsied in quite a well-bred manner, and, kissing the hem of her garment, addressed these words to her in a most affecting tone:—'Generous Marchesa, most noble and magnanimous patroness, you appear to me to be compassionate, like the sun which shines equally on good Catholics, as on Heretics, Jews, Heathens, Moors, and Turks. Send down upon me, I pray you, a ray of your mercy, and refresh me with your benevolence.' " Here the loquacious old fellow stopped to take a pinch of snuff, after which he thus resumed his narrative:— "If the Jewess did not use those very words, it is quite certain that the Marchesa said to her—'You must turn Christian. The holy monk Saverio shall instruct you in the doctrines of Christianity, or else your soul will be lost for ever. But now, my dear, go to bed, and have a good night's rest.' "

"From that evening the beautiful Jewess remained with the Marchesa, and was taught how to become a Christian by the pious brother Saverio, who was a young protégé of the Marchesa, and of a noble family.

This was in the forenoon, for in the afternoon the Marchesa undertook to teach her herself, so that in a very short time Leah was as clever, and knew almost as much about the matter as did the Holy Virgin herself. Now it so happened that Luigi also had a great fancy to preach to the Jewess, and make a Christian of her, but his mother somehow always got in the way. However when the old lady perceived that in spite of all her vigilance her son continued to be a great deal with the maiden, like the needle in the compass box that always points in one direction ; she put her finger to the tip of her nose, and gradually came to the conclusion, that a young nobleman is all the better for knowing a little of the world, and that he ought to travel to foreign cities and states, and learn to conduct himself as a gentleman. So by the aid of her father-confessor, she succeeded in procuring for Luigi a high and important charge, as envoy extraordinary from His Holiness to the Court of Sicily.

With a sad and melancholy countenance the Marchesa set out on his journey, for love had mastered his wits, and twisted and turned him about just like an ape dressed up in a red jacket, dancing upon a grizzly bear. But when he heard the Pope's whistle, he could not help listening to it. His mother, when she wished him good bye, said to him : ' Luigi, never forget that you are a Marquis, and be sure you always carry your gold snuff-box in your hand, for it sets off the white lace ruffles so. If you want to make any conquests among the women, always commence with the old, for the young ones are pretty certain to come nibbling after them of themselves. Now, here take these pills with you, they have always done you a great deal of good, whenever any thing has disagreed with you.' Her tears stifled her words. Luigi pressed his mother to his breast, while his eyes were directed to a little white handkerchief, waving from a window. There stood the beautiful Leah crying pitiouly. He kissed his hand to her, stepped

into the carriage, and was presently out of sight.

"During three whole months he laboured without intermission to accomplish his sovereign's business with the Viceroy of Sicily ; but as soon as one difficulty was removed, up started a worse one.

"For it is said that the wonderful affairs with which he was occupied were nothing but a sham, and only intended to keep him at a distance from Rome. So there he was as fast as a bird in a cage—let him sing as loudly as he pleased, there was no getting away. With all this he became so sick, that he was obliged to send continually for more boxes of pills, but without effect, for these medicines were only good to cure the stomach, whereas his disease was much nearer the left side. Now if he had only consulted me, and taken my advice about guarding against wicked looks, I feel pretty sure he would never have been unwell.

"Well, one day while he was sauntering about Palermo, in bad health and in worse humour, one of the courtiers took pity on him, and said : ' Why does your Excellency stay here ? The affair upon which you have been sent here has not advanced an inch for the last three centuries, and will probably be not a whit more forward at the end of the world. In fact, this wonderful business is simply a mild remedy adopted by our courts to cool the ardor of our hot-headed youngsters. But pray, my dear friend, do not say that I told you, for I shall be certainly thought a fool for so doing, as I know that I should be punished.'

"Luigi promised faithfully not to say a word on the subject, but immediately took his leave of Palermo, flying like a ball sent from a cannon. I mean that he got permission to return home on account of continued illness. He arrived in Rome just as his mother and her father-confessor, were taking a cup of chocolate together. When Luigi walked into the room, her astonishment was so great, that the cup of

chocolate she was raising to her lips fell out of her hand to the ground.

"There, Signore, you see how I know every particular; you shall have all this, and more too, for three scudi. Well, Luigi's first question was, 'Where is Leah?'"

"That is no longer her name," said the Marchesa; "she has been baptised, and is now one of us—a very good pious girl she is. She is a Christian, and her name is Caterina."

"Caterina?" cried Luigi, "Where then is Caterina?"

"The handsome young monk smiled pleasantly, and said, 'Rejoice, my dear friend; she is in a convent, though as yet only a novice.'"

"In what convent? perhaps *alle Quattro Fontane*?"

"Precisely so," answered Saverio.

"Without losing a moment, just like a bird picking sweet berries, Luigi flew to the convent. He sent up his name to the Abbess, and asked permission to speak a few words to the novice Caterina in front of the iron grating.

"You mean sister Caterina?" said the portress.

"Yes, yes," answered Luigi, and with staid and solemn gait the punchy little woman ascended the steps. In a few minutes she returned, and showed the love-sick nobleman into the parlour.

"Wait a minute or two," said his conductress, "the pious Caterina will come to you presently. Be not bashful before her, open your whole heart to her, and she will comfort you, at least if your business is of a spiritual nature."

"So saying, she left the room. Luigi could hardly breathe, so great was his emotion at the idea of again beholding his beloved. He pressed his hands against his heart, for it beat as though it would burst. Then with long strides he paced up and down the room, till at length he threw himself on a seat that chanced to be there, and kept staring at the pictures of the saints which danced before his eyes like red and green flashes of light.

"Permit me, Signore, to inquire if you have ever had the love fever yourself? If so, you can imagine what must have been the worthy Marchese's feelings while expecting every moment to see his beloved Caterina once more, and thinking with rapture on the offer he intended to make of his heart and hand, fully persuaded in his own mind that he would easily induce her to exchange her vows of perpetual chastity for a temporal hood. At length light footsteps were heard coming along the passage. He started up, but, as the door opened, and a tall veiled figure, robed all in white, glided into the room, he felt as if a thunder-bolt had alighted on him.

"What!" he cried, "do I really behold you again?" He was choked with grief. "Will you render me miserable for ever? Oh, Caterina; look upon me kneeling before you; give me your heart, and consent to be mine, even as I have been thine from the time I first saw your lovely face in the church that bears your name. Speak to me. Be not silent. Be not insensible to my entreaties. Listen to the prayer of your beseeching lover."

"The veiled lady began to weep piteously, and at last said in a low and almost inaudible tone: 'Oh, beautiful gentleman, how can you tempt a holy pious sister so?'"

"Luigi sprang to his feet, amazed and horror-stricken at the unknown voice. 'Unveil your face, I implore you!' he exclaimed.

"If you insist upon it, I must do so," said the figure, and revealed to Luigi's astonished gaze an old withered face, as dry and wrinkled as that of a mummy.

"You, Caterina!" he cried.

"Such has been my name for the last six and fifty years. I was so called before I became wedded to my heavenly bridegroom; my name is still Caterina, and let me tell you, Signore, a very pretty pious name is that same Caterina."

"Heaven knows it is! but tell me, I conjure you, is there not a no-

vice in this convent, also called Caterina?

" 'She had better not let me know it,' answered the nun. 'I am the only Caterina in this convent, and perhaps not the most unworthy member.'

" 'I wish,' exclaimed Luigi in a towering passion, 'I wish that an earthquake would swallow up you and your convent, and all that belongs to you!'

" 'Oh! you wicked wretch! you imp of Satan!' shrieked the antique female. 'You came here to make game of me, did you?' but wait a moment, only wait!'

" With these words she pulled the bell-rope that was hanging down in the middle of the room as if she had intended to rouse the dead. Luigi saw that it was time for him to make his escape, and dashed out at the door. Fortune luckily favored him, for in a few seconds the whole swarm of nuns, screaming with fury, was at his heels, and hurled books and bowls at his head as he unbolted the gate, and rushed into the street. Ahi! Ahi! it was just as if you had blown into the door of a bee-hive. The Marchese ran without pausing through the butchers' market, across the Spanish square, over the Corso, and down a thousand streets and bye-ways, until he reached his own palace, where he sank to the ground quite exhausted.

" He was therefore carried up to bed, and remained quiet enough till midnight, when he began to rave and talk about Saverio having turned his Leah into an old grey cat, and confined her in a convent, so that his people became dreadfully alarmed. On the seventh day there was a diminution of fever, but his madness took another form, and he began to implore the saints to release him from this world.

" The poor old Marchesa was terribly dispirited. Her breakfast was placed before her upon the table, but she shoved aside the tender veal cutlet garnished with slices of lemon, and also the roasted fowl. She could only manage a couple of ancho-

vies with a little bread and butter, and merely drank a small glass of liqueur. Immediately afterwards she ordered her carriage and her fan.

" Meanwhile Luigi had several times asked to see his mother, but it was evening before she came back. He seemed hardly able to articulate. 'Dearest mother! you, who have always been so kind to me from the first hour of my life—yes, dear mother! I feel that I am dying. Now, as I should like to go to Heaven, do pray send for Saverio, that I may receive the holy sacrament.'

" Although his mother could scarcely speak from her tears, she nevertheless tried to comfort him. But Luigi continued to utter with gasping breath, 'Ah mother! my time is come, I must die.' Then suddenly the Marchesa tore herself from his embrace, and drew towards him a veiled female figure that had been standing in the doorway, and brought her to the side of the sick man's bed, saying, 'Before you go, you must shake hands with this lady also.'

" Luigi raised himself up in his bed—the Benedictine Novice threw back her veil—and he sprang into her arms.

" 'May the Holy Virgin and the sainted Caterina bless you, my children,' sobbed the old lady; 'make each other happy, and never give me cause to repent of what I have done for you.'

" Next morning the Marquis—see, Signore, what love can do—was quite well again, dancing and singing like a bird in the merry month of April, while building its nest."

The narrator here paused, and finished the Orvieto, with a sly expression of pretended melancholy. "Signore, the wine was good, and you have now heard my story."

"Is there no more?" I asked.

"No," said he, drily, yawning like a lazy clown; "nothing, except that it is exactly a year and a day since the Marchese Luigi married his young bride. This morning the Marchesa was taken out of the river

by a fisherman. You saw the corpse carried by just now."

"And pray how much of your own invention have you added to this love story?" I inquired.

"Signore," replied the musician, "only enough butter to make the macaroni palatable."

"Is there no conjecture as to how she came to be drowned?"

"Conjecture, yes, but no reason—no reason—who knows? who knows? women have hot blood. Ah, Signore, you ought to have known my Pepina when she was young, and wild as any colt; but I could teach you how to break them in. Would you like to know, Signore?"

"Here is a scudi for your story," said I, "find out how it all happened, and you shall have two more."

The old man nodded his head, snapped his fingers, and stole out of the room.

All that day long I could not help thinking of the dead body that had been borne past my windows that morning. A thousand conflicting fancies bewildered my brain. To no purpose did I strive to collect my wandering thoughts, which seemed wilfully to follow in the train of the drowned lady, by visiting those magnificent objects of art, the marble statues in the Vatican. Every Venus, every Diana, with her lovely well-proportioned limbs, appeared to take the form of the dead Caterina. When evening came, I could not remain at home—I was forced to stroll out into the open air. I passed through the Capital down to the Forum, but mute was the voice of ancient days that at other times seemed to rise from every stone. Skirting the foot of the Palatine, I proceeded as far as the triumphal arch of Titus. In the clear moonlight I could easily distinguish the seven-branched candlesticks from the Temple at Jerusalem, cut in marble, and mingling with other emblems of Roman glory. Aloft, against the sky, stood out the stately Coliseum, looming dimly in the twilight. An entire people, destitute of a home, had built up that theatre under the

scourge of the lords of the universe. Unhappy race! From the first dawn of their history, short time had they worked to enjoy a country of their own, until they had completed a temple for their Jehovah, and from that hour to the present they have been wanderers over the face of the earth. All powerful Rome, that menaced the world with destruction, has sunk exhausted into the tomb of time with her Consuls, Tribunes, and Cæsars. But Ahastuerus still lives, still lends his millions to sceptred monarchs, still sits with them at the Council-board, and buys old rags at the corners of the streets—but he never begs. Such were my reflections, and then again they reverted to the hapless Leah-Caterina.

I turned back, and re-entered the streets and courts of the new city, until all at once I found myself opposite the little church of St. Caterina de'Funari. This was the very spot to which Luigi had conducted the Jewish maiden he had protected. Thus thought I to myself as I ascended the steps. The church door being open, I walked in. In front of the altar, where I recognised the sombre shadow of a kneeling monk, seemingly in devout abstraction, was placed a coffin. Silently I glided over the marble pavement. A solitary lamp, suspended before the altar, cast a dim mysterious light on the coffin and the monk. A muffled form was bending closely over the corpse, but I could not distinguish its movements.

"If I do not deceive myself," mether thought, "there lies Caterina herself! Her delicate pale countenance reposing on a white cushion—her raven locks bound with white ribbons! There lies that being so worthy of compassion, so surpassingly fair even in death!"

I could not resist the temptation to kneel down in the shadow of the pillow by which I was standing; and offer up a prayer for the repose of the departed spirit. At that moment I felt as if I had lost some dear friend—nay, my own sister.

May God vouchsafe thee sweet sleep beneath the earth! flowers upon thy grave! gentle dreams to thy soul! May the Angel of love bear thee aloft in his arms, and waft thee to the regions of eternal bliss!

Just then the muffled figure rose up. My eyes fell upon a youthful countenance agonised with grief and despair. "This must be," thought I, "this must be Luigi!" He grasped in his hand a dagger—lightning flashed from his eyes. I sprang to my feet in horror. The noise I made startled him, and, quickly concealing his dagger, he again bent down over the coffin. The monk at the altar, in a low solemn tone, uttered the word "Amen!" I stole softly out of the church.

The mystery appeared to grow more and more obscure. I felt convinced that it was the Marchesa. But then what was the meaning of the dagger? What meant those flashing eyes, those lips so nervously compressed? What did it all mean? Again and again I asked myself these questions, but no answer could I give. My hopes were centred in the guitar-player, from whom I hoped to gather some sort of information on the matter. Several days passed before he again came near me.

"The two scudi are gained, Signore," he exclaimed, "but do not betray me. Report says that the young Marchesa was drowned by accident. She has therefore received Christian burial; but if the Clergy —"

He screwed up his roguish-looking mouth, and whistled. He then went on. "I dare not, honored sir, relate the exact circumstances of this sad affair. I should be sent, you know, to —"

I placed two scudi upon the table.

"Will you, or will you not?" I asked. He glanced at the money, turned round upon his heel, closed one eye, and then proceeded with his tale.

"Our Roman stories have always a Spanish wall—if you look behind, there is sure to be a shaven crown.

Well, you must know, Signore, that the pious monk Saverio, although a very young man, was a great friend of the Marchesa. Now love cares no more for monks than for other people, so poor Saverio fell a victim to it. I have already said that some people have a wicked look, without being conscious of it themselves, and so do a great deal of harm. It now happened to Saverio just in the same manner as to the young Marchesa. But it was all in vain that he learned by heart one of Petrarch's sonnets, and repeated it to Caterina, in tones that would have melted a poker into tears—Caterina proved insensible to it. However the tempter always finds out a way to circumvent poor mortals, and soon discovered the weak point in the heart of the virtuous Caterina.

One day as she was walking beneath the arcade of the Strada de Condotti, where the goldsmiths live, she saw in one of the windows a gold necklace set with emeralds. It was the very same ornament of which her father had been robbed before he was murdered. Caterina was rivetted to the spot, and could not tear herself from it. Those brilliant green stones had heart-chid her, and a longing for them seized upon her, all the way as she went home to her palace.

"When women want to wheedle any thing out of their husbands, how they fondle and coax them, until they have got them to say 'yes!' But my Peppina cannot manage me in that manner. Whenever I find that she is growing over-loving, I pretend to be cross, for I know quite well what she is up to. No, no; it will not do with me. And yet I am vexed to think that she made me give her the scudi I received from you the other day. It was no better with the poor Marchese. Was he not forced to trudge all the way through the streets to the goldsmith's shop? In the meantime the polecat was already in the dove-cote! for hardly had he turned his back when Saverio entered the house to visit the young Marchesa.

"Luigi soon came back with a disappointed air, and said that the goldsmith would not part with the chain for less than ten thousand scudi. 'My sweet Caterina,' said he to her, 'I cannot at this moment collect so large a sum, for you know how much the last carneval cost us.' But Caterina was in despair. She begged, she cried, she caressed, she kissed her husband, but all to no purpose; for where there is no money, there is no use having pity.

"After this, whenever she could steal out of the palace, Caterina would go and stand at the jeweller's window, and fix her longing eyes on the gold chain, and its bright green emeralds. Now Signore, you must know that in every jewel lurks a devil. So, while she was gazing at these little devils, they upset her heart altogether. When she returned home, she would sit for hours without uttering a word, and, if any one addressed her suddenly, she would start as if awakening out of a dream. With this her cheeks lost their color, and her eyes grew red with weeping. Yes, Signore, you may take my word for it, that when a woman has set her heart upon anything, she will carry her point no matter how. My Peppina would have done just the same thing, had I allowed her to get the bit in her teeth. Methinks I can hear poor Luigi, sitting all alone, sadly murmuring to himself: 'Would I were at Messina, or where the pepper grows!' As he was now quite at his wit's end, he went to consult his friend, the monk Saverio, and told him with much earnestness all his case; and begged him to comfort Caterina with words of religion and hope, or at least to calm her mind, and rebuke her waywardness.

"Next morning, about the hour that Luigi generally went out, the monk called upon Caterina. She was all alone; Saverio took advantage of this to speak in glowing terms of the beautiful necklace in the Strada de Condotti. 'It is certain,' said he, 'that a more beautiful ornament not even a queen could wear. There is

a brilliancy in those emeralds that prevents one from withdrawing the eyes. And how elegantly the stones are set! Such jewels might tempt a Saint to come down from heaven! A rich princess from England, an accursed heretic, was bargaining for it yesterday.' Caterina sighed audibly. 'I have saved it!' cried the monk, and he held up the glittering gems before the eyes of the bedazzled Caterina.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I would gladly die if that chain could be mine for only one hour!'

"'Heavenly maid! Thou object of my ardent desire, listen to me, and this chain shall be your own! Yes, it is already thine!'

"Caterina was almost mad with delight. Now she pressed the chain and now the monk, to her bosom, until she lost all command of herself.

"Ought we not to put all the women together, and my Peppina, with the rest, into a lottery, so that we might win them altogether, and choose from among them, or else draw a blank: only think, sir stranger! When Luigi came home, he found the pious Saverio sitting at a respectful distance from the now happy Caterina, and reading aloud a pathetic legend from a little book. As for Caterina herself, she was sitting near the window, like a blessed Saint, and with downcast eyes was copying the head of a penitent Magdalen. It was a long time since the face of his dear wife had worn such a happy serene expression. Oh! how delighted he was! And how he thanked in his heart his pious friend for the spiritual consolation he had with such evident success afforded his Caterina. He shook the monk cordially by the hand, and begged him with eyes beaming with friendship to continue his reading aloud, while he sat himself down beside his adored Caterina, and kissed her as softly as if she had been some holy relic. But Caterina was so confident, so irresistible, her voice so musical, that every husband must have been proud to own such a dear lit-

the dove. My Peppina was just such another, especially when she had been doing something wrong, like a kitten that has broken the milk jug. Beautifully she managed to have the ten commandments on her countenance, but the sixth she would quickly cover with the thumb of her left hand.

"But now mark my words: while the pious Saverio was reading aloud, and Luigi was playing with the ring on his wife's finger, the goldsmith from the Strada de Condotti entered the room. The handsome monk laughed in his sleeve, but the Marchesa turned pale as death—or perhaps red—it makes no difference. The goldsmith addressed the monk with these words: 'Holy brother, it is fortunate that I find you here; you can help me to conclude the bargain.' Then he said to the Marchese: 'Your Excellency is desirous to purchase that beautiful chain! you are quite right; for you will never find any thing so elegant, and at the same time so cheap, *Per Bacco!* Had I money enough, I would keep it myself. I would not part with it for the title of Count. You will not often now-a-days meet with such exquisite workmanship in the setting of stones. Benvenuto Cellini could not have set them better himself.'

"Caterina was more dead than alive. Luigi replied, 'My good Sir, I certainly did make you an offer lately for your very costly chain, but since then I have changed my mind. My Caterina no longer wishes for it. But you are acting very unmannerly to intrude yourself with your wares upon gentlemen in this manner.'

"The Goldsmith looked at him with mingled anger and distrust, and said, 'give me back my chain, then, and there will be an end of the matter.' Caterina sat in her arm-chair, speechless, and as white as chalk, pressing her hands between her knees. But the monk went on reading his book very tranquilly. The goldsmith told me all this, word for word.

" 'I know nothing about your chain,' answered Luigi.

" 'What!' exclaimed the goldsmith, 'if noblemen are not ashamed of such tricks, what will the burghers do? But here'—turning to the monk—'here is my security! I shall look to you alone?'

" 'You do quite right,' replied the monk in a calm friendly tone; 'if you had spoken to me in the first instance about it, you would not have annoyed the worthy gentleman, His Excellency the Marchese. Yes, my good man, I acknowledge that I borrowed the chain from you, or rather I begged of you to let me shew it once more to this excellent Marchesa, and so perhaps make a bargain for you. But at that price it is too dear, and the Marchesa would rather not take the chain.'

" 'There is no harm done,' answered the goldsmith; 'it is of no consequence; but give me back my chain.'

"Caterina sat wrapped in profound thought. In vain did Luigi ask her in what place she had concealed the ornament—he drew forth not a single word. But the monk said, 'Let her alone. It is in the drawer of that little casket on the left hand side.' Luigi pulled out the drawer, and found the chain lying in it, plain enough. The Marchesa uttered a piercing shriek, as if the soul were parting from her body.

"With a shake of the head, Luigi gave it back to the goldsmith, who took it likewise with a shake of the head, and then went out of the room, accompanied by the virtuous Saverio.

" 'My beloved Caterina!' said Luigi, imploringly. 'Tell me why are you so sorrowful about this chain. Very likely next month I shall receive a considerable sum of money—then, yes, then you shall certainly have it. How could I see my dear heart so sad? Come, little silly thing, come, and be good.'

"But Caterina pushed him away, and cried out, 'Touch me not, I am as one with the plague, as a leper. I am a wretch, an outcast.' Then she threw herself on the ground, tore

her hair, and shrieked aloud, as if torn with remorse. She would then weep and sob; but whenever Luigi tried to comfort her, she again began to rave. My Peppina would do just the same, only that I have a capital cure for that sort of thing. But in the palace, as night came on, things turned out still worse. She called the monk a devil,—her seducer! Till at last Luigi rushed out of the room like one possessed, calling out to his servants: ‘Take care of yourselves that I do not run you through! Hang a board over my eyes! Oh, Jupiter! were you really an ox, when Europa rode upon your back? And had you horns like a bull?’

“Do you know the beautiful statue of the heathen Jupiter and Europa? Is it not in the Vatican? Of such a statue as that was poor Luigi thinking. However, after a time he became more composed, and retired into his prayer closet, shutting the door and locking it after him. About midnight something tapped very gently at his door, and moaned bitterly. Luigi gnawed his fists, but remained motionless. When he came out on the following morning, pale and exhausted, his servants told him that the Marchesa was nowhere to be found. How she was afterwards discovered, you have yourself seen.

“There now,” said the old musician with a smile, “I have kept my promise.”

I paid him, and he went out stealthily, when he observed how sad his story had made me.

I have now only to add that a few weeks afterwards, I went with a fellow countryman to the Monte Pincio, not far from the Villa Medici. It was in the beginning of spring time. Here and there trees in full blossom smiled upon us like joyous young maidens, and the Liburnum waved on high its tufts of golden feathers. Playful youngsters were gathering primroses and blue-bells on the green banks. On the left hand lay the whole city of Rome with her palaces, her churches, her monasteries, and her thousand streets and alleys stretching in all directions. She

herself seemed like a happy child humming an air, which was gently wafted towards us. High in the azure heavens an invisible lark was warbling its song of love and gratitude. I felt so excited and pleased that I could have saluted all mankind with the words, “Christ has risen from the dead, and now all is good! Now are we all become brothers!” But my joy was soon at an end, as I observed, at some distance at the spot whence you can overlook the whole Piazza del Popolo, two long-legged Englishmen with their glasses frozen so hard to their eyes that my heart died away within me.

My companion, who read my thoughts on my countenance, said with a laugh, “Just look at those national-looking Englishmen, with their short noses, long chins, and open mouths, in which you can always see the white barriers of their teeth, behind which the poor English is pent up, twisting itself about as if it durst not venture to thrust a paw outside. And yet perhaps there is no people so full of poetical ideas as that.”

“The Englishman,” I replied, “is a spoiled child of history, as full of whims and fancies as the North Sea, his nurse,—meditative, like his mother, the lonely great Island—but also egotistical and hard-hearted, like his richer uncle, the commerce of the world, in whose counting-house he is ever engaged.”

Whilst we were drawing these comparisons, we kept advancing until we also had reached the spot that commands a view of the Piazza. This place of the people, as it is called, was also used as the place of execution, and on several occasions I have witnessed that terrible spectacle. It was there I saw two carbonari of Rome lose their head and their life beneath the knife of the guillotine. They both died like heroes of the old Roman stamp. This time the place was again filled with gaping spectators, from the midst of whom rose aloft the scaffolding of the guillotine. The malicious knife gleamed like the playing of the tongue

of a famished viper. The uproar of the crowd waxed greater and greater. The condemned, a tall, thin man, ascended the scaffold between two monks closely muffled up, who prayed as they went along. I fancied that I had seen that face and figure somewhere before. He now stepped up to the block, and knelt down—everything swam before my eyes—I turned aside—I felt as if a sword had been thrust into my heart—a dull heavy sound fell on my ear—I started round. The brothers of the inquisition and all the people exclaimed: "O Holy Mary! pray, pray for this poor soul!"

I stood as if transfixed by a thunderbolt. At that instant the whole world was so indifferent, such wretched and unprofitable nothingness, that I could have gladly died. The old musician just then went by, and put a printed bill in my hand. It was the report of the trial and conviction of the criminal. I did not even look at it, until I got home again. But when my eyes alighted on the words, "The Marchese Luigi Ponetti," I was horrified. Yes, it was that unfortunate man, who

had bowed his neck beneath the axe of justice. In the report the case was thus briefly related:—

"On the fifteenth day of April, of this year, Luigi entered the Benedictine convent of ———, and requested to speak to the holy brother Saverio. The latter came to him, and they both went into the garden of the convent, walking up and down for some little time. Among the statues there was a small marble figure of St. Catherine. When they arrived at this spot Luigi Ponetti threw the monk on the ground, and with his dagger struck him three mortal blows, two in the heart and one through the skull, so that the ill-fated Saverio died instantaneously. The other monks were horrified on running up, but Luigi holding the deadly instrument in his hand, quietly gave himself up to them. Having confessed the crime, he was unanimously condemned to death by the tribunal of the high court of justice."

A few days afterwards I left Rome, with these gloomy shadows cast across my mind. This, my friends, is the Italian Novel.

J. H.

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

(Continued from last Magazine.)

DIALOGUE OF THE DOGS OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE RESURRECTION—SCIPIO AND BERGANZA.

BERGANZA.

"Thou art right. Well, I must tell thee that this catchpoll was on very friendly terms with an attorney, with whom he associated. These two co-habited with two women, not of little worth, but of no worth at all. It is true they had rather good faces, but they were full of effrontery and meretricious cunning. They served them as net and hook, to fish after

the following fashion. They dressed themselves in such a manner, that from the colour their profession was made patent, and at the distance of a gunshot it could be perceived that they were ladies of easy virtue. They were constantly hunting after strangers, and when the period of the fairs at Cadiz and Seville arrived, then they got on the tracks of their game, and not a Briton would be left without their

introducing themselves to him, and when the greasy fellow fell into the clutches of any of these chaste ones, they sent word to the catchpoll and the attorney, where and to what house they had gone. Then would these surprize them together, and apprehend them as living in concubinage; but they never took them to prison, as the stranger always ransomed himself from that molestation with money. It so happened then, that the Colindres, for that is the name of the friend of the catchpoll, entrapped a Briton, greasy and doubly greasy, and engaged him to sup and spend the evening in her lodging.

She sent the information to her friend, and scarcely had they sat down together, when the catchpoll, the attorney, two more catchpolls, and myself, pounced upon them. The amorous pair were frightened, the catchpoll spoke in terms of exaggeration of their crimes, and ordered them to get up quickly, and accompany him to prison. The Briton was overwhelmed with affliction, but the attorney, moved with compassion, interposed his mediation, and by force of entreaties, got the punishment reduced to a fine of only one hundred reals. The Briton begged them to give him a pair of chamois leather breeches, which he had placed on a chair at the foot of the bed, in which he had the money to pay for his liberty, but the breeches were not to be found, nor could they be found; for the moment I entered the room, a smell of bacon saluted my nostrils, which was extremely agreeable to me. I discovered it by the scent, and followed it up to the pockets of the leather breeches. In it I found a piece of famous ham, and in order to get at it without noise, and enjoy it, I dragged the breeches into the street, and then gave myself up to the full enjoyment of the ham. When I returned to the room, I found the Briton shouting and praying in his bastard and adulterated language, which however was under-

stood, that his breeches might be returned to him, as there were fifty *escuti** of gold in them. The attorney suspected that either the Colindres, or the other catchpolls had stolen the money. The catchpoll was of the same opinion, and called them aside, but none made confession, and they were all full of despair. Seeing what passed, I returned to the street where I had left the breeches, to bring them back, for the money was of no use to me, but I could not find them, for some fortunate individual who had passed by had carried them off.

As the catchpoll saw that the Briton had no money for the bribe, he became desperate, and determined to get out of the hostess of the lodging what could not be obtained from the Briton. He called her, and she made her appearance half dressed, but when she heard the shouts and complaints of the Briton, and saw the Colindres undressed and weeping, the catchpoll in choler, the attorney enraged, and the catchpolls scrutinizing every thing they found in the room, she was not at all pleased. The catchpoll commanded her to dress, and to accompany him to gaol, as she admitted into her house men and women of improper character. Here was a piece of business, here then was the time for the voices to become more loud, and the confusion to be increased, for the hostess said—

‘Mr. Catchpoll, and Mr. Attorney, none of your tricks upon me, for I can see through every kind of patchwork. None of your blarneying or bamboozling with me. Hold your tongues, and be off in the name of God, or by my halidom, I will allow my passion to get the mastery of me, and bring to light the whole of this trifle of a story. I know well the lady Colindres, and I know that for many months Mr. Catchpoll has been her very good friend; and don’t drive me to make more disclosures, but return the money to the gentleman, and let us all remain

* The Briton’s adulterated word for “*escudos*.”

in good odour ; for I am an honest woman, and my husband has letters patent of nobility, derived from the King of Perpignan, of happy memory, with its tassels of lead, praised be the Lord. And I carry on my business very honestly, without injury to any one. My rate of charges is stuck up, where the whole world can read it, and no nonsense with me, for by God I know how to beat off the dirt thrown at me. A pretty person am I to allow women to come in with the lodgers. They have the keys of their own rooms, and I am not fifteen people at once that I can see behind seven walls.'

My masters were astounded at hearing the speech of the hostess, and learning how well she was acquainted with the history of their lives ; but as they saw there was no one to get money from unless from herself, they insisted in carrying her off to goal. She clamoured to heaven for the wrong and injustice they were doing her, in the absence of her husband, who was a gentleman of high quality. The Briton bellowed for his fifty *escuti*. The catchpolls swore that they had never seen the breeches, and that God forbid anything of the kind. The attorney, on account of her silence, urged the catchpoll to search the clothes of the Colindres, as he had his suspicions that she must have the fifty *escuti*, she being in the habit of poking into the hidden places, and pockets of those who fell into her meshes. She declared that the Briton was drunk, and that he must be telling a lie in the matter of the money. In effect all was confusion and shouting and swearing, without any prospect of their being pacified, nor would they have been pacified if at that moment the Lieutenant of the Corregidor,* who came to visit the lodging, had not entered the room. The loud vociferations directed him

to the scene of the row, and he demanded the cause of all the clamour. The hostess gave him a very minute account of the whole. She told him who the lady Colindres (who was now dressed) was. She revealed her notorious friendship with the catchpoll. She exposed her tricks, and her modes of robbery. She exonerated herself from ever having, with her consent, permitted any woman of suspicious repute to enter her house. She applauded herself as a saint, and her husband as a holy man, and she shouted to a serving girl to run and bring from the chest the letters patent of nobility of her husband, in order to show them to the Lieutenant. She said that from them he must perceive that the wife of so honorable a husband could do nothing wrong, and that if she did pursue the business of letting out beds, it was because she could not help it, and that God knew how much it afflicted her, and how she would much rather prefer some rental and daily bread for her maintenance than to be continuing that trade.

The Lieutenant, annoyed at her loquacity, and her presumption about the letters patent of nobility, said to her,

" ' Sister bed-letter, I am willing to believe that your husband has letters of gentility, if you will confess to me that he is a gentleman publican.'

" ' And most honourably so,' replied the hostess, ' but what lineage is there in the world, however good it may be, that has not its *pros* and its *cons* ?'

" ' What I have to say to you, sister, is, that you don your clothes, for you must come with me to prison.'

" This piece of news floored† her completely. She tore her face, and raised a shout ; but in spite of all this

* In the original "*et tenient de asistente.*" In Seville the Corregidor was generally called the "*Asistente.*"

† In the original "*dio con ella en el suelo*" literally "struck her to the ground." I translate it "floored," which is also very literal, to show the similarity between many of our phrases and those of the Spaniards. The reader will remember in a previous note my remark about spinning a yarn, which is exactly the same as the Spanish.

the Lieutenant, who was excessively severe, carried them all off to gaol, that is to say, the Briton, the Colindres, and the hostess. I afterwards learned that the Briton lost his fifty *escuti*, and was besides condemned to pay costs. The hostess had to pay about the same, but the Colindres escaped free by the back door, and the very day she got free, she hooked a sailor, who paid for the Briton by the same trick of blowing upon him. So that thou seest, Scipio, how many and how great were the troubles that arose from my glutony."

SCIPIO.

"Say rather from the roguery of thy master."

BERGANZA.

"Listen then, for he carried his roguery still further, although I do feel sorrow at speaking ill of catch-polls and attorneys."

SCIPIO.

"True, but to speak ill of one, is not to speak ill of all. Yes! there are many and very many attorneys who are good, faithful and true, ready to do a friendly service without injury to a third party. Yes! all of them are not in the habit of fostering litigation, and advising the litigants, nor do all take more fees than they are entitled to.* Nor do they all examine and pry into the lives of others for the purpose of entrapping them into the meshes of the law. Nor do they all enter into a confederacy with the judge to fill each other's pockets.† Nor have all catch-polls an understanding with vagabonds and cheats. Nor have they all female friends to aid them in roguery, like that of thy master. Many, very many of them are gentlemen by nature, and have gentlemanly qualities. Many are not forward or insolent, or ill-bred, or mean, like

those who go prowling about hostleries, taking the measure of strangers' swords, and if they find them a hair's breadth beyond the due length, they cause the ruin of their owners. Yes! all do not liberate their prisoners after they apprehend them, and act the judge and the lawyer when they please."

BERGANZA.

"My master's ambition was of another kind; his ways were different. He boasted of his courage and of his famous captures. His reputation for valor he supported without any danger to his person, but at the cost of his purse. One day he alone attacked six notorious ruffians at the *Puerta de Jerez*, without my being able to give him any assistance, for my mouth was closed with a muzzle of cord, which was tied on during the day, and taken off at night. I was astounded at beholding his daring, his spirit, and his intrepidity. He forced his way backwards and forwards through the six swords of the ruffians as if they had been osier twigs. I was most marvellous to see the rapidity with which he charged them, the sword thrusts which he dealt about, his parrying, his calculation, his quickness of eye to prevent his being hit in the rear. In my opinion, and in the opinion of all who witnessed and heard of the fight, he was another Rhodomont, for he drove his antagonists from the *Puerta de Jerez* to the pillars of the College of Maese Rodrigo, a distance of more than a hundred paces. He left them within the pillars, and returned to collect the trophies of the battle, which were three scabbards, and afterwards went to show them to the Corregidor, who, if my memory does not fail me, was at that time the Licentiate Sarmiento de Valladares, famed for the destruction of the Saucedá, (the willow plantation).

* How curious it is to observe the practices of some lawyers in the days of Cervantes, and contrast them with those of the present day. The taking more fees than they were entitled to was considered a reproach in his time. Now-a-days it is openly avowed by some, and the world hears the avowal in profound silence.

† "*Hazme la barba y hacerte he el copele*," literally "shave my beard, and I will dress your toupée." The phrase is used to express the sort of assistance which men—not of a nice sense of honor—render to each other.

People gazed on my master as he passed through the streets, pointing him out with their fingers, as if they would say, 'There goes the hero who dared alone to fight with the flower of the bravos of Andalusia.' The remainder of the day was spent by him in taking turns through the streets to show himself, and at night we found ourselves in the Triana, in a street near the powder mill. My master took a sharp look around to see if the coast was clear, as they say in thieves' slang, and entered a house where I followed. In a court-yard we found the whole of the big fellows of the fight, without cloaks or swords, and in complete *deshabille*, and one who appeared to be the host, had a great jug of wine in one hand, and in the other a large tavern cup, which, having filled with generous foaming wine, he drank to the health of the whole company. Scarcely had they perceived my master, when they all came to him with open arms, and all drank to his health. He pledged them all in return, and would have done it to double the number, if it had been necessary, as he was of a complacent disposition, and unwilling to offend any one for a trifle.

"Were I to tell thee now what passed there, the supper that they supped, the fights that they enumerated, the robberies they related, the dames whose conversation they approved of, and those whom they disapproved of, the praises they lavished upon each other, the absent bravos whom they mentioned, the dexterity they displayed in highest perfection, rising in the middle of the supper to put in practice the tricks of fence that occurred to them, making passes with their hands, the curious phraseology they made use of, and finally the shape of the person of the host*, whom all respected as their master and father; I would involve myself in a labyrinth from which it would be impossible to extricate myself when I might wish it. I at

last came to understand it as a positive truth, that the owner of the house, who was called Monipodio, was a harbourer of thieves and confederate of ruffians, and that the great battle of my master had been planned among them beforehand, with all its attendant circumstances of the retreat, and the dropping the scabbards. My master paid then and there cash for the scabbards, as well as the whole amount that Monipodio said the supper had cost, which was not concluded until near the break of day, to the great satisfaction of all.

"By way of dessert they gave information to my master that a flashy stranger ruffian had newly arrived in the city. He must have been more valorous than themselves, and out of envy they peached upon him. My master captured him the following night in his bed undressed, for had he been dressed, I could perceive by his size that he would not have allowed himself to be taken so easily; with this capture, which took place immediately after the battle, the fame of my cowardly master, for he was more cowardly than a hare, increased, and he kept up his reputation for valour, by perpetual nunchions and dram-drinking. All the money that he gained by his occupation and his skill, was drained to support his valorous propensities. But have a little patience, and listen to an adventure which happened to him, which I will relate to thee without adding or subtracting a tittle of the truth.

"Two thieves stole an excellent horse at Antequera, and brought it to Seville, and in order to sell it without danger, they hit upon a contrivance which appeared to me very shrewd and ingenious. They went to live at different lodgings, and one repaired to the law court, and presented a petition, to the effect that Pedro de Losada owed him four hundred reals, that he had lent him, as appeared from a document with his signature attached,

* In the second number of the Magazine, there is a description of the person of Monipodio in the tale of Rinconete and Cortadillo.

which he produced in Court. The judge gave an order that the said Losada should acknowledge the document, and if he did acknowledge it, to take security from him for the amount, or to put him in gaol. The execution of this order fell to the lot of my master and his friend the attorney. The thief conducted them to the lodging of the other, who immediately recognized his signature, acknowledged the debt, and assigned the horse as security for the execution of the order. My master, on beholding the horse, was inwardly delighted at the sight, and marked it for his own, in the event of its being sold. The thief did not avail himself of the time allowed by the law, and the horse was put up for sale, and was knocked down for five hundred reals to a third party, whom my master had deputed on the sly to buy it for him. The horse was, worth half as much again as was given for it, but as the safety of the seller was dependent upon its immediate sale, he knocked down the property at the first bid. The one thief recovered the debt which was not due to him, and the other got a receipt for payment which he did not want, and my master remained with the horse, which proved to be a worse horse to him than that of Serjano to his master. The thieves immediately levanted with the spoil,* and two days afterwards, when my master had repaired the defects in the furniture of the horse, he made his appearance, mounted on him in the square of San Francisco, more puffed up and pompous than a villager in his holyday dress. He was congratulated a thousand times on his excellent purchase, which, it was affirmed, was worth one hundred and fifty ducats as truly as an egg was worth a maravedi, and he, caracoling and wheeling about the horse, continued to perform his tragedy on the theatre of the before-mentioned square. While he was in the midst of his

caracols and wheelings, two men of good figure and superior dress approached him, and one of them exclaimed—

“By the living God, if this is not my horse, Piedehierro, (iron foot) which was stolen from me some days ago at Antequera.”

“All those that accompanied him, who were four servants, corroborated the truth of what he said, and that that was Piedehierro, the horse that had been stolen. My master was confounded; the owner lodged a complaint in Court, and the proofs brought forward by the owner were so good, that judgment was given in his favor, and my master was dispossessed of the horse. The trick, and the ingenuity of the thieves in getting rid of the horse that they had stolen, through the intervention and instrumentality of the Court of justice, got bruited abroad, and every one was delighted that my master had been punished through his own avarice. But his misfortunes did not stop there, for that very night the same Corregidor was going his round, on account of his having received information that thieves were prowling about the quarter of San Julian, and on passing a cross-road, a man was discovered running. The Corregidor at that moment seizing me by the collar, and halloing me on, shouted out ‘Catch the thief.’ I, who by this time was weary of the iniquities of my master, and desirous to comply with the orders of the Corregidor without deviating in anything, fastened upon my own master, and without his being able to help it, I brought him to the ground, and had they not dragged him away from me, I would have gratified the vengeance of not a few people. They took me off to the great disgust of both of us; the catchpolls were going to beat me, and even kill me with cudgel blows, and would have done it, if the Corregidor had not said to them: ‘Let no one touch the

* In the original “*Mendaron la haza*”—“*Mondar la haza*” means to clear off the harvest. The phrase, although a most expressive one, is becoming obsolete, for I do not find it in any modern Dictionary.

dog, he only did what I ordered him.' The artifice was understood, and I, without bidding adieu to any one, escaped to the country by a hole in the wall, and before the day broke, I landed myself in Mariena, which is a place about four leagues from Seville. It was my good luck to find there a company of soldiers, who, as I heard, were going to embark at Carthagena. Among them were four ruffians, former friends of my master, and the drummer was one, who had been a catchpoll, and a great wag, as the most of drummers are. They all knew me, and spoke to me, and asked after my master in such a way as if I could have answered them. But he that took the greatest liking to me was the drummer, and so I determined to remain with him, if he would permit me, and follow them in their journey even if they took me to Italy or Flanders, for it appeared to me, and thou wilt doubtless be of the same opinion, that although the proverb says, 'He who is a fool in his villa is a fool in Castilla;' to travel through foreign lands, and to hold intercourse with a variety of people, imparts wisdom to man."

SCIPIO.

"That is so true, that I remember one of my masters, who had very good talents, saying that the famous Greek, called Ulysses, obtained the surname of Wise, solely because he had travelled through many lands, and held intercourse with many people of various nations, so that I praise thy determination to go wherever they would take thee."

BERGANZA.

"It so happened then, that the drummer, to have an opportunity of showing off his drollery, began to teach me to dance to the sound of the drum, and to perform other monkey tricks, which no other dog but myself could have learned, as thou wilt confess, when thou hast heard them. We marched slowly in order to execute the commission for which we were sent into the

district, and we had no commissariat officer to act as a restraint upon us. The captain was young, a good gentleman, and excellent christian. The lieutenant had only a few months before left the court, and the halls of the great. The sergeant was a keen extortioner, and very severe in forcing the marches of soldiery from the place where they were levied to the point of embarkation. The company was full of noisy ruffians, who perpetrated many insolent abuses in the places through which we passed, which brought down curses on those that did not deserve them. In this way it is the misfortune of a good prince to be blamed by his subjects for the evil acts of his subjects; for they practice great cruelties on each other without authority from the ruler, and although he may endeavour to prevent or remedy these misdeeds, he cannot succeed, as almost all the operations of war bring in their train rigorous hardships and dissensions.

Well then in less than fifteen days, through my good talents and the industry of the man whom I had selected as a master, I learned to jump for the King of France, and not to jump for the wicked hostess of a tavern. He taught me to make corvettes like a Neapolitan horse, and to go round and round like a mule in a mill, with many other tricks which, were I to relate them to thee altogether, might make thee doubt whether he that performed them was not some demon in the form of a dog. He gave me the surname of the Learned, and hardly had we arrived at our lodging, when beating his drum, he perambulated the whole place, inviting, by proclamation, all persons who were desirous of seeing the marvellous cleverness and dexterity of the Learned Dog to go to such a house or such a hospital where he was to be seen for the sum of eight or four maravedis, according as the village was large or small. Urged by these high sounding praises, there remained not a single person in the whole place who failed to pay me a visit, and no one left without be-

ing filled with admiration and delight at having seen me. My master was in raptures at his great profits, and supported six of his comrades like so many kings. Avarice and envy excited a longing in the ruffians to steal me, and they watched every opportunity to effect this purpose; for many are the people who are enamoured of and covet so easy, idle a way of obtaining a livelihood. This is the reason that there are so many puppet players in Spain, so many exhibitors of *raree* shows, so many vendors of pins and ballads, whose whole capital, were it sold out and out, would not produce sufficient to support them for a day, and yet all the year round they are constant frequenters of tippling houses and taverns, from which I infer that their drunken debaucheries are supported from some other source besides their business. They are all a vagabond, useless, profitless race of people, soakers of wine and devourers of bread."

SCIPIO.

"Enough, Berganza, let us not return to our past ways. Go on, as the night is waning, and I would not wish, at the rising of the sun, that we should be left in mental darkness by being reduced to silence."

BERGANZA.

"Be thou silent and listen. As it is an easy matter to add to what has been acquired, my master, seeing how well I imitated the Neapolitan curvetting horse, made me a covering of gilt leather and a little saddle, which he fixed on my shoulders, and on ~~it~~ he mounted a little figure of a man, with a small lance, to joust at a ring. He then taught me to run straight at a ring, which he suspended between two poles, and the day that the joust was to take place, he made proclamation, that on that day the Learned Dog was to joust at a ring, with other

new and unheard-of brilliant performances, which I, from a capricious fancy, as the phrase goes, contrived to perform, in order to save my master from being set down as a liar. We arrived, then, by regular marches at Montilla, the native town of the true Christian and famous Marquis of Priego, the Lord of the house of Aguilar and Montilla. They lodged my master, at his own request, in a hospital; he then published the usual proclamation, and as fame had already extended the news of the dexterous performances and cleverness of the Learned Dog, the court-yard was filled with people in less than half an hour. My master was rejoiced at the prospect of reaping so plentiful a harvest, and displayed his buffoonery that day more than ever. The performance was commenced by my leaping through the hoop of a sieve, which looked more like that of a cask. He conjured me with the usual questions, and when he lowered a willow wand which he held in his hand, it was the signal for me to jump, but when he raised the wand, it was a sign for me to remain quiet. The first conjuration he made that day—memorable among all the days of my life—was as follows:—

"Now then, friend Gavilan, take a jump for the old green man thou art acquainted with, that pickles his beard; or if thou likest it not, jump for the pomp and circumstance* of Dona Pimpinela de Plafagonia, who was the companion of the Gallician wench that served in Valdeastillas. Doth the spell please thee not, son Gavilan? Well then, jump for the Bachelor Pasillas, who signs himself Licentiate, without having taken any degree. Oh, thou hast turned lazy! Why dost not jump? But I understand and can fathom thy cunning tricks; now then jump for the liquor of Esquivias, which is equal to the famous liquors of Ciu-

* In the original "*pompa y aparato*," "pomp and circumstance or apparatus." The phrase calls to memory the line of Shakespear, "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." I do not remember the word circumstance being used by any other English author except Shakespear to denote apparatus. The Spanish word *aparato* signifies "apparatus, circumstance." In the time of Shakespear the word circumstance may have had the same meaning of apparatus. It is pleasing to trace the similarity of expression between great authors.

dad Real, San Martin, and Ribadivia."

He then lowered the wand and I jumped, observing at the same time his evil intentions. He turned again to the people, and raising his voice, exclaimed—

"Think not your worships, oh most volerous senate, that the wisdom of this dog is a mere deception. I have taught him four and twenty tricks, the least of which would make a hawk fly to see them. I mean to say that to witness the least of them you might travel thirty leagues. He can dance a saraband or the chacona better than the inventors themselves. He can drink half a gallon of wine, without leaving a drop, and he can chant a sol-fa-mi-re, as well as a sacristan. All these and many other things, which remain to be told, your worships will become witnesses of during the time the company may stay here, and for the present Mr. Learned Dog execute another leap, and we shall then enter into the cream of the matter."

With this harangue he filled his audience, which he had dignified with the name of senate, with amazement, and kindled their desire to behold all my accomplishments. My master then turned towards me and said—

"Come, son Gavilan, and with graceful agility and dexterity undo the leaps that thou hast made, but this must be done out of devotion for the famous witch who, it is rumoured, lived in this place."

He had scarcely concluded these words when the hospital keeper, who was an old woman, apparently about sixty years of age, exclaimed—

"Villain, Charlatan, impostor, and son of a strumpet, there is no witch here of any kind. If thou alludest to the Camacha, she has already suffered for her sins, and is, where God alone knows; if thou alludest to me, thou indecent buffoon, I am neither now, nor ever have been, a witch; and if I have had the fame of being one, I have to thank false witnesses, arbitrary laws, and rash and ignorant judges.

All the world already knows the life of repentance I have led, not for any witchcraft I have been guilty of, but for many other sins, which as a sinner I have committed, and so, begone from the hospital you crafty jeering drum beater, for if not, by my living halidom, I will make you turn out in double quick time." Having said this, she began to utter such shouts, and to overwhelm my master with such contumelious language, that he was confounded and frightened. Finally she would not permit the performance to proceed on any consideration. My master was not displeased at the row, because he remained with the coin, and appointed another day and another hospital to conclude the remainder of the performance. The people left the place, cursing the old woman, adding the word *hug* to witch, and bearded to old. Nevertheless we staid that night in the hospital, and the old woman, meeting me alone in the yard said—

"Art thou thyself, son Montiel, art thou he indeed, my son?"

I raised my head, and looked at her with deliberation, which, having observed, she came to me with tears in her eyes, and threw her arms round my neck, and would have kissed me on the mouth if I had allowed her; but she was too loathsome for me to consent to such a thing."

SCIRIO.

"Thou didst well, for it is no feast but a torment to kiss, or allow oneself to be kissed, by an old woman."

BERGANZA.

"What I have now to relate to thee I ought to have related at the beginning of my history, which would have put a stop to our wonder at finding ourselves gifted with speech, for thou must know that the old woman said to me—"Son Montiel, follow me, and thou wilt ascertain where my apartment is; then manage to-night to see me alone, as I will leave my door open. Know that I have many things to tell thee relating to

thy life, which will redound to your advantage." I bent my head in token of obedience, which completed her conviction that I was the dog Montiel she was in search of, as she afterwards told me. I remained in a state of confused astonishment, awaiting the night to see what would be the result of the old woman's mysterious speech to me, and as I had heard her called a witch, I expected great things from the interview. The time at last arrived when I found myself with her in her room, which was dark, narrow, and low, rendered visible only by the feeble light of an oil lamp made of clay, which was placed in it. The old woman stirred up the light, and seating herself upon a little chest, drew up beside me, and without saying a word, she again embraced me, but I again took care that she should not kiss me. Her first address to me was thus—

"I had full faith in Heaven that before these eyes of mine were closed in the last sleep, I would see thee my son, and now that I have seen thee, death may come and relieve me from this weary life. Thou must know my son that in this town there lived the most famous witch that ever existed in the world, and her name was La Camacha de Montilla. She was so perfect in her business that the Erietos, the Circes, the Medeas, of whom I have heard history is so full, were no match for her. She could condense the clouds whenever she wished, covering with them the face of the sun, and when it was her pleasure, she restored serenity to the most troubled sky. She brought men in an instant from the most distant lands, and had a marvellous knack at remedying any little slip that young maidens might have been guilty of. She taught widows how to conceal their freaks. She disunited the married women, and united those she pleased. In December she had roses in bloom,

and sowed wheat in January; as for making cresses grow in the water trough, that was the least thing she did. She could shew in a looking glass, or on the nail of a child, any person, living or dead, that people might wish to see. She had the reputation of transforming men into beasts, and of having made use of a sacristan for six years in the form of a jackass, a real true jackass, but how this can be done I never could understand; for with regard to what is related of those ancient magicians, who changed men into animals, it is asserted by those who are best acquainted with the matter, that it was nothing more than that by their great beauty and caresses they attracted the men in such a way as to make them love them intensely, and they subjected them to their will, so that they made use of them in every way they pleased, thus making them appear like beasts. In thee, however, my son, experience teaches me the contrary, for I know that thou art a rational being, and I see thee in the form of a dog, unless this be done through that science called "*tropelia*,"* which makes one thing appear another. Be this as it may, what I greatly regret is that neither I nor your mother, who were disciples of the good Camacha, ever attained as much knowledge as she possessed, not for want of genius, ability, or courage, for we had rather too much than too little of these qualities, but from her excessive malevolence in not wishing to teach us the important secrets of her art, which she reserved to herself. Thy mother, my son, was called La Montiel, who next to La Camacha was most famed. I am called La Canizares, and if not as wise as either of them, I was not behind them in good wishes to learn. In truth the courage your mother displayed in bringing into a circle, and shutting herself up with, a legion of devils, was not surpassed by La Camacha herself. I was al-

* This word means hasty violence, and the verb *tropellar* is to "trample under foot." Cervantes terms it a science, and evidently intends it as a hit at those who would force their own opinions down the throats of others, making them believe, so to speak, that black is white.

ways a little timorous, and was satisfied with conjuring up half a legion; but be it said without detriment to either of them, in the matter of compounding the unguents with which we witches anoint ourselves, I would not give up to either of them the superiority, nor would I give it up to any of those of the present day who follow and observe our rules. Thou must know, my son, that as I have seen and see that life, flying on the swift wings of time, soon ceases, I have endeavoured to abandon all the vices of witchcraft, in which I was engulfed for many years, and nothing now but the curiosity of being a witch, which is a most difficult vice to abandon, remains with me. Thy mother did the same; she cast off many vices, she did many good works in this life, but at last she died a witch. She died not of any disease, but from grief at the treatment she received from La Camacha, her teacher. Your mother being in the family way and about to be brought to bed, La Camacha acted as her midwife, and whether from envy at your mother treading so close on her footsteps in the matter of knowledge, or for some little jealous quarrel, which I never could find out, she received in her hands what your mother gave birth to, and showed her that she had brought forth two little dogs. The moment La Camacha saw them, she exclaimed—

“Here is wickedness, here is deception; but sister Montiel, I am thy friend, and I will conceal this birth. Pay thou attention to the recovery of thy health, and depend upon my keeping thy misfortune buried in the profoundest silence. Let not this event give thee any pain, for thou knowest I am aware that, with the exception of thy friend Rodriguez the Ganapan (the Porter) thou hast not spoken to any one for many a day, so that this canine birth must come from some other quarter and contains some mystery.”

“Thy mother, and I, who was present, were astounded at the whole of this strange affair. La Camacha went away, taking with

her the puppies, and I remained with thy mother to help her in her affliction, for she could not be brought to believe what had happened to her. The end of La Camacha at last arrived, and, being in the last hour of her life, she sent for thy mother, and told her how, for some angry feeling she had towards her, she had transformed her sons into dogs, but not to be grieved at this, as they would be restored to their original form when least expected, but that this could not happen until they had verified with their own eyes the following :—

“They will be restored to their true form,
When it shall happen that the inflated
proud,
With lightning speed, are levelled to the
ground.
When the all-potent arm shall be stretched
forth,
And raise to power the humble and afflicted.”

This was said by La Camacha to thy mother at the time of her death, as I have already told thee. Thy mother took it down in writing, and also committed it to memory, and I fixed it in mine, in order, if an opportunity should offer, to be able to relate it to either of you. I make it a practice whenever I see dogs of thy colour, for the purpose of finding thee out, of calling those by the name of thy mother, not in the expectation of the dogs understanding the name, but to see if they took any notice at being called by a name so very different from those of other dogs. Thus this evening, when I saw thee perform so many things, and that thou went by the name of the Learned Dog, and also that, when I called thee out of the Court yard, thou raisedst thy head to gaze at me,—I believed thee to be the son of La Montiel, to whom I will, with the greatest delight, communicate thy adventures, and the manner in which thou wilt be able to recover thy primitive shape. I wish this were as easy as the method of Apuleius when he was changed into a jackass of gold, which consisted simply in swallowing a rose; but thy transformation

must be accomplished by the acts of others and not by thy own labour. What thou hast to do, my son, is to commend thyself to God in the secrecy of thy own heart, and live in the hope that these predictions, (I do not choose to call them prophecies) will be fulfilled quickly and happily; for since the worthy La Camacha gave utterance to them, they must, without any doubt, take place, and thou, and thy brother, if he is alive, will see your wishes accomplished. What grieves me in the matter is, that I am so near the end of my existence that I will not have time to see it. Many a time I have been tempted to ask my Billy goat* what would be the termination of thy adventure, but I have not had the courage, for he never gives a straight forward reply to any question put to him. On the contrary my lord and master's answers are so crooked and so fraught with different meanings, that it is useless to ask him any thing, for with one truth he mixes up a thousand lies, and from what I have gathered from his replies I say, that he knows nothing certain of the future, and that with him all is conjecture. With all this he manages to keep us, witches, so well deluded, that although he plays us a thousand tricks, we find it impossible to cast him off. We are in the habit of paying him a visit at an immense distance from this, where on a great plain a vast number of our people, wizards and witches, assemble and are fed by him with the most tasteless viands. Other things too take place, which of a verity, and by God and my soul, I dare not relate to thee, as I wish not to offend thy chaste ears. Some are of opinion that in imagination only we go to these festivals, and that the devil represents to our imagination the images of all those things which we afterwards relate have actually happened to us. Others are of a different opinion, and assert that we really

go in body and soul, and I am inclined to think that either of these opinions is correct, since we do not know whether we go in the one way or the other, and every thing that passes in our imagination, is so intensely vivid that we cannot tell the difference between it and the reality. The gentlemen of the Inquisition have made several experiments of the kind on some of us, whom they have captured, and I think they have found what I have said to be true. It is my great desire, my son, to renounce this sin, and many are the efforts I have made to succeed in this object. I have betaken myself to be the keeper of a hospital. I cure the poor, and obtain a livelihood from the bequests of some of those that die, or from what I find among their patched rags, for I take care to search well their garments. I pay little, and in public. I slander a great deal, but in private, I get on much better by being a hypocrite than by declaring myself an avowed sinner. The ostentatious display of my present good deeds is gradually effacing from the memory of those that know me, my past evil actions. Of a verity, feigned sanctity does no harm, but to those that practice it. Hark thee, son Montiel, to the advice that I give thee — be good to the best of thy ability, but if thou must be bad, endeavour to hide it as much as possible. A witch I am, I cannot deny it to thee, neither can I deny that thy mother was a witch and an enchantress, but the good appearances we both kept up, sustained our credit with the whole world. Three days before she died, we had both been at a great gathering of witches in a valley of the Pyrenean mountains, and she died so calmly and peacefully, that had it not been for a few contortions of visage she made a quarter of an hour before she gave up the ghost, one would have imagined she was lying on a bridal couch of flowers, instead of on her death

* The demon familiar, who attended upon witches and discovered secrets to them, was generally supposed by the vulgar to assume the form of a he goat. Sometimes however the familiar was carried in a ring, or some other trinket.

bed. The fate of her sons affected her deeply, and she would never, even at the point of death, forgive La Camacha. Such was the firmness and strength of her character in all things. I closed her eyes and accompanied her to her grave; there I left her never to see her more; yet I do not lose all hope of seeing her before I die, for it is rumoured in that place that some people have seen her in different figures haunting the cemeteries and crossways, and perhaps I may meet her some day, and then I will ask her if she wishes me to do any thing for the relief of her conscience."

Every word that the old hag said in praise of her whom she termed my mother was a dart that pierced me to the heart, and I felt a strong temptation to grapple with her, and tear her to pieces, and if I refrained from so doing, it was that death might not overtake her in her wicked state of mind. Finally, she told me that she intended that night to anoint herself with the unguent in order to transport herself to one of the usual meetings, and when there, it was her purpose to enquire of her master what fate was in store for me. I was about to ask her what kind of unguents were those she spoke of, but she appeared to divine my desire, and, without my having put a question to her, she gratified my curiosity by saying—

"This unguent, with which we witches anoint ourselves, is composed of juices of herbs of excessive coldness, and not, as the vulgar have it, of the blood of infants whom we are in the habit of suffocating. And here thou mightest ask me what pleasure or profit the devil derives from making us murder these beings, as he must know that, being baptized, and guiltless of any sin, they must go to heaven, and the

escape of every christian soul is a source of peculiar torment to him. To which I can only reply to thee by quoting the proverb, "There are people who bite off their noses to spite their faces."* It is done to inflict misery on the parents, for the death of their children is the greatest that can be imagined, but it is also done, because he is particularly interested in making us, every now and then, commit such a cruel and horrible crime—and all this is permitted by God on account of our sins, as, without his permission, I know from experience that the devil cannot injure a pismire. This is so true that once on a time, when I implored him to destroy the vineyard of a certain enemy of mine, he replied that he could not touch even a leaf of it, because it was not the will of God. From this thou wilt learn, when thou art transformed into a man, that all the misfortunes that befall nations, kingdoms, cities, and villages—all sudden deaths, shipwrecks, downfalls, in fine all those evils that are denominated "*de dano*," proceed direct from the hand of the Almighty and his consenting will; while the injuries and evils that are termed "*de culpa*" arise from, and are caused by ourselves†. God is impeccable, from which we must conclude that we ourselves are the authors of sin, creating it by intention, word, and deed. God permitting all this for our sins, as I have before said. Thou wilt now exclaim, my son, if perchance thou hast understood me, who made me a theologian; and perhaps to thyself thou wilt say—"Body of me with this old strumpet; why does she not leave off her witchcraft and turn to God, since she is so learned, and knows that He is more ready to pardon sins than to permit them." To this I reply to thee, as if thou hadst put the question, that a vicious

* In the original "*Tal hay que se quiebra dos Ojos, porque su enemigo se quiebre uno*—" There are some people who tear out their two eyes in order that their enemies may lose one."

† Cervantes, I infer, draws a distinction, between Providential misfortunes and those caused by faults of man; but why he terms the first "*males de dano*," I cannot make out. The literal translation is "evils from injury" which has no meaning.

habit becomes a second nature, and the infatuation of being a witch becomes ingrained in the flesh and blood, but with its ardour which is very great, there is mingled a coldness, that penetrates to the soul, so that it freezes and benumbs it even in the matter of Faith. From this arises an oblivion of itself, remembering neither the torments with which God menaces it, nor the glory to which he invites it. And truly as witchcraft is a sin of the flesh and of sensual indulgence, of necessity it deadens the senses, absorbing and stupifying them so as to render them unfit to discharge their functions as they ought to do. Thus the soul, rendered useless, spiritless and dejected, has not the strength to rouse itself to reflect on one single good thought, and sinking into the deep gulf of its own misery, it cares not to raise its hand to take that of God, who in his great mercy stretches forth his hand to save it. I have such a soul as that I have described to thee. I see all, I comprehend all, but the love of pleasure has rivetted its chains upon me, and I have ever been, and ever will be, wicked.

But let us leave all this, and return to the matter of the unguents. I tell thee that they are so cold that on anointing ourselves with them, we are deprived of our senses, and remain stretched in a state of nudity on the ground. Then it is that they say all those things which appear to us to be real, present themselves to our imagination. At other times, immediately after the anointment, we fancy that we change our shape, and becoming transformed into cocks, owls, or crows; we fly to the place where our master awaits us, and then, recovering our primitive shape, we enjoy pleasures, which I will not relate to thee, as they are of such a nature as to shock the mind when they are recalled to memory, and the tongue refuses to give utterance to them. In spite of all this I am a witch, and cover all my faults with the mantle of hypocrisy. It is true if

there are some who esteem and honor me as good, there want not others who whisper, not a couple of finger lengths from my ear, the name of a certain pastime, which the fury of a certain cholerick judge, (who in former times had occasion to deal with me and thy mother) treated me to. The common hangman was made the instrument of his wrath, and he, not being bribed, exerted himself with all his strength and severity on our shoulders. But that is past and gone, and all things pass away, and their remembrance becomes extinct. Past life returns not again, tongues get tired, and new deeds cause the old to be forgotten. I am a hospital keeper, give proofs of my good conduct, and derive pleasant moments from my unguents. Although I am seventy-five years of age, I am not so old that I may not live another year, and although from age I cannot fast, nor pray from sensations of giddiness, nor perform pilgrimages on account of the weakness of my limbs, nor give alms from my poverty, nor employ myself in good thoughts from being fond of slander, (to effect this, one must think first, and my thoughts always tend to evil,) yet with all this I know that God is good and merciful, and knows what is to become of me. Enough, therefore, of this; let this conversation terminate here, as it really fills me with sadness. Come, my son, and thou wilt see me anoint myself, for "all misfortunes with plenty of bread are bearable," and "when you get a fine day, enjoy it," and "while we laugh we don't cry." I mean to say that although the pleasures the devil gives us are unreal and false, still they appear to us to be pleasures, and these are often more delightful in the imagination than in the reality, although with true pleasure the case ought to be the reverse."

Having concluded this long harangue, she rose up, and, taking the oil lamp in her hand, she entered another little room still more narrow. I followed her, agitated with a

thousand thoughts, and filled with amazement at all I had heard, and all I expected to see. La Canizares hung the lamp on the wall, and in great haste took off every thing, but her shift; then fetching a glazed pot from a secret nook, she thrust her hand in it, and muttering between her teeth, she anointed herself from her feet to her head, which had no hood on it. Before she finished anointing herself, she begged of me whether her body remained senseless in that room, or whether it disappeared from it, not to be frightened, nor fail to watch there until the morning, as she would make me acquainted with all the adventures in store for me before I was restored to the form of man. I made a motion with my head, implying acquiescence to her wishes, on seeing which, she concluded the operation of anointing herself, and stretched herself on the ground like one dead. I put my mouth close to her's, and found that her respiration had altogether ceased.

Friend Scipio, there is one truth I must confess to thee, and that is, I felt the greatest terror at seeing myself shut up in that narrow room with that figure before me, which I will describe to thee to the best of my ability. She was more than seven feet long, and a perfect skeleton of bones covered with a swarthy, hirsute, well tanned skin, which hung in loose folds, dried up and wrinkled, on her body. Her lips were thin, her teeth black, her nose flat and hooked, her eyes starting from their sockets, her hair dishevelled, her cheeks sunk in, her neck lank, her breast hollow—to sum up, she was altogether gaunt and fiend-like. I took a deliberate survey of her, and suddenly terror began to take possession of me as I reflected on the hideous appearance of her body, and the still worse occupation of her soul. I tried to bite her to see if she would come to herself, but I could not find a single spot in her whole body that I could touch without disgust. At last I seized her by the heel, and dragged her out to the

court-yard, but not even this treatment made her show any signs of vitality. When I found myself with plenty of room, and gazed at the open sky, my fright disappeared, at least it moderated to such an extent that I had the courage to wait and see what would be the result of the journey and return of that bad old woman, and what she would have to tell me of my future adventures. In this interval I said to myself, "who can have made this bad old woman so wise and so wicked? Where can she have learned the distinction between calamities *"de dano"* and calamities *"de culpa"*? How can she comprehend and speak so highly of God, and serve the devil in her works? How can she sin so wilfully, not even endeavouring to excuse herself on the score of ignorance?" In these reflections I passed the night, and when the day broke, it found us both in the middle of the court-yard,—she still senseless, and I seated beside her on my hams, gazing attentively at her frightful and hideous physiognomy. The people of the hospital hurried to the spot, and, seeing that spectacle, some of them said—"At last the saintly Canizares is dead; see how her acts of penitence have disfigured and emaciated her body." Others, more discerning, felt her pulse, and ascertained that she was not dead, as it still throbbed, from which they concluded that, from her excessive sanctity, she was lying in an extatic trance. Others there were who said—"This old strumpet must doubtless be a witch, and must now be anointed, for the truly holy never fall into such indecent trances; besides, to the present time, among those of us who know her, she has the reputation of being a witch more than a saint." There were some whose curiosity made them prick her flesh with pins, from head to foot, but for all this the sleepy wretch did not awake, nor did she return to consciousness until seven o'clock in the morning. When she felt herself all pierced with pin punctures, her heels

bitten, her body all bruised with being dragged on the ground, and found herself out of the room, and exposed to the gaze of so many eyes, she conjectured (and conjectured truly) that I had been the author of all her dishonor. Rushing therefore upon me, and seizing my throat with both hands, she struggled to throttle me, yelling at the same time—

“ Oh thou villainous, ungrateful, ignorant, perverse wretch ! Is this the payment I receive for the good services I rendered thy mother, and those that I intended to render to thee ? ”

When I found myself in peril of losing my life from the talons of that fierce harpy, I shook myself clear of her, and grappling her by the long folds of her skin, I shook her and dragged her over the whole courtyard, while she screamed to the people to extricate her from the teeth of that malignant spirit. This exclamation of the malevolent old woman made the majority believe that I must be one of those demons who bear a never-ceasing grudge to all good Christians. Some then rushed to throw holy water at me, others dared not approach to pull me off, others shouted that I should be exorcised ; the old woman growled, and I clung to her with my teeth still harder. The confusion increased, so that my master, attracted to the spot by the noise, was in despair at hearing me called a demon. Others, who understood nothing of

exorcisms, seized upon three or four cudgels, with which they began to salute my ribs. The joke was too painful to be borne, so that I dropped the old woman, and in three bounds reached the street, and in a few more I gained the outside of the village, persecuted by a host of boys who followed me, shouting, “ Keep out of the way, the Learned Dog has gone mad.” Others cried out, “ He is not mad ; he is a devil in the shape of a dog.” Mauled in this way, I flew out of the village in the twinkling of an eye, followed by a great number of people who indubitably believed me to be a demon, as much from the things they had seen me do, as from the words which the old woman uttered, when she awoke from her accursed sleep. I also fled so rapidly from their sight, that they fancied I had disappeared like a fiend. In six hours I travelled twelve leagues, and arrived among a horde of gypsies, whose huts were in a field near Granada. I halted to observe them a little, for some of the gypsies knew me to be the Learned Dog, and it was with no small degree of delight that they took me under their protection, and hid me in a cave, that I might not be discovered in case I was sought after, with the intention, as I afterwards understood, to make a profit out of me, as my master the drummer had done. Twenty days I remained with them, during which time I learned and noted their mode of life and customs, which are so extraordinary that I must relate them to thee.”

Note by the Editor of the Magazine.—The conclusion of the dialogue, as promised in the last number, having been found to occupy too much space in one number of the Magazine, it has been considered expedient to divide it into two parts. The remainder will appear in the next number,

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle: hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Holloway System.' Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-extminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasing are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thrall by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive*; but when this use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punka or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you. Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"you

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DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines—" have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine, and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

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JUNE, MDCCCLII

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SAUNDERS'
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

ALL INDIA.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER VIII.

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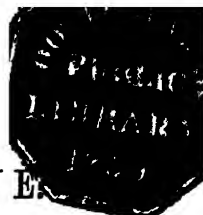
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SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE



No. VIII.]

JUNE, 1852.

[Vol. I.

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his Son, ccxiii. to ccxxviii.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

L. E. P.'s poetry will not do.

"Tantschen Rosmarin" has been frequently translated—as well as most of Zschokke's other tales.

Our Saugor contributor is thanked for his "Balaam," which we have turned to *the* purpose suggested.

"An Adventure in Portugal Elucidated in India" was ~~hardly~~ worth the trouble of elucidating. But we shall be glad to hear from our contributor, on the other subjects which he proposes to notice.

The remainder of "Idoné" has been received. We find some difficulty in making room for the tale at present.

"Caleb Crosssthaite," and the other contributions by the same esteemed writer, have not been forgotten.

"A Chapter of Stray thoughts on Art" shall appear in an early number.

"The Mysterious Murder" has disappointed us, after the writer's first success. We recommend a pleasanter subject.

"An Adventure with a Pirate" shall appear shortly.

"A Month with the Governor General's Camp" in our next.

"Buramiyan" will observe that his paper has been anticipated.

We regret that unavoidable circumstances render it impossible to give the continuation of "The Novels of Cervantes" this month.

The Paper on "The Civil Administration of the Punjab" in our next.

"My Uncle Ben's Courtships" will be continued next month.

"Martin Shuttlecock must bear with us yet a little longer.

"How to become a Painter" is waiting its turn.

We have received "Railways in India"—"Catamaran Jack"—"The Island of Jersey as a resort for Retired Indians"—"First Impressions," and "Simon Pigeon."

We cannot express our obligations to the contributor of "Mary of Burgundy" and "Richillieu."

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VIII.]

JUNE, 1852.

[Vol. I.

MY UNCLE BEN'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER I.

It is quite a dream to me now. It seems precisely as if, on the 1st of January 18—, I had retired to rest in my tent on the esplanade, full of life and hope, a gay young bachelor; and on the 1st of February ensuing, had woken up a steady married man,—my rifle and cheroote-case vanished, and my wife sitting at *crochet*, whilst I wrote with a heavy heart to Uncle Ben.

The introduction occurred at Government House, Parell, and was succeeded by three or four polkas; by our walking together to the terrace to sip champagne, and gaze at the fountain casting up its silver spray from below; and after that, by my escorting her to the supper room, and looking admiringly at her as she ate spoonful after spoonful of ice-cream by my side. I have, moreover, to confess, that I saw her safely into her carriage; and accompanied a stammering

VOL. I.—NO. VIII.

“Good night!” with a pressure of the hand, containing more meaning than all Moore’s Irish melodies put together. Next day, if I recollect aright, I declined seeing my Moonshee, on the plea of illness, and spent several hours in writing sonnets to the raven-haired enchantress who had overcome me. Brown of our’s, and Thompson of the 35th, came in at tiffin time, but I took no beer, and while Brown got completely out of humour with me for my perversity, Thompson, who is a kind-hearted fellow, suspected there was something wrong, and slyly wrote and despatched a chit to the Doctor. On the 3d of the month I called; in a few days more I was invited to dinner; I then called again; next was asked to join an evening whist party—quite a family affair;—and after that, I left the Mess regularly as soon as I had swallowed my dinner, and passed an hour

or two every evening with Arabella. The affair was soon settled. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had three other daughters in England, besides one in this country, named Julia, who was nearly fifteen, and extremely anxious to come "out;" so that although I was the youngest Lieutenant in my Regiment, and had no prospects beyond those held out by Uncle Ben; Mr. and Mrs. Jones were pleased to pronounce me eligible, and to ratify the contract between myself and their charming daughter. In one short month the whole transformation took place. I was married. I woke up and found myself so. There was my dear little wife at her *crochet*, with her dear little dog crouched at her feet. There was a very so, so piano in the room. My much-admired engravings of Taglioni and Celeste had been removed from the walls; and two certainly not well-executed portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Jones substituted in their places. Instead of the Army List, Bell's Life, Shakespeare's Hindoostanee Dictionary, and Youatt's celebrated work on the Horse; an Album, a Scrap Book, and one or two volumes of poetry, gilt-edged, and bound in Morocco, lay upon the table, mutely indicating the great change that had come o'er the spirit of the place.

I had cut up three quills, and spoilt half-a-dozen sheets of cream-laid letter paper; and still I could not, for the life of me, think what to say to my Uncle Ben.

"Upon my word, my love," exclaimed I, tearing up another spoilt page. "I can't manage this at all. I never was so puzzled and perplexed in my life before."

"My precious!" answered she, "I really *am* sorry for you. But is he really such an ogre after all, this Uncle Ben? And if he *were* to disown us, could we not do without him?"

Now I happened to know that Uncle Ben, if not exactly an ogre, was at least one of the most difficult men to deal with that ever God created; and as for doing without him, as my dear little wife somewhat too precipitately suggested, I am free to confess that *that* idea had never at all entered into my calculations. So I thought it the best plan to describe my Uncle Ben.

"My Uncle Ben," said I, throwing down my pen, and drawing my chair close to my wife, in order that I might make the greater impression on her. "My Uncle Ben is, as you know, the only relation worth sixpence that I have in the world. He possesses a nice estate, and a comfortable private fortune; yet finds the Collectorship of Cloverabad so snug a berth, and likes India so well, that although fifty-five years of age, as I verily believe, he will not go home to enjoy the goods the gods have provided him. He is a great man, is my Uncle Ben. Time has thinned and whitened his hair, and rendered the forepart of his head bald, which he accepts as a sign of intellect. Time has also removed from his form the slightest vestige of a waist, and imparted a degree of rotundity to his figure, of which every body is conscious but himself. Time has, moreover, given him not a few wrinkles; and quenched to a sad extent the lightness of eyes which were once fine, and which he still thinks fatal in their power. Time

further (in confidence be it spoken!) has driven my Uncle Ben to have more frequent recourse to the dentist than he would like any young lady in the district of Cloverabad to be aware of. 'Out upon Time!' might my Uncle Ben cry, with the poet; but he hasn't the slightest conception of the inroad made upon him by the destroyer, and confidently considers himself to be as irresistible as ever. He feels aristocratic blood running in his veins, and has high notions of the dignity of his position, and the honour of his family. Now, my dearest Arabella, this highly respectable, eminent, and corpulent old gentleman, has, ever since I entered the Army, been the polar star to which I have looked for guidance, and in which most of my hopes have been centred. He has been condescending enough to patronize me exceedingly. He has written me many letters, beginning 'My dear nephew,' and ending 'Your ever affectionate Uncle.' He has thrice asked me to Cloverabad; twice got me out of regimental scrapes by his influence over my Commanding Officer; and once (oh jewel of Uncles!) paid my debts for me. Notwithstanding these claims on my affectionate remembrance, I have been so bewildered by the bliss of my union with you, my charming Arabella, that I have omitted to—to—recollect the little formality of asking his consent to our marriage. And now here is a confounded newspaper, in which some confounded kind friend has volunteered the insertion of an announcement under the head of "Domestic Occurrences," that will certainly meet the eye of my Uncle Ben ——"

"Oh! *do* let me see it," cried Arabella, taking the paper hastily out of my extended hand, her womanly curiosity overpowering, for the moment, that intense interest which I felt assured my narrative must have created in her mind.

And then she read out, with a smile and a blush upon her beautiful countenance, the intimation which my confounded kind friend had caused to be published, to the effect that I, Lieutenant Edward Balderson, of the 42nd Bombay Native Infantry, had, on such a day, in such a Church, been united in marriage by the Reverend So-and-So, to Arabella, second daughter of Septimus Scævola Jones, Esq., Uncovenanted Assistant, &c. &c. &c.

"Well now, I think it's very nice indeed," said Arabella.

"Nice!" returned I, "it appears to me to be anything but nice, and so would you think, my love, if you could see my Uncle Ben reading it."

"What is done," cried my little wife, with a sigh (meant to be quite oracular) "can't be undone." With which profound apothegm, she put down the paper, and resumed her *crochet*.

"Well," said I, "what am I to say to my Uncle Ben?"

Arabella paused for a moment, looked stedfastly at her dog, which was still crouching at her feet, and then said, in a gay tone, "Oh! send him cards, you know, and put up a piece of cake to go by banghy, and write just a *wee* letter, telling him of— of— what has happened, and asking him to wish you joy. The least said, Edward, is soonest mended."

I shook my head despondingly; but nevertheless thought (what deceptive creatures we are!) that Arabella had reason on her side; and feeling anxious to get the horrid weight that oppressed me off my mind, I turned to the writing table with a sort of desperation, and dashed off, in two minutes, what I had

been at least two hours thinking about.

"There!" said I, triumphantly, as I put the cream-laid enclosure into an envelope, and carefully sealed it with the family crest; "good luck go with it, or I'm doomed to live on my pay for life, with no one to discharge my pecuniary obligations."

CHAPTER II.

THAT the Government of Bombay has a due sense of the importance of the Collectorate of Cloverabad, may be safely inferred from the character of the individual whom it selected to rule over its destinies. The portly form of my highly respectable and incorruptible Uncle Ben, was looked up to with a feeling akin to veneration by all the country round. He was lavish of cash and kind words, and never allowed a subscription list to go round without being headed with the name of "Benjamin Balderson, Esq., C. S., Collector of Cloverabad." He gave frequent *burra khana*s to the station. He provided a gold cup to be run for at the races. He laid many wagers with the ladies, which he always lost, and invariably paid. Not a European but flattered his vanity, and praised his wines, his horses, and his dogs; not a native but made an extra-profound *salaam* to him as he took his evening drive in his great shining chariot, with the Balderson coat of arms painted on the panels. He lived in a great bungalow, situated on a little eminence, and built, as he averred, so as to catch the breeze from whatever quarter it might come. The bungalow was full of handsome furni-

ture, and ever-waving punkahs. There was accommodation enough in it for a dozen Uncle Bens, and yet, somehow or other, one Uncle Ben seemed to fill, and make use of it, all. Such a spacious dining room there was, in which my honored relative's stately dinners took place: such a grand drawing room for the ladies to retire to, and either gaze at themselves in fine mirrors, or else admire the great portrait of my Uncle Ben (by Smith) which nearly covered one of the walls. It was a perfect temple of Indian grandeur and greatness, was my Uncle's bungalow at Cloverabad.

One evening, in the month of February, my Uncle Ben was seated at dinner with a select party of friends; and as the weather was a little chilly, the lord of the mansion had issued an order for the punkahs to be stopped—an event which did not happen above thrice in the year, at the well-known station of Cloverabad. The party consisted of Major Grubbins, of the 31st, Mr. Adolphus Polish, of the Civil Service, Dr. Cataplasma, Civil Surgeon, Captain Cutaway, of the Nabob's Irregular Corps, three silent Subalterns, and a quiet young gentleman of good family, travelling in the East for the benefit of his

health. The ladies, Mrs. Major Grubbins, Mrs. Cataplasma, Mrs. Cutaway, and the two Misses Grubbins, had just left the table; and my Uncle Ben having stopped the punkah, was engaged in passing round the decanters—a duty he always performed most sedulously;—when an event occurred, which invariably created a little evening sensation at Cloverabad,—the Post Office peon arrived with the Collector's Bombay letters.

"By your leave, gentlemen," said my Uncle Ben, tossing a newspaper or two to his friends, and opening an imposing-looking "official" with a great red seal, which was among the despatches that the dawk had brought.

"Zounds!" cried Major Grubbins, scanning his newspaper with his eye-glass, "here's old Fitzfunk going to retire at last: the Slashers have mustered the coin to buy him out."

"Pretty nearly time, Major," drawled Mr. Adolphus Polish; "it is perfectly notorious that Fitzfunk has been for these ten years fit for nothing but smoking his hookah, and paying his wife's bills for millinery."

"And I see," remarked Cutaway, "that they've had another smart affair in the Nizam's Dominions: forty-five Rohillas deuced well thrashed in a brush with a small party of the Contingent."

"Bluepill goes home on furlough," chimed in Cataplasma, "and old Chloroform, *par conséquence*, gets into the Board."

"But here's the best news of all, Balderson," said Major Grubbins,—"that young idiot of a nephew of your's has slipped his neck into the matrimonial noose! Well, 'pon my soul, I didn't think

Ned fool enough to get married at his years, and with his prospects."

My Uncle Ben put on a great stare of amazement. "Married!" cried he, "impossible! Believe me, gentlemen, it must be a mistake. Some hoax, I am certain. Those stupid papers are always getting hoaxed. If Ned had got married, he would have written to me long since, to ask my consent, and all that, and I should have known all about it. Stop, here's a letter in Ned's handwriting, which I'll bet ten gold mohurs is to contradict the lying statement in the newspapers."

My Uncle tore open the envelope with more impatience than he cared to display, and out there tumbled a couple of cards tied together with a bit of silver thread, which vindicated in a moment, the character for veracity of the newspaper press of Bombay.

A half-suppressed shout of laughter burst from the guests at the table.

My Uncle seized my unhappy sheet of cream-laid, and read in a hurried, angry, mercilessly-distinct tone, the pretty composition given below:—

Bombay, February, —,

MY DEAR UNCLE,—You, who have always been so kind to me, will, I fear, regard as a piece of unpardonable neglect, my omission to inform you of my intention to change my state of bachelorhood for the happier condition of wedded life. ["Fudge and humbug!"] My only excuse is, that from the moment I first saw my dearest Arabella, my mind was in such a state of bewilderment ["The young fool!"] that I felt perfectly unable to perform a duty which, under other circumstances, would

have been among the most pleasing that fall to the lot of man. I was married, my dear Uncle, ["dear *Grandmother* !"] on the — instant, to the second daughter of Mr. S. S. Jones, of this Presidency, and I beg, with my love, and that of my dear wife, ["d——n his impudence !"] to enclose our wedding-cards, and to request your acceptance of a piece of wedding cake, which Arabella —.

The worthy old gentleman read no more. He took my letter, as I am told, and crushing it in his hand, threw it over the punkah in a paroxysm of rage.

"Good heavens !" cried he, "can you laugh, gentlemen, at the folly of this poor misguided youth ? To take such a step, as he has done, without consulting *me*, is the greatest error of which the lost young man could possibly have been guilty."

"The eminent position held by his father-in-law," said the remorseless Polish, "ought to reconcile you, my dear fellow, in some measure to the blow."

"Septimus Scaevola Jones," remarked Grubbins, "of the Uncovenanted Service."

"A great snob," said Polish.

"Low, upon my soul," cried Cutaway, with a commiserating sort of air.

"Gentlemen !" exclaimed my Uncle Ben, "spare your criticisms. Once I *had* a nephew ; now I have one no more. I have done with him for ever. I cut him off with a rupee. He has insulted and degraded me. Let us change the subject. Pass the decanter, Grubbins. Bombay seems gayer than ever,—nothing but balls and parties ; and there are several marriages on the *tapis*—not such

marriages as my fool of a nephew — ; but we'll say no more about that : I'll disown him, I will."

My Uncle tried hard to forget the misfortune which had befallen me, but it was of no avail ; whatever subject was started, my unlucky image would intrude among those which the conversation engendered in his brain, and many a hard knock I received in consequence, as those who were present will acknowledge.

But all this was nothing to the castigation that was inflicted upon poor Arabella and myself, when Uncle Ben and his friends joined the ladies in the drawing room. With charitable celerity, Major Grubbins communicated the bit of news from Bombay, to his wife, who immediately rendered the other ladies participants in her good fortune.

"My dear Mr. Balderson," said Mrs. Major Grubbins with great glee : "I do assure you I never felt so sorry in my life. Not sorry for them, nor for *him*, oh ! no—they both deserve their fate—but for *you*, who have been so kind to your ungrateful nephew. I never knew such black, such base ingratitude."

"A fat vulgar woman that I have sometimes seen at Government House, where I wondered that she would intrude among the *haut ton*," observed Mrs. Catapasm, striking hard at my poor mother-in-law, and pronouncing her bit of French most villainously.

"Oh la ! ma !" cried Miss Seraphina Grubbins, "don't you recollect Miss Jones ? She danced the polka with young Mr. Fitzfunk, and certainly must have learnt dancing at some country village, for I never *did* see such

a miserable exhibition in my life."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Miss Angelica: "she doubtless did as well as she could, and it is a shame to criticise her. How cruel you are, Seraphina!"

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Cutaway, "came out to India in a very subordinate capacity."

"And both the young ladies," added Miss Seraphina Grubbins, "were probably born in the country, and have never been home."

"Poor things!" ejaculated Miss Angelica.

"The Jonyeses used to drive a one-horse phaeton," said Mrs. Cataplasm, with an aristocratic sneer.

"With Mrs. Jones and the two girls inside," continued Mrs. Grubbins, "and Mr. Jones on the box, driving."

"Such a turn-out it was!" cried Mrs. Cutaway.

"I wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Balderson will live," said Miss Seraphina. "His Uncle will give him nothing, and he will have only his bare pay to depend upon, so I think they will find it very difficult to make both ends meet; certainly they will not be able to keep their carriage."

"Poor creatures!" cried Miss Angelica; "they are much to be pitied."

"Love in a cottage," remarked Mrs. Cutaway, "is proverbially pleasant at home; and the devoted couple will be able to afford us a practical illustration of its charms in India."

The quiet young gentleman, to whom I have above alluded, as travelling in the East for the benefit of his health, has informed me that many other observations,

of a similarly amiable nature, were made by the ladies, in reference to my "disgraceful alliance," as they were pleased to term it: observations which, if words could stab, and we had heard them, would have inevitably laid Arabella and myself bleeding victims at the feet of my Uncle Ben. Satire, we are told,

"Like polish'd razor keen,
Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt
or seen;"

and it is my solemn conviction, derived from unpleasant personal experience, that its gashes are never so deep and fatal as when the ladies sharpen the blade!

During that eventful evening, my Uncle Ben strode uneasily up and down the room, exchanging a word or two every now and then with his guests, but evidently thinking of something quite foreign to the subject, except when, as ill luck would have it, the conversation accidentally recurred to my wretched self, my despised wife, or the miserable Joneses. The ladies talked scandal, played on the piano, and sang; but nothing could restore my aggrieved relative to permanent good humour. Even when Miss Seraphina Grubbins sat down at the instrument to ask Mr. Adolphus Polish, "Do you love me now as ever?" and when Dr. Cataplasm plaintively enquired of Mrs. Cutaway, what the wild waves might be saying, my Uncle continued plunged in his melancholy reverie, and seemed half unconscious of the musical treat provided for his enjoyment. Poor old gentleman! His friends departed a full hour earlier than usual; and the quiet young gentleman, who happened to be staying for a while under his roof, heard him walking about

his room till past midnight, with most determined tread, like a man who was obliged to "take up arms against a sea of troubles," and had resolved, by opposing, to end 'em !

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR Grubbins was horribly in debt,—steeped in it, as Othello says, "to the very lips." When he first came out to India, a slender twig of an Ensign, sixteen years of age, he laid, by a variety of petty extravagances, the foundations of that towering structure of pecuniary obligation which overshadowed him, indestructible and ever-increasing, throughout his career. How his debts multiplied, through purchasing horses and "steps," playing billiards, giving champagne tiffins, and so forth—or how they swelled (like the forms of the genii released from confinement) through the magic influence of a process which the Major could never precisely understand, but which is termed, in the commercial world, compound interest,—it is not the purpose of this veritable history to detail. Suffice it to say, that by the time he got command of his company, he was most inextricably and hopelessly involved. Habit, says the proverb, is second nature; and Grubbins, after a while, became accustomed to the state of insolvency, and wore his bankrupt honors bravely. Not a particle of silly sensitiveness had he ! 'Making a virtue of necessity, he laughed over his own misfortunes, and many a time and oft would set the table in a roar, by ludicrous descriptions of his own indebted condition, and entertaining stories of the *ruses*, by which he contrived to elude relentless creditors. If you could believe Grubbins, the insolvent state was

one of the most delicious in the world: full of pleasant financial puzzles for ingenuity to solve—of romantic surprises that broke the monotony of Indian life—of sudden and adventurous journeys—of disguises that would have engendered envy in the mind of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid himself. Treating arithmetic with contempt, and unable to do more than gués, in round numbers, at how much he owed, he lived a jocund life amidst troubles that would have been fatal to a more sensitive or scrupulous man. While some of his faculties were dulled, long habit had sharpened and brightened others; and he could detect a bailiff at a distance almost inconceivable, and select in a moment, out of twenty letters to his address, those nineteen which happened to be from duns.

The reader will be surprised to learn, that on the morning following the scene described in the preceding chapter, my Uncle Ben, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, ordered his carriage, and drove to the Major's. The house occupied by the Grubbinses was a large bungalow somewhat out of repair, situated in a very spacious enclosure or "compound;" and a peon was invariably stationed at the door for the purpose of watching for approaching visitors, and notifying to the Major within, what manner of persons were coming; so that he might be at home or not at home, as circumstances rendered convenient. The

Collector Sahib was always admitted as a matter of course; and when my Uncle, on this occasion, alighted and entered the breakfast room, he found Grubbins engaged at his morning repast, three vacant chairs and half-emptied plates indicating that the ladies, to avoid being surprised *en déshabille*, had just vanished.

Grubbins had a bottle of beer by his side, a large piece of muffin in his hand, and a huge bit of cold tongue upon his plate; but he jumped up instantaneously, and treading on the tail of a fat spaniel, too lazy to get out of the way, advanced towards my Uncle, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Now this *is* kind. Who'd have thought of seeing you so early. Sit down. Here, boy! a plate for Mr. Balderson. Take a glass of beer? Mrs. G. and the girls have bolted: thought it was some confounded dun, I'll be bound. Ha! ha! ha!"

My Uncle declined the plate and the beer. "I've already breakfasted, Major, and besides, I've come on business; so I'll just step into the drawing-room, whilst you and the ladies finish your meal;—and don't hurry on my account, I beg."

Grubbins would not have cared a pin's head if my Uncle had stayed, and his wife and daughters had deferred the completion of their breakfast till tiffin time; but Mr. Balderson walked into the next room immediately, and closed the door behind him, so there was no alternative but to recall the angels who had flown.

"What *can* the old fellow want?" said Grubbins to his wife and daughters, when they resumed their seats.

Mrs. Grubbins didn't know; Miss Seraphina couldn't think; and Miss Angelica hadn't the least idea. Nor could the Major answer his own question. The breakfast, therefore, was hastily finished: the ladies returned to their inner *sanctum*: and Grubbins repaired to the drawing-room to ascertain the business of my Uncle Ben.

The solution of the mystery was not long withheld.

"Grubbins," said Mr. Balderson, quite solemnly, "I told you last night that I had firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with my ungrateful nephew. You are aware that I have but few relatives in the world, and those distant ones; and I am not ashamed to confess that I looked upon Ned in the light of a son, and had determined to leave him the bulk of my property on my death."

("What *can* be coming," thought Grubbins.)

"Rather than that my money should be bestowed on mismanaged charities, or on hypocritical Missionary Societies, I vow to heaven that I would leave it to the greatest spendthrift in existence."

("Surely," Grubbins thought, "he can't be going to leave it to me?")

"I have made up my mind, Major, to do *well*, what my fool of a nephew has done so ill. Yes, I have determined to marry, and raise a family worthy of the Baldersons, to enjoy that wealth which the foolish boy might have possessed at my death, but which I swear shall never run the risk of being spent, directly or indirectly, by a vile set like the Joneses, or any of their connections!"

My Uncle Ben struck the table with his right hand as he spoke, and made the porcelain ornaments and glass scent-bottles shake dangerously.

("Now," thought Grubbins, "here's a slice of good luck. It's one of the girls he's after.")

My uncle changed his solemn tone, and said rapidly: "We're old friends, Major. I know you want a husband for your daughters. Seraphina is a con-foundedly nice girl; sings well, plays well, dances well; knows how to conduct herself like a lady, and to look down with proper contempt on those beneath her position in life. Now suppose I were to pay my addresses to Seraphina?"

Major Grubbins experienced quite an extacy of delight. He got up, rushed towards my Uncle Ben, grasped him by the hand, swore he did him honor, and declared that he should be proud—proud beyond measure—of his future son-in-law. With respect to his own debts, he said, he had no doubt been for the last five-and-twenty years struggling with pecuniary difficulties, but every man struggles with something or other, and he'd be hanged if he could see anything in debt that

was either dishonorable or disheartening: was there a finer woman than Mrs. G. in the whole Presidency?—were there any where more accomplished, dashing, well-dressed girls than Seraphina and Angelica?—and as for himself, he declared he was the happiest, jolliest dog alive. He never could understand figures—that was his misfortune, not his fault—but surely there was pleasure and gratification to be found around other tables than the multiplication one?

A great laugh followed this effusion; and then my Uncle Ben said he was glad beyond conception to find that he had gained the Major's consent to pay his addresses to the most charming girl in India; that he did not think the courtship would be of very long duration; and that he would bid the Major a very good morning, and take the liberty of calling again next day—upon the *ladies*. With a cordial shaking of hands, and warm expression of affectionate feeling, the two old gentlemen separated—Grubbins to convey the good news to the angels of his Paradise, and my Uncle to prepare for his coming campaign in the novel field of love.

CHAPTER IV.

MY Uncle, you may be sure, was as good as his word. Exactly as the clock struck 12, did his great, glittering, comfortable carriage draw up to the door of Major Grubbins; and depositing his card in the silver salver brought for its reception, he walked with an agile, youthful kind of gait into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Grubbins was seen rising, amid a

great rustling of muslin, from a large yellow ottoman, and advancing to meet him.

Low was his obeisance as he approached the lady of the mansion. He was attired in a bran new olive-colored coat, a handsome satin vest, a magnificent neck-tie, and trowsers of snowy white. In his hand he held a bran new black hat, and a pair of bran new white

kid gloves. His hair was brushed with extreme care, so as to conceal, as far as possible, its increasing thinness. His whiskers had a darker tinge than usual. In short, it was certainly Uncle Ben, but by no means the Uncle Ben of yore, that stood before Mrs. Grubbins. It was Uncle Ben in uniform; dressed, armed and accoutred, for his amatory campaign.

"Seraphina will be here immediately," said Mrs. Grubbins, plumping down again upon the yellow ottoman. "Angelica is not very well to-day. She has that horrid cough again. Poor thing, I hope she is not consumptive. The Doctor says it is nothing but the effect of the east wind; but I'm sure my own mother,—you recollect Lady Cromarty?—died of decline, and they *do* say consumption is hereditary."

O! foolish Mrs. Grubbins, thus to depreciate your family stock; and all with the view of letting Mr. Balderson know that your mother married old Sir Harry Cromarty!

However, my Uncle Ben was thinking far too much about his own valued person to pay attention to the remarks of Mrs. Grubbins. He gazed at his snowy trousers and polished boots, and thought to himself that he had a very well-shaped foot and leg, and had succeeded in setting both off to advantage.

A light step was heard in the next room; the door opened; and in came Seraphina, all ringlets and blushes.

My Uncle rose to do honor to the resplendent vision. He was happy to see Miss Seraphina looking so well; hoped she had not caught cold the evening she did

him the pleasure of dining with him; was sorry to hear Miss Angelica was not quite the thing, &c. &c. &c.

The trio were now seated. Mrs. Grubbins talked a deal about her family, and described all the varied accomplishments of the late lamented Lady Cromarty. Miss Seraphina spoke of music, dancing, dress, literature, society, riding, driving, and the weather. My Uncle Ben put in a word here and there. He was not expected to say much; and this was lucky, because he had all the more leisure to observe Miss Seraphina, and treasure up the memory of her graces, and her beauty.

Fearing to injure, by too long a stay, the favorable impression which his gentlemanly manners and gay attire must, he felt convinced, have made upon Miss Grubbins, my Uncle soon rose, shook hands, and bowed his adieu to the mother and daughter. As he stepped gracefully out of the room, he came into unexpected collision with Mrs. Cutaway, in a lilac dress, and white silk bonnet, with a glorious display of feathers.

"Sir! sir!" cried Mrs. Cutaway, catching at the wall to save herself from falling.

"A thousand pardons, madam!" said my Uncle, hurrying off as fast as possible.

"My dear Mrs. Cutaway!" exclaimed Mrs. Grubbins, rising to meet her visitor. And then turning to Seraphina, she added: "Is he not looking well, child? So tastefully dressed, so polished in his manners, and so graceful in his movements. You met him," (to Mrs. Cutaway) "as you came in?"

"O! extremely graceful, I'm sure," rejoined the lady, re-ar-

ranging her bonnet, and looking in the glass to make certain that her feathers were all right.

"He's meditating an alliance with our family," said Mrs. Grubbins, very complacently.

"What? the old Collector?"

"Yes; indeed!"

"I sincerely hope," said Mrs. Cutaway, who was given to satire, "he doesn't think that the Major's health is failing him, and wishes to secure a place in your affections against the time when you may be a blooming widow."

The face of Mrs. Grubbins flushed with something very like anger. "It's like *you*, Mrs. Cutaway, to talk in that manner. But whenever you are malicious, we always know you don't *mean* it. Mr. Balderson is a suitor for the hand of my dear Seraphina."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Cutaway. "Why, he's old enough to be her father."

"I have always considered," said Mrs. Grubbins, didactically, and with a very hard look at her fair visitor, "that that maturity of judgment which accompanies a discreet age, is of great service in checking the giddiness, flightiness, and proneness to ill-timed sarcasm, which are too often manifested by ladies who marry men of *their own years*, and are allowed to have their own way in every thing. The same remark was often made by my poor mother, the late lady Cromarty."

"And then Mr. Balderson," said Mrs. Cutaway, "is such a confirmed bachelor. He has told me a thousand times that he has not the slightest idea of marrying, that he could not survive the cares of the wedded state—and that he should be as jealous of a wife as — as —."

"As a certain lady I know is of her husband," interrupted Mrs. Grubbins, triumphing in the home-thrust she thus administered to her beloved friend.

"Now tell me, Seraphina dear," said Mrs. Cutaway, turning to the dark-eyed young lady, who was intently listening to what passed: "tell me, *could* you like old Mr. Balderson?"

Seraphina blushed, tossed her ringleted head, and was about to reply, when the door opened, and Mr. Adolphus Polish was announced.

Mr. Polish was attired in the first style of fashion, and wore an eye-glass ostensibly, because he was near-sighted, but really because he thought it a very fine and *distingué* sort of thing. He was evidently on the most friendly terms with the Grubbinses; and making a low bow to Mrs. Cutaway, shook Mrs. Grubbins heartily by the hand, and immediately entered into an animated conversation with Miss Seraphina, about various persons resident at Cloverabad, whose characters, conduct, and appearance, met with no mercy at his hands.

To return to Uncle Ben. On reaching home, he went whistling to his study, mightily well pleased with himself; and having divested himself of his visiting finery, he sat down, and despatched a couple of letters to Bombay, one to order a very handsome brooch set with diamonds, and a bracelet to match, for his dear Seraphina, (as he already termed her,) and the other to break off all connexion, acquaintance, and correspondence with my unworthy self.

Next forenoon, my Uncle received a note from Mrs. Grubbins,

inviting him to an unceremonious family dinner, an invitation which he accepted as a matter of course. He was determined not to let the grass grow under his feet. He spent a good hour in "adonis-ing," and manufactured, whilst dressing, several sweet little speeches, and gallant sayings, which he resolved to pour into the ear of the fair Seraphina in the course of the evening. My Uncle's servants looked admiringly at the worthy old gentleman, as he left the house, for they had never seen him so fine and gay before, and naturally supposed he was bent on some unusual achievement.

At the Major's all went merrily as a marriage bell. The

odious Polish was not there. Seraphina seemed all beauty, grace, and virtue. Mr. Balderson had abundant opportunities of saying the tender things he had premeditated, and availed himself, I need scarcely say, of every one of them. The young lady not only permitted his addresses, but even afforded him that kind of partial encouragement which, more than anything, warms the ardour of the lover. My Uncle went home in a half-bewildered state. O! foolish Uncle Ben! How *could* you, with your elderly visage, and your portly form, cheat yourself into the belief that you had succeeded in inspiring the dark-eyed Seraphina with the veritable passion of love?

CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks passed away. My Uncle, during that interval, was of course a daily visitor at the Grubbinses. Sometimes he was compelled to listen hour after hour to the Major's interminable stories of how he got into his difficulties, and how he fancied he got out of them; of hair-breadth 'scapes from the imminent deadly jail; of being taken by the insolent bailiff; of his redemption thence, and being "sold by *Billy Banian*;"—and sometimes my Uncle would meet the flippant and sarcastic Mrs. Cutaway, who never lost an opportunity of exercising her satirical talent at his expence, and whom he hated, consequently, with an immeasurable and everlasting hatred;—and sometimes, again, Polish would be found in the drawing-room, with his nicely-oiled hair, and his fashionable drawl, flattering Mrs. Grubbins

with deep flattery, and talking very soft nonsense to Miss Seraphina, a state of things intensely horrible and disgusting to my Uncle Ben. But then, to compensate for these unpleasanties, Mr. Balderson had on several occasions the ineffable pleasure of a tête-à-tête with Seraphina, on whose every tone and look he hung enraptured, as only lovers can hang; and he had also the gratification of presenting to her the brooch and bracelet set with diamonds, which he had obtained from Bombay, and which she accepted with a charming reluctance, and delightful agitation, that set the old gentleman's heart throbbing like—I know not what. Three weeks! And in one week more, one *little* week, my Uncle inwardly determined that he would propose. He had no doubt success would crown his endeavours; for the young

lady had been all kindness and good-nature, and her respected mother had thrown out many broad hints, and her worthy father had become quite confidential, and unfolded (for Mr. Balderson's edification,) his entire financial history, since his arrival in the country.

My Uncle was accustomed to ride out early in the morning upon a fat Arab with a long tail, and he very often would drop in at the Major's in a friendly way, and take a cup of tea with his prospective father-in-law. Upon such occasions the Major was invariably to be found in his sleeping-drawers, seated in an easy chair, with one leg, or haply both, extended on the table; and half a dozen dogs, of a charming variety of breeds, would be seen assembled round him, watching for such stray bits of bread and butter as Grubbins, in his liberality, from time to time threw to them.

One morning Mr. Balderson arrived at the door, as usual, and dismounting, walked into the verandah, expecting to see the Major taking his customary cup of tea. Neither the Major, nor his tea, however, was there. Some of the dogs were assembled, looking hungry and scared. Not a servant could be seen. The old gentleman sat down, and began to whistle. Very strangely thought he, that Grubbins should be out: I wonder if the emissaries of the law have boned him at last? Presently my Uncle heard a violent sobbing, then a prodigious groan; and ere he had time to reflect on these extraordinary phenomena, a door opened, and the Major and his wife came forward, the latter crying, and the former exhibiting a lengthened and sor-

rowful visage, half comic, half pitiable.

"My goodness!" cried my Uncle Ben, advancing to his friends, "what *can* have happened?"

"She's gone, Balderson," answered the Major, in a tone of anguish, "my daughter's gone!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed my Uncle, "*which* daughter? Surely not — not — my dearest —."

"Yes," said Grubbins, sinking helplessly into a chair, "Seraphina!"

My Uncle sat down too, and buried his head in his hands. After a moment's pause, he looked up and asked: "What was it? Cholera?"

"No," replied the Major, "Polish."

My Uncle groaned. This was really too much. She, who had been the idol of his adoration, the guiding star of his destiny—the centre of all his hopes—for three entire weeks, to be thus snatched from him, and by a Member of the same Service,—really, the cup of his sorrow was full!

But he recalled his manly energies. It would not do to betray weakness. He asked Grubbins for an account of the circumstances under which Seraphina had left Cloverabad; and the narrative was soon given,—a brief tale of faithlessness, deception, and sudden departure. Miss Seraphina had victimised my poor Uncle to please her mercenary parents: and when she found the matter becoming serious, had arranged with Mrs. Cutaway to proceed with her to Bombay, Mr. Adolphus Polish and Captain Cutaway accompanying the two ladies!

"What do you intend to do?" asked Mr. Balderson.

"Do?" said Grubbins, "indeed, I don't know. I should have been off to Bombay this morning, but that I have sure information that there is a rascally bailiff lurking about the camp, with a writ against me for ten thousand rupees."

"I'll go," said my Uncle. "I'll start immediately: give me authority to stop the marriage, if I'm in time, and I assure you I won't lose a moment."

"Why, my dear sir," said the Major, "I'm afraid there is no chance of your being in Bombay before the whole shameful business is over; but you have my full sanction to go, of course,—that is, provided you'll promise, in case you're successful, not to allow what has passed to interfere with ——— with ——— your own alliance with my daughter."

My Uncle gave a hurried consent, and rose to take his departure. As he left the house, Mrs. Grubbins poured out a perfect torrent of thanks upon the kind old gentleman, and I verily believe would have thrown her arms round his neck and hugged him, had she not been restrained by those considerations of feminine delicacy and propri-

ty, which she had always conspicuously manifested, from her boarding school-days upwards.

My Uncle started, and travelled to the good city of Bombay at a jolting, break-neck pace, stopping neither for rest nor refreshment on the way; but all his activity was of no avail, for the first news that greeted him on his arrival at Byculla, was that Adolphus Polish, Esquire, of the Civil Service, had been that morning united to Seraphina, eldest daughter of Major Grubbins, of the 31st Regiment of Native Infantry; Captain Cutaway of the Nabob's Irregular Corps, and his lady, being the only persons present to witness the ceremony.

The happy couple left for Poona immediately, from which place, I understand, Seraphina wrote a letter to her father, asking his forgiveness for the rash but necessary step she had taken. I am credibly informed that the Major was not inconsolable, and that Mrs. Grubbins, likewise, bore her grief with a philosophy that did her honor.

As for my poor Uncle, the next chapter will uplift the veil that conceals *his* sorrows. He may be for a while broken-hearted, but he will not perish utterly beneath the blow.

"I'M COMING HOME TO THEE."

AIR:—*Queen of the May.*

I.

On this, in all the weary years, that now have passed away,
This is the time I've longed for most, and prayed for day by day;
This is the time I scarcely hoped, yet now have lived to see,
For I'm coming home to thee, mother, I'm coming home to thee.

II.

They told me when I first arrived, and talked of only home,
As if those weary years had gone, before this time could come ;
That ere this time could come, mother, I should forgotten be,
Or ere this time could come, mother, I should care less for thee.

III.

But in those long and sleepless nights, and watching as I lay,
The broad moon in her splendour, turn the midnight into day,
I had no other thought, but when this time at length should be,
Of my going home to thee, mother, of going home to thee.

IV.

And sweetly in my ears would come, at dawning of the day,
When in her mournful splendour now the moon had stolen away ;
Oh sweetly in my ears would come, as if the voice was near,
The voice that has not called to me, for many a weary year.

V.

Then rushing to my circling arms, the loving tribe have run ;
Then tearful Eva's blue eyes gleam, like rain drops in the sun ;
While, as of old, with Millicent, contesting my embrace,
The golden locks of Madeline, come trembling on my face.

VI.

And filling all my eyes with tears, with thought of something gone,
And filling all my head with doubts, of something evil done ;
In Tiny's dear, dear voice I hear, some half-reproachful song,
As leaning on her harp she stills, the fond paternal throng.

VII.

But these were dreams ; and far away from where my heart has been,
The wave of life has carried me, through many a stormy scene ;
Through scenes which work a change in men—and haply change in me—
But not a change to thee, mother, but not a change to thee !

VIII.

Forgive me all the early cares which childish passion wrought ;
Forgive me, too, the wayward mood, which later boyhood brought ;
Forgive me all I fear to tell, yet had not strength to flee—
For I'm coming home to thee, mother, I'm coming home to thee.

IX.

Such prayer has often solaced me, though spoken not to you,
When all the night was dark, and blood was mingled with the dew ;
When muttering of the bygone day, we fed the struggling flame,
These thoughts would mount in prayer from me, and with that prayer your
name. ¶

X.

Once more in her embrace, she weeps at all those dangers past,
When on the scath'd and trampled plain, a thousand sons were cast ;
'Bove all the smiles of Providence, she thanks her God for this,
And in her eyes her gallant boy has *never* done amiss.

XI.

Ah, mother ! let me thank Him, too, that such a love as thine,
In all its depth and sanctity, may yet be claimed as mine :
And all that youth withheld till now, of mine, you yet shall see,
For I'm coming home to thee, mother, I'm coming home to thee.

A CHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.—NO. V.

' Who is this thiike old Bard which wonneth here ?
 This thiike old Bard, sira, is Dan Chaucer :
 Full Gentle Knight was he, in very sooth,
 Albee a little japepish in his youth,
 He caroll'd deftly to his new p'sautry,
 And eke couth tellen tales of jollity,
 And sanga of solace all the livelong day,
 Soote as the ouzle or throstell in May,
 Withouten words mo, a merie maker he,
 * * * * *
 O pleasant Poete thy selven solace here,
 And merie be thy heart, old Dan Chaucer."

For Chaucer's Bourne,

W. THOMPSON—1746.

' Dan Chaucer, the first Warbler, whose sweet breath,
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill,
 The spacious times of Great Elizabeth,
 Withe sounds that echo still."

TENNYSON.

*From Peter Ovidius Naso Jones, Esquire, India, to the Lady Jemima
 Jingle, Belgravia, London.*

MY Uncle turned to the great Philo, laying his hand gently on the other's heart. "Can we, as gentlemen, (cried he,) go on at this coercive rate? Do you still cling to your system of the omnipotence of mind over matter?" The philosopher stared at the unusual temerity displayed by my uncle, who never, till now, had ventured to impugn, or adumbrate, or offuscate, his illuminated metaphysics, and he bounced out with a thunderbolt of a fact that made my uncle's brain spin like a tectotum. "A little circumstance occurred the other day," said he, "which shows how I am proceeding. In my neighbour's orchard I fell from a pear tree. You know what a discovery an apple falling upon the cranium of a philosopher occasioned; it set him a-thinking; and Newton discovered Gravitation; that was lucky! But when I plumped down from the pear tree, I discovered what out-gravitates Gravitation, the omnipotence of mind over matter! As I was falling I resolved not to hurt myself! And so it happened I came down with full calmness of intellect, and without a scratch!"

In this same sublime and surpassingly placid frame of mind, it will not, my dear Coz, appear strange to you that I feel extremely indifferent to any judgment you may pass upon the Saturnian couplets, with which I thought fit to saturate you in my last letter; and as for other critics, I warn them to remember what Horace says in the matter of Trimeter Iambics generally, in his poem "De Arte Poeticâ:"

"Non quivis videt immodulata poemata Iudex
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis,"

which Ben Jonson renders—

"But every Judge hath not the faculty
 To note in poems breach of harmony:"

and Jones modulates into,

"Critics, beware, silence is far discreeter
 Than silly snarling at a poet's metre."

VOL. I.—NO. VIII.

You will remark very justly, that my last lucubration had a great deal to do with every body but Chaucer; but you will hardly have failed to perceive, that I write chattily de Chaucer, 'et quibusdam aliis,' and am in fact, so to speak, very highly charged with *eclecticity*, and you may take my word for it, that some supercilious sump will be found ready to charge me with uttering a libel upon poor old Geoffrey, because I do not parade him, like the Ghost in Hamlet, in the same old world apparel, and sable silvered beard he wore in life. A libel on Chaucer! Why, my dear Madam—if I were at this moment lucky enough to be able to walk into Westminster Abbey, and old Chaucer unfortunate enough, to be able to raise himself up for a matter of ten minutes or so, in his grave, he would infallibly accost me in some such fashion as this—"Ah, my dear sir! I am really delighted to make your acquaintance. I am undersome obligations to you, sir. I left a number of remarkably pretty women, some four hundred years ago, muffled up like so many mummies in a kind of scabrous and rough-hewn old verbiage borrowed from extremest antiquity, out of which I never thought any body would be at the trouble to unroll them. You must know, sir, that the writings of the Greeks were inaccessible to me; I knew somewhat to be sure of Latin and French and Italian, but what much pleasanter languages Virgil and De Lorris, and Petrarch and Boccaccio had to deal with? Ah, sir, I wrote in an obscene and barbarous age; I had none but the worst models before me; and in addition to my labours

of imagination, I 'had a language to construct in which to express my conceptions;' I had 'to restore to credit a language which had been sunk into vulgarity and contempt, by being considered as a language of slaves,' and my writings are associated with the first half-assured lispings of civilisation.

"I was in a dark and dreamy kind of a condition—

"In playne English evill writtin,
For slepe writir, well ye wittin,
Excusid is though he do mis,
More than one whiche that wakin is,
Wherefore here of your gentillesse,
I you require my bolstrousness,
Ye lettin passe as thinge rude."

CHAUCER'S DREAM.

"I never expected to be half so famous, I'm sure, and I really am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about my young women—*eyatch-e-e-e-e*, bless me, I never remember the Abbey so chilly, (*another sneeze.*) I must wish you good night, sir. Dear me, how the place is crowded—what's this? John Duke of Argyll? David Garrick? I say, are there any poets among these chaps? Dear me, it must be a very damp evening. Good afternoon, sir; you may do what you please with the women—don't trouble yourself to call again. Good night!" and so saying, old Geoffrey Chaucer would pull up his marble counterpane, and subside again into that *fame-full* repose to which his labours in the flesh so justly entitle him. So let us hear no more of libel. The fact is, that no person can effectuate sound criticism unless he be sound in health, and ripe in years, knowledge, and judgment; whereas now-a-days critics are either sucking or septuagenarian—sciolous or solemn, reminding one involuntarily in the first case, of that instance

of prodigious precocity recorded by Sterne in *Tristram Shandy*, when speaking of that miracle of learning, who was said to have "composed a work the day he was born," respecting which Uncle Toby so well observed, "They should have wiped it up, and said no more about it;" and in the second case of that profound Spanish proverb, which affirms, that "the most solemn bird is an owl—the most solemn fish is an oyster—the most solemn beast is an ass—and the most solemn man is an *ass* also." Well! well! what a blessed state of things must have existed in those glorious days of good Queen Bess in Englande, when the old chronicler Hollingshed could thus write: "In my time our lande did yeelde no asses." I am sadly afraid they have become naturalised in India by a preference for mild climates, for Pliny says, "*Ipsum animal (asinus) frigoris maxime impatiens*," and Herodotus has a similar remark.

Now do not run away with the notion that this outburst about criticism is caused by any sensitiveness as to what any of that family, may, can, might, could, would, or should have said of me; on the contrary the worst they can say is more likely to gain me reputation and fame, than the most fulsome praises; and what a poor hollow shadow that said fame and reputation is after all: I incline to agree with Iago—"It is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving." And then how many *miss* who most deserve to *win* it, and how many achieve it by the merest accident—the chance memory of a

chronicler, the fortuitous friendship of a great man, are quite sufficient to preserve or to obscure a name, without any efforts of its owner, almost for all time, while conduct the most heroic, and courage the most sublime, have failed, alas! too often, to rescue mighty deeds from silence and oblivion.

Who knows the name of the Norwegian soldier, who held the bridge at Stamford on 25th September 1066, single-handed, against the whole English Army? William of Malmesbury records the deed and the date, but *names* not the *Hero*.* Who ever heard of Tom Brown of Bland's regiment, who at the battle of Dettin-gen, in 1743, re-captured his regimental standard from "the French Army, in the midst of a tremendous fire, receiving eight cuts in the face, head and neck, two balls lodged in his back, and three through his hat, his nose and upper lip were nearly severed from his face, a terrible gash from the top of his forehead, across his left eye, two other wounds on the forehead, and two on the back of the neck, besides having two fingers of the bridle hand chopped off, and two horses killed under him," (*vide Hone's Every-day Book*, page 726.) Now what you anxiously inquire did fame do for Tom Brown? Why, simply this. She casually mentioned that his father was a Blacksmith, and that "his regiment welcomed him back into their ranks with three huzzas, such as none but Britons know how to give."—Huzzas! after all these cuts, I should have thought the regiment had received back a whole

* *Vide Saxon Chronicle*—p. 440.

squadron of *Hussars*! for poor Tom must have returned in detachments at least, if not in sections or subdivisions, but fame notwithstanding resolved to give him one more "*cut*," and accordingly a wood-cut engraving was published, representing three or four Frenchmen hacking at Brown, and a few others occupied in firing pistols at him—*price one shilling!* There! twelve pence for Brown! Since which fame has dropped his acquaintance, and *cut* him altogether. When Darius was in full retreat before the army of the Scythians, Herodotus mentions that there was in the army of Darius an *Ægyptian* very remarkable for the loudness of his voice; the bridge had been partially broken up by the Ionian allies, the Danube was roaring and rushing in front, the Scythians coming up hand over hand behind;—this loud-voiced man approached "the Banks of the Ister, and shouted, at Darius's command, with all his strength, 'Oh Histiceus, the Milesian,'—Histiceus heard him, and approaching with all the fleet, enabled the Persians to re-pass by again, forming a bridge." Now it has always appeared to me that this man was mainly the means of saving the whole Persian army. Yet fame has not allowed the possessor of these lusty lungs to fill her trumpet even *once* with the sound of his own *fame*.

Again, there was once upon a time a son of Neptune, whose uncontrollable courage incited him to capture a hostile fort, single-handed. Does any body know his name? * the deed was done almost in our own days, and under

our very noses. Was he a boat-swain or a coxswain, or the captain of a top; or one of the after-guard, or a mere "waister," or perhaps only a modest unimagina-tive marine. Fame does not care which. All she has told us is, that he got snubbed for his pains, and resolved magnanimously, that in all time to come no arguments should ever induce him to take another fort, and he deserves renown for the honest avowal, and yet nobody knows his name even! while every schoolboy is conversant with the story of Erostratus, and every dyspeptic dunderhead of a school-master is concerned in knocking it into the skulls of Eurasian orphans, even in India. So that a gentleman who richly deserved, if not hanging, at least to be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in banishment to the East coast of Martaban, or some similar locality, is immortalized! and as Shakespeare says—

"The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it."

So much for the first division of my discourse. *Secondly*, as to the fortuitous friendship of a great man as a means to fame, "*L'Ami-tié dun Grand Homme, est un bien fait des cieux*," says a French celebrity. Suppose we endeavor to catalogue the most eminent examples of friendship which the history of the world records. I have never met with a book which contains a mention of them in column, but the following come readily to mind:—

David and Jonathan.
Damon and Pythias.
Castor and Pollux.
Pylades and Orestes.
Alexander and Hephæstion.

* His name was Strahan. The curious reader will find a minute account of him in Ives' *Voyage and Historical Narrative*.—EDITOR.

Achilles and Patroclus.
Theseus and Perithous.
Scipio and Lælius.
Nisus and Euryalus.
Brutus and Cassius.
Cicero and Atticus.
Cato and Hortensius.
Æneas and Achates.
Pericles and Anaxagoras.
Harmodius and Aristogiton,
Eudamidas and Aretheus.

I have no leisure to search for others; they must lie over for a future edition; but the names of fully two-thirds of these would never have survived to become "familiar in our mouths as Household Words," had they not happily been paired off in friendship with great and illustrious men. They owe their celebrity, not to any merits of their own, but to this sole circumstance; and *single* they would long ere this have been swamped in the "eternal surge of time and tide."

"Strength will be lord of imbecility," says that wisest of mortals, Shakespeare; and this, as Mrs. Trollope says, is "a truth in one little line, which knocks down and rolls in the dust for ever, that vainest of all human notions—*equality*. If God had intended that men should be equal, he would not have made one a *Newton* and another a *Ninny*," but none in my catalogue are either Newtons or ninnies exactly.

It needeth not to tell you, how the soul of David was knit to the soul of Jonathan; how his love was wonderful and passing the love of women; how his friendship ceased not with the death of its object, but that he shewed kindness to the son of Jonathan for his father's sake. I would only remind you how far more important a position, how far larger a space, David occupies in the History of Mankind, and that it is the recurrence of David's name

which summons up that of Jonathan to our memory—not Jonathan's that of David.

Had Hephæstion devoted himself to the friendship of one of Alexander's Lieutenants, he would not have been half so famous as 'Bucephalus' even; who it turns out, instead of being a wild, unbroken colt, was an aged sedate coach horse, when Alexander first backed him. Such a liar is fame.

Had Patroclus never had the good fortune to share the tent of his friend, and occasionally to appear in the field in the regimentals of Achilles, he never would have been accounted much of a warrior; and his death was only of importance, in that it was the occasion for Achilles to forget his resentment against Agamemnon, in order that he might have an opportunity of hacking Hector's helm to pieces.

Perithous is principally famed for an intense admiration of Theseus, even before he saw him, and for going out as a king to wage battle against Theseus, and at the first encounter, for throwing away his sword, and shaking hands with his adversary in a most cordial and affectionate manner, saying, probably, "A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal friendship," which was of course done on the spot, and shortly afterwards Perithous has the further merit of not losing his temper, when Theseus, having tossed up "Heads or Tails," or "the best of three throws doublets," won from his friend the beautiful daughter of Leda; but for these passages of courtesy with the king of Athens,—Perithous would never have occupied so much of the world's regard as Mr. Day or Mr. Martin, or even Mr. War-

ren, who formerly resided at No. 30, Strand!

There were several Scipios and two Læliuses, and I fancy no body will be inclined to doubt that Lælius, "the wise" though he were called, was as eminent on account of Cicero's mention of him as the friend of Scipio—"the Conqueror of Hannibal,"—as for any other distinction.

Brutus was a greater man than Cassius, but they were well linked; Brutus will hold the first place ever, but yet, he said of his friend over his body in the battle field,—

"Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe
more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me
pay:
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time."

SHAKESPEARE.

A very true and beautiful rendering of the real speech, which alone was sufficient to make Cassius famous.

Of the accomplished and admirable Atticus I have no desire to record one depreciating word; it suffices for my argument, that his correspondence with Cicero has done his name no disservice, but the contrary.

Had Cato, the sententious, never lent his lady to his friend Hortensius, it is highly probable that no more would have been known of the gentleman than of the complaisant consort of Cato. In fact there was another Hortensius, who, if fame had done her duty to posterity, being a prætor, consul, orator, poet, and historian, should by every rule of right have been more celebrated.

Of Achates, it may be simply sufficient to say that a gentleman who was called the "Fidus Amicus" of a son of Venus, the Queen

of Love and Beauty,—a son, too, who in the face of the whole Gentile world of Europe, horse, foot, and dragoons, carried his respected Governor pick-a-back out of the ruins of burning Troy, may very well come down to posterity endorsed by Virgil, and chronicled by the poets of Greece as the friend of Æneas.

Of Pericles, whose eloquence was so elevated and powerful, that it was said of him, that he thundered and lightened in his speeches; and whose countrymen called him "The Olympian:" all men will be ready to admit the celebrity; and when that careful Grecian Thirwall records, that "not only his public and private deportment, and his habits of thought, but the tone and style of his eloquence, were believed to have been formed by his intercourse with Anaxagoras," they will assuredly say that such a friend was an inestimable treasure, and that it is meet, as Shakespeare says—

"All friends shall taste the wages of their
virtue;"

and go down to posterity, in death as in life, undivided.

Harmodius and Aristogiton,—hand in hand the gallant youths advance; their fame has been sung and chronicled by Thucydides, Pausanias, Suidas, Athenæus, Simonides, and Callistratus. A Lord Chief Justice of England, (Denman) has translated a Greek ode, Sir William Jones has written a Latin one, in their praise; the Lady who was beloved by Harmodius, bit her own tongue off under the torture of the tyrant Hippias, rather than disclose the names of the deliverers of their country. The Athenians, "to reward the patriotism

of these illustrious citizens, made a law, that no others should ever bear the honoured names of Aristogiton and Harmodius." Statues were erected in their honor, yet notwithstanding all this, there are crusty commentators of modern times, who are bold enough to assert, that to talk of the love of liberty prevailing at Athens, in its declining state, is little better than nonsense, and that after all Hipparchus was no tyrant, and Harmodius and Aristogiton were mere vulgar assassins ! Truly (Shakespeare again)

" Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best."

An Edinburgh Reviewer says :
" Amidst the doubts and contradictions of historians and philosophers—Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plato—it is difficult not to believe that the action thus commemorated, though prompted, perhaps, like the revolt of William

Tell, by private injury, was an example of that rude justice, whose ambiguous morality is forgiven for its signal public benefits. Something of greatness and true splendour there must have been about a deed, of which the memory was cherished as an heirloom by the whole Athenian community of freemen, and made familiar by constant convivial celebration. Not until the decline of Attic liberty, and the approach of universal degradation, did a comic writer presume to sneer at the Lay of Harmodius, as wearing out of fashion. It was an ill sign of the poet to indulge in such a sneer, and it was a worse sign of the people to endure it." (*Edinburgh Review*, No. cxii.) Sir W. Jones asks :

" Quis myrtæa ensem fronde reconditum
Cantabit ? illum civibus Harmodi
Dilecte servatis, nec ullo
Interritur die tenebas," &c. &c.

And the ode of Callistratus has been thus translated—

" Wreathed with myrtle be my glaive,"
Wreathed like yours, proud chiefs, when ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens Liberty.

" Dearest youths, ye are not dead,
But in Islands of the blest,
With Tydean Diomed,
With unmatched Achilles rest.

" Yes, with wreaths my sword I'll twine,
Wreaths like your's, ye tried and true !
When at chaste Athena's shrine,
Ye the base Hipparchus slew,

" Bright your deeds beyond the grave !
Endless your Renown ! for ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens Liberty !"

But the almost ludicrous part of the whole matter is, that " it is solely as associated with the noble ode in honor of the Athenian patriots, that the name of Cal-

listratus remains hallowed in our memories ;" that ode may be called the national anthem of Athens, and was sung at their theatres and places of public

entertainment, in alternate parts, the whole assembly joining in chorus. Bishop Lowth, in his sacred poesy of the Hebrews, regrets that the Romans had no such Hymns. "Plus meherculê valuisset unum Harmodiou Melos quam Ciceronis Phillipicæ omnes." (*Vide Peter's Poets and Poetry of the Ancients.*) And yet of the four Gentlemen who bore the name of Callistratus, a comedian, a soldier, an orator, and a poet, the only thing at all certain, seems to be that the last, *the poet*, was *not* the author of the ode, for the very satisfactory reason that, like Townshend, the Bowstreet officer in the Ballad, "he wasn't born till arter that;"—but who of the others deserves the credit, I'll be hanged if fame or any body else can tell! Rightly argued fat Falstaff—"who hath honor? He that died 'o Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? *Detraction will not suffer it.*"

Eudamidas and Aretheus—who the deuce were they? Why, they were very fast friends; and I have had so much trouble in finding the old Greek author who mentions them, that I cannot resist the impulse which says, "Let the critics search him out for themselves." I should, perhaps not have mentioned them at all, for their friendship was more affecting than famous, more firm and more abiding than extensively celebrated, or frequently followed. Yet when Andrew Bell and Colin Macfarquhar wrote a letter in 1797 from Edinburgh to George III., telling him that they were the proprietors of a

work which was called the "ENCYCLOPÆDIA Britannica," a new and improved edition, of which they then and there requested permission to lay at the feet of their sovereign, they did not forego the opportunity it gave them of rendering honor due to the friendship of "Eudamidas and Aretheus," and in the article on "Friendship," which that well known work contained, with the exception of the indissoluble "Damon and Pythias," those two were more honourably noticed than any others; and the writer even went so far as to say, that it was the "single instance which bore even a faint similitude to *that one* among all the memorable examples of friendship,—which have been celebrated with the highest encomiums of the ancients,—which was pre-eminently marked by the display of all the most distinguished features of exalted amity," the affecting circumstances of which are recorded in the 26-27 verses of XIX. chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Have Eudamidas and Aretheus dwelt with posterity according to their deserts? Oh! Fame, I trow *not*. But "come, sermon me no further," I think I hear you say; "leave 'Epoptics,' and return to your cheerful tone of confidential consanguineous chit-chat; we have had enough of friendship?" Well! but is it not remarkable how much more friendly and affectionate the ancients were than the moderns? Who ever heard of any *very* intimate associate, any "heart's best brother," as Coleridge hath it; any real and true "*Yar Wuffadar*," as Ferdousi would call him; who possessed the confidence and regard of Oli-

ver Cromwell, William Tell, Sir Isaac Newton, Charles XII., Peter the Great, Wallenstein, Marlborough, Napoleon, and a host of others, who in the trying circumstances of their several careers, might have found consolation from reciprocal regard. Frederick the Great and Voltaire were to be sure '*vulgariter*' very thick, but

"Thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline !
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted ne'er to meet again !
And neither heat or frost or thunder
Could wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been."

He of the Jack Boots, made an offering to the Muses. He of the Pen, sacrilegiously abstracted it. The Prussian poetry was rescued from the French genius on the frontier, and the Monarch and the Philosopher

"Stood aloof, the scars remaining"

for the rest of their natural lives.

There are doubtless many other notable instances of friendship, which might be added to this somewhat diffuse dissertation. In some the humbler friend has come down to us under a fictitious cognomen, but still "who would not weep for Lycidas?" and how few know that he was drowned some two hundred years ago, off Holyhead; while they call to mind the immortality he derives from Milton—

"But oh ! the heavy charge, now thou art
gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must re-
turn !
For Lycidas is dead ; dead e'er his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer,
Oh, who would not weep for Lycidas !"

But—do not weep—at least not just now—dry your tears with the recollection of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; what say you to them? Socrates, Plato, and Truth! a history which, albeit imbibed with the bread and butter of early boyhood, has always been regarded by me with unworthy suspicion, partly from the unusual circumstance, of its having been a tripartite treaty, and the strong impression, that friendship to be very intimate, very confidential, and very cordial, can hardly extend its regards to a third party. You, I, and the post, may be all very well; Truth, Socrates, and Plato, may certainly get on together; but, that Brown, Jones, and Robinson, did not seriously and maliciously try their best to duck one another on that bathing excursion, I refuse solemnly to believe; and furthermore, upon my word, with some regret I have come to consider the natant triumvirate in the light of myths, and thus ends my lecture "*de amicitia*" with a stanza from Edmund Spenser, who "saw these fond friends walk in the garden of the "Temple of Love" as described in Book iv. *Can'to* x., Stanza xxvii.—*Faery Queen*.

"Such were Great Hercules and Hylas, dear,
True Jonathan, and David trusty tried;
Stout Theseus, and Perithous, his Feare;
Pylades, and Orestes by his side,
Mild Titus and Gysippus without pride;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever,
All these, and all that ever have been tied
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives, although decayed, yet loves decayed never."

All this will be called "non-sense," and "slang," and "skin-deep learning," and "twaddle," I know. It cannot be helped. My firm persuasion is with Sterne—"Every thing in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out,"—and, moreover, that as Wesseling says, "There are some individuals of such wretched wayward tempers, that since the discovery of good wholesome corn, they still prefer feeding on acorns," and such must select their own diet and their own companions.

You will readily perceive, that the preceding observations naturally lead me to consider the personal appearance, manners, and peculiarities of the "Goddess Fame," 'as she appeared to Chaucer in a dream.' With Pope's 'Temple of Fame,' written in the year 1711, you are doubtless acquainted. Pope says, "The hint of it was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame, but the design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment." Upon which Godwin observes, "Pope's performance, in spite of his affected intimation to his readers, (above given) may afford, to a person unfamiliarised with the phraseology of the elder poet, a tolerably exact idea of the third Book of the House of Fame, though stripped of much of the wild and impressive boldness of our venerable Bard."

Jones does not lay claim to any "Impressive Boldness," but Jones's eye can occasionally roll in a remarkably fine phrensy. A "muse of fire" occasionally visits Jones—Jones is not afraid there-

fore of Pope or Cardinal—either, so

"Stir your stumps,"
"A Fireman, and afraid of Bumps!"—
Never.

Pope's Version is suggested by Chaucer's, and is in different metre. Jones will follow Chaucer as near as may be in Chaucer's own octo-syllabic, and will not refer to Pope's poem till his work is done. It is proper however *in limine* to give you an abstract and brief chronicle of Chaucer's poem, condensing as much as possible, and drawing slightly upon the outline given by Godwin.

On a certain 10th of December, then, Chaucer had a dream, and he commences the narration of it, by heartily praying that all who doubt it, and indulge in criticism arising from "malicious intention," "presumption," "hate," "scorn," "envy," "spite," or other "felony," may, without *benefit of clergy*, be incontinently strung up and hanged;—just as Croesus, King of Lydia, was; and to my thinking they would equally deserve the punishment, if they dare to fall foul of this paper. Godwin observes—"It is not probable that Chaucer would have stained his page with, what he truly calls, so uncharitable a wish, if his productions had not been exposed to censure and criticism, and if he had not been unduly sensible to what carpers and cavillers alleged against them. It is a matter of some curiosity for us to figure to ourselves the sort of animadversions and mockeries, with which the 'beaux esprits,' of the fourteenth century affected to amuse and instruct their gaping audiences: and we are bound to recollect, that though reviewers and journalists are the spawn of a more recent period, yet Homer had his

Zoilus, Virgil his Bavius, and Chaucer his nameless adversary, whose censures, as we are taught on his occasion, he could not hear without some diminution of his Christian charity." The first book of the House of Fame is mainly devoted to a description of the "Temple of Venus," made of glass, and adorned with 'portraits' drawn from the "Æneid." While contemplating this "Crystal Palace," an eagle of colossal size, "soaring fast by the sun," pounces down and clutches hold of Chaucer by the waistband of his Femoralia, (the Tailors have another name for them.) He supposes at first, that he is in process of translation to the distinguished post of "a burning taper of the sky," and he revolves in his mind doubtless his capacity for "twinkling." The eagle, however, sets his mind at ease by acquainting him that he need not be alarmed, that Jupiter being pleased with his description of young women downstairs, has determined to reward him by giving him a glimpse of "the House of Fame." The eagle, moreover, who must have been a French eagle from his exceeding volubility, launches out at some length into a philosophical disquisition intended to instruct Chaucer in the principles upon which the House of Fame was constructed—with which I need not trouble you, except that from the description, it is clear that the building abounded with thorough draughts, "airs from Heaven," and blasts from" the other place, "sweet winds that gently kiss the

trees" *silently*, and "mutinous winds that struck the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun," with a good deal of unpleasant *noise* probably. At last he arrives at 'The House of Fame,' which shining at a distance, like a diamond in an Æthiop's ear, and glistening like burnished metal, turns out not to be "true as steel," but built of cold and soluble ice, preserving those names freshest which are recorded on the side which is sheltered in the shade of this most unsubstantial chateau. The niche in its pinnacles are occupied by figures of celebrated Soprani, Bassi, Figurantes, Trumpeters, Ballad Singers, Tragedians, Jugglers, also Doctor Faustus, and a few pre-eminently frightful witches. Entering the building, he saw the goddess, "The Ladye of Fame and Renown;" what he thought of her I am presently to tell you. She was holding a Court, receiving petitions and applications, and listening to suitors; Æolus the Ventose is summoned, and attends with two trumpets, one of pure gold—

Out of whose mouth the breath that went,
Filled all the air with rosy scent :*

the other of brass, from whence

Did black and mildewed smoke proceed,
With most infernal stench indeed.†

And this is the way the Ladye Fame dealeth with her petitioners. The first company who have deserved well by worthy deeds, get no blast of praise at all; the second equally deserving, annoy her with the application, and she treats them to a blast from the

* And certes all the brethe, that went
Out of this Trumpe's mouthe, smelde,
As men a pot full of baume helde
Among a basket full of roses.—VEN. 594.

† Smoke blacke, blue and grenlache, swartlache, rede,
And it stanke as the pitte of Hell.—VEN. 597.

'brazen trump of slander. The third company, whose deserts are precisely similar, but whose luck is greater, obtain a praise beyond their due deservings ! A set of modest, honest men, merely ask that their "merits may blush unseen." They want no fame, but an approving conscience; they get none; but another application of a similar nature is treated by the capricious deity with reproaches for their contempt of fame, and they are treated unwillingly to such a flourish of the golden trumpet, that all the world resounds with it. Of two companies with unworthy motives equally disgraceful, one is successful, and the other refused; and a band of wicked men in two parties approaching, one of them entreats to be made renowned for virtues they never possessed, and are refused, and the second unblushingly ask to be universally spoken of for their dishonest and atrocious crimes, and their request is granted. Well may ancient Pistol and his boy agree to give up all their fame for "a pot of

ale and safety;" it is an even swap.

There is no occasion to follow Chaucer and his eagle to the "House of Tydings," constructed of twigs, and shaped like a cage, and always whirling round and round; doors and windows numerous, and all wide open; avenues on all sides crowded with gossips, evil speakers, liars, and slanderers, uttering whispers and oaths; truths and lies struggling together for a passage, and not otherwise able to escape to the lower world than by entering into *partnership*, and travelling together; travellers, couriers, sailors, adventurers, all busily occupied in opening and unpacking boxes of lies, "neat as imported," "wholesale, retail, and for exportation," "going off at a tremendous sacrifice," "a liberal deduction to the trade," "of the very best material," "warranted to last," "the only remedy for lowness of spirits," "to be had literally for less than prime cost," "such an opportunity never occur again," &c. &c. &c.

"Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks;
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of Earth:
Upon my tongue continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. VII.—THE GENTLE LADYE FAME.

Thou God of science and of light,
Apollo! aid me while I write.
All mortal bards, to thee do owe,
That their numbers even flow,

A Chat about the Women of Chaucer.

A chord from thy most tuneful lyre,
Doth froward words with awe inspire.
Doth rule the rugged, sue the smooth,
The harsh and hard to softness soothe,
Till syllables obedient move
In march of harmony and love :
Oh ! then thy friendly succour bring,
The while the House of Fame I sing,
And thine own cherished laurel tree,
For aye adored and lov'd shall be.

Crowning a huge and lofty rock,
Which seemed to scorn the tempest's shock,
A palace rose from out the plain,
Higher than chateau e'er in Spain.
Whose topmost summit to attain,
Mere human struggles seem'd in vain ;
But up with toil and labour vast,
I climbed, I strove, achieved at last ;
The rock which shone like solid glass,
Not e'en a Crystal Palace was :
Its brilliant rays, alas ! *I feel*
Reflected ice, not gleaming steel ;
The names of heroes, dead and gone,
Live not in metal or in stone,
Recorded ; there they liquefy,
Are merged in doubt, or melt and die ;
While those alone least quickly fade,
Which sleep unseen amid the shade !
Alas ! the preacher well may cry,
All 'neath the Sun is Vanity !

Within a hall of shining gold,
A crowd of beings I behold,
While mighty shouting rends the air,
In praise of her, the Goddess fair,
The well-loved gentil Ladye Fame,
And all who seek from her a name ;—
' All hail ! ' ' Largesse ! ' the cries resound,
While untold wealth is flung around.
Crowns, ribands, purple robes, they wear,
And stars and garters everywhere,
Heralds in gorgeous guise arrayed,
' Or, — ' argent, ' — ' azure ' — ' gules ' displayed.
Escutcheons, — blazons, — banners bright,
Flash hue-full on the astonished sight.
And standards flaunt them forth unfurled,
From every nation of the world.
And yet, alas ! that spacious hall
Had room, and to spare, I ween, for all !—

With gems and rubies richly dight,
High on a throne of anthracite,*

* Chaucer says carbuncle, but Pliny says both are coals, and he describes them as precious stones, " wherein there is a resemblance of sparks of fire," and in much favour with Royalty.

A female form there sat. — And ne'er
 Did Nature, since the world's first year,
 In all her strangest freaks, I ween,
 Produce so very quaint a queen !—
 At first, in size, she seemed to be
 Exiguous exceedingly,
 An elfin, fairy, pigmy sprite,
 A human hand's breadth scarce in height ;
 But as I gazed,—the Lady grew
 Gigantic, lofty, to my view,
 Her feet still touching the terrene,
 Her top knot swept the empyrean,
 And glittered there, as tho' 'twere fain,
 To vie with gleaming Charles Wain.*
 More wonders yet ;—to my surprise
 Her robe was gemm'd with myriad eyes ;
 Urania's form in gayest mood
 A garb so starry never wooed ;
 Not Juno's bird was e'er supplied
 With Argus gaze so multiplied ;†
 Wavy and crisp her golden hair,
 Like lambent flames, played here and there,
 She had as many ears as eyes,
 And tongues arithmetic defies,
 Wearing, beside, a pair of wings,
 She sees, she hears, pursues and brings,
 All gossip of sublunar things,
 To that chill icy House of Fame,
 To fashion into praise—-or blame !—
 But how in fitting strain relate
 The richness of that lady's state ?
 Sweet sounds are heard around on high,
 Attuned to meekest harmony,
 The wafted words in dulcet tone,
 Fill all the air around the throne,
 Thus might Calliope divine,
 In song, heroic deeds enshrine,
 Thus with her sister's minstrelsie
 Embalmed, great names might never die,
 But live in fame eternally :
 Yet still the burthen was the same,
 In praise of her with loud acclaim,
 The Goddess of Renown and Fame.
 Her cloak enwrought with names like these—
 Great Alexander—Hercules,—‡
 Alas ! the mighty Monarch's life
 Passed not amid the battle strife,
 But at the revel and the feast
 As perisheth the mindless beast ;

* And with her hedde she touched Heven
 There as shinith the steris seven.—CHAUCER.

† Chaucer goes to the Apocalypse for a simile, whither I do not follow him, and resisting the rhyme, have substituted Urania and the peacock, which are not in Chaucer.

‡ Chaucer only saw there two names embroidered on the Goddesses robe, and Pegasus somewhat disgusted at the selection, naturally gets the bit between his teeth, and gallopeth away somewhat out of Chaucerian course.

And Jove's great son, whose godlike toil
Did Serpents, Hydras, Giants spoil,
Who slew the Dragon, robbed the fruits,
Killed Cerberus and other brutes,
Sank down subdued at last to die,
Poisoned by woman's jealousy,*
Ah ! why to Fame should such ascend
Who make a vile, inglorious end ?
And thus in dreaminge and in game,
Endith this litil Booke of Fame.

Now before you hastily condemn this version, will it please you to refer to the original, and you will perceive what I have always laid stress upon; viz. the unintelligibility of Chaucer to modern readers : you will find the passage, which I have attempted to modernize, in the III. Book of the House of Fame ; indeed, the first and the last couplet of my version, commence and conclude the book in Chaucer's own words.

Thomas Campbell, the author of the Pleasures of Hope, in an early lecture on poetry, to the students at Glasgow—if I remember right—has these words : “ Chaucer, for want of style, left the English language unfixed and barbarous for a hundred and fifty years after his death. Had the diction of Dante been no better, the history of Italian literature would have also been postponed. But the ‘Divina Commedia’ is popular in Italy, whilst *Chaucer's works are scarcely intelligible in England.* For Dante's poetry gave a bulwark to his native speech against the ravages of time.” (N. M. M. p. 135, vol. I.) Yet Chaucer and Campbell slumber peaceably, side by side, in Westminster Abbey, and Jones is

accused of an attempt to gild refined gold, when he modernizes an unintelligible author. But you will say, what can it possibly signify what such critics as the last may venture to assert ? In all probability they have never read, or tried to read, a page of Chaucer in their lives. One intelligent individual was good enough to observe that the Saturnian metre reminded him of “ Jam satis terris nivis,” &c., which recalls to me forcibly Mrs. Ramsbottom's style of criticism on the Laocoon in the Vatican. She said, “The statute of the Racoon is very moving ; its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three on em.” The resemblance between the two lines is at least as strong as that between a Racoon and a priest of Apollo. Another enlightened youth gave it as his opinion when I unhappily made mention of a number of old Greek writers with whom he was not familiar, in a previous letter, that I should have at least given some account of their birth, parentage, and education, and expressed a belief that what I wrote was all out of a library. I am really afraid he is right, but so is Chaucer's dream out of a library ; and that other remarkable dream, mentioned in

* Hercules,
That with a shert his life did lese.

the "Philosophy of Clubs," of the East India Director's wife, whose thoughts running upon a projected trip to a watering place, "she actually dreamed that she was a bathing machine at Brighton; but retaining all her perceptions as to female decorum, was so extremely shocked when the gentlemen came into her for the purpose of undressing, that she disturbed the whole house by her cry."—P. 269. Let people beware how they indulge in loose criticism: they cannot all of them boast of a University education, like Ben Jonson's friend who had been screwed up with

"Barbara, Celarunt, Darl, Ferio, Baraphton."

Cannot these people permit you and I the privilege accorded to youth and old age alike, to sit and write to each other whatever comes into our heads without their indecent interference, as Petrarch says—

"Sedersi insieme, e dir che lor incontra."

Do they wish to achieve fame suddenly, by indelicate exhibitions, and by exposing themselves in uncouth costumelike Mrs. Bloomer? who, by the way, was not by a long way the first lady who indulged in pantilettes, for my library tells me, that in the 67th chapter of the VI. Book of Herodotus, there is mention made of an Argive lady—in a note she is called Teterilla—who may fairly lay claim to the honor of having introduced the costume at least 2,300 years ago. She was a very brave damsel, and distinguished herself with her countrywomen in repelling the attack of Cleomenes upon the city of Argos. Plutarch says—"Some assert, that the above feat of the women was performed on the fourth of

the month called Hermous, when to this day they celebrate the feast called *Hybristica*, when the women are clothed in the coats and breeches of men." Whether the Revd. Dr. Beloe has dropped a syllable, and the feast was really called "*High Breechistica*," I leave to the critics to determine. But enough of this, notwithstanding that mistress Teterilla has missed immortality, I really begin to fear that Mistress Bloomer is in a fair way to achieve a greater fame than any of her sex; to become more celebrated for her practical treatise "de revestiaris," than Madame Dacier for her translations of Homer, Terence, and Anacreon, than Madame de Staël for her proficiency in logic, morals, and politics, or than the wonderful Maria Gaetana Agnese, Abbess of the order of Blue Nuns at Milan, and Blue Stockinged Professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna; or than the Marquise de Chastelet, who wrote a commentary on Euclid and Newton and Leibnitz, perhaps even, than our own talented Mrs. Somerville, who has worn her life out in astronomical labours, and of whom I fear it may be said in the words of Artevelde Taylor:—

"Look up,
The alphabet of Heaven is o'er thy head,
The starry literal multitude,—to few,
And not in mercy, is it given to read
The mix'd celestial cipher."

But such is Fame, that even these fair names are rapidly sinking into unchivalrous oblivion—verily, as Count Guildenstern remarked to the Prince of Denmark, speaking probably in a spirit of prospective prophecy with advertence to Mrs. Bloomer's transparent muslin pantilettes—

"The very substance of the ambitious is
merely the
Shadow of a dream."

"One would not sure be frightful when
one's dead,
Here, Betty, give my cheek a littlered."

And so indeed it would seem,
when we call to mind the story of
the poor dying demoiselle, who,
wishing to impress even those dread
attendants who were to array her
for the tomb, with a memory of
her transcendent charms, used
this affecting language in her
last moments—

What a history ! what a poem !
what a moral ! may be read in
those two lines,—as my dear
friend H. M. P. observes, "So
much for the dignity of history,
and that singular hallucination
called Renown."—*Addio*.

JONES.

* The Editor of the "Chat" regrets to state that Mr. Jones having been induced, by certain influential advisers, to undertake a kind of Military tour in the Birman Empire, has oddly enough taken his MSS. with him, whether for the purpose of astonishing the minds of the Trunk-makers at Amrapoora, or with any intention of setting up in Ava as an Avatar on his own account, cannot certainly be known. The result is, that you will be troubled with no more "Chat" for some time to come—Vale !

THE ROYAL COMMISSION TO INDIA.

A VISION.

It is now, we think, about two years, since Mr. John Bright, assisted by the celebrated George Grievance Thompson, and others, moved an address to Her Majesty, praying for the appointment of a commission to proceed to India, for the purpose of enquiring into the causes which obstructed the growth of cotton, and reporting upon anything which injuriously affected the economical and industrial condition of the native population. This farce, we see by the last Mail, is about to be repeated—*apropos* of the Indian Charter enquiry—Mr. Chisholm Austey having given notice that when the President of the Board of Control should move for a Select Committee on the affairs of India, *he* should "move an amendment for an address to Her Majesty, praying Her Majesty to combine with the Select Committee a commission to proceed to India, and take there the evidence of the natives."—*Bombay Telegraph and Courier*, April 22, 1852.]

DINNER finished, coffee over,
Down I sat in easy chair,
Plac'd outside, in cool verandah,
Just to breathe a breath of air.
"Boy !" I cried, "now bring the hookah,
Let me for an hour enjoy,
Through tobacco's balmy influence,
Dreamy bliss without alloy."

Sure the chair was softly cushion'd,
Potent, sure, the hookah's spell,
For in less than twenty minutes,
Lo ! I bade the scene farewell.
Quickly, as with force electric,
Swift as light's far-piercing beams,
I was caught up in the spirit,
Hurried to the Land of Dreams.

Methought I stood upon the bunder,
 With a telescope in hand,
 Watching a prodigious steamer,
 Nearing rapidly the land.
 Expectant hundreds crowded round me,
 Never such a motley crew :
 Army-men there were in scarlet,
 Navy-men there were in blue.

Ladies dress'd in latest fashions—
 (Fashions only six weeks old !)
 Great Civilians smiling blandly,
 Native chiefs in green and gold.
 Noisy, rough, obtrusive boatmen,
 Hamauls clamouring for a fare,
 Yellow-turban'd stout Policemen,
 Making grievous hubbub there.

But above the deafening clamour
 Rose a voice distinct and clear,
 " Don't you see his broad-brimmed *topee* ?
 That is Mister Bright, my dear !
 And he who stands beside him proudly,
 Glancing at his garments drab,
 Is Mister Thompson, celebrated
 For the glorious ' gift of gab.' "

Lo ! the steamer now was anchor'd,
 And the passengers afloat,
 Some in small, fleet-sailing *dinghee*,
 Some in floundering bunder-boat.
 Bright - George Thompson—Chisholm Anstey,
 And a few hot patriots more,
 Were the first to reach the bunder,
 Wave their hats, and 'spring on shore.

Bright had got a piece of parchment
 'Twixt his coat-tails peeping out,
 Seeing which, the vast assemblage
 Gave a great and mighty shout,—
 Crying " Here's the Great Commission !
 Hope there is for India's land !
 Give a loud and hearty welcome
 To this small, but chosen band ! "

Carriages were quickly sent for,
 Horses, too, as fleet as elves,
 But half-clad Ryots cut the traces,
 And drew the vehicles themselves.
 For India's sons are not ungrateful,
 Like the Saxon and the Celt,
 But show a sense of love and kindness,
 Which the hardest heart might melt.

On they go ! and see, the baggage,
 Cooly-borne, brings up the rear—
 Trunks of Blue Books, and of pamphlets,
 And of Thornton's Gazetteer.

O ye groaning, grunting coolies !
Do not on your journey tarry,
Little reck ye of the value
Of the precious loads ye carry !

• • • • •

A change came o'er my vision's spirit,
Stir and noise had pass'd away,
And after making many speeches,
Bright and Co. had left Bombay.
Across the ghauts their way they wended,
To the Deccan's fertile plains,
In order to find out the causes
Of poor India's griefs and pains.

Hard by a little Indian village,
Pitched they then their snow-white tents,
And began old views to burnish,
• Touching money, food, and "rents."
Quoth Mister Bright, "Go, catch a Native,
Bring him quickly to my door,
That I may ask him searching questions,
All about his miseries sore !"

Then rapidly the several members
Of this "Royal Commission" came,
To listen to John Bright's enquiries,
And to praise his honor'd name.
A belted peon brought in the victim,
Taken from a wandering crew
That crowded round the tent,—as natives
Oft, indeed, are wont to do.

Quoth Mister Bright : "Assembled near me,
In this quiet, secluded spot,
Are very many shirtless mortals,
And many an Indian *sans culotte*,
Nor hats, nor shoes, nor even stockings,
Upon their haggard forms I see,
How comes it that, in fertile India,
Such poverty is found to be ?"

Bright's solemn question was not answered,
Thompson just then chiming in :
"It is the *Government*, so grasping !
To them, I pray, ascribe the sin.
The heavy land-tax, wicked salt-tax—
Other taxes yet a score—
Have left the wretches starved and naked,
To roam in want from door to door !

"Across their lean and yoke-chaf'd shoulders,
A *cumlee*, coarse and torn, they wear,
And having neither combs nor brushes,
See, how matted grows their hair !

Nay, you see some crowns are shaven—
 Doubtless 'tis for cleanness done—
 But many men, I fear me, perish
 Stricken down by stroke of sun !

“ Behold that hapless mother, seated
 'Neath a spreading *banyan* tree,
 Looking upwards to the heavens,
 Thinking *there* some help should be !
 Behold her child, so young and playful,
 Boasting not a stitch of clothes,
 Not e'en a handkerchief possessing,
 For its little sinless nose ! ”

George Thompson ceas'd to speak, for trickling
 Fast the tears came down his face,
 And Anstey, too, was sadly weeping,
 Full of grief for India's race.
 But old Ram Bux, the Hindoo writer,
 (Little man, obese and short,)
 Said only, in a kind of whisper :
 “ Put all this in your *Report*. ”

'Then Mister Bright pursued his questions,
 And often curious answers got,
 From suffering, shoeless, shirtless natives
 And from Indian *sans culottes*.
 And all his friends concurr'd in thinking,
 Cotton ne'er could largely grow,
 In a country, where the *Sirkar*,
 Used his wretched subjects so.

Awhile this Royal Commission tarried,
 Questioning folks on every hand,
 Looking into books and papers,
 Which they could not understand ;
 Making notes of all they witness'd,
 All they heard, and all they thought,
 Jotting down, too, all their gleanings,
 For their great and grave Report.

Once I saw them, in my vision,
 Visit Mister Smith's cutcherry,
 Where the youthful Third Assistant,
 O'er their doleful tales wax'd merry.
 When they spoke of suffering ryots,
 Squalid huts, and sorry cheer,
 Then that roguish Third Assistant,
 Sang the praise of Allsopp's beer.

And once again, in conclave solemn,
 In my dream I saw them met,—
 John Bright's face of gloomy portent
 Haunts me like a phantom yet ;
 For half a dozen public servants—
 Magistrate—Collector—Judge—
 Denied their tales of gross oppression—
 Swore that more than half were “ fudge. ”

John Bright was not a little startled,
When 'twas shown that rents were low ;
That wicked and unjust taxation
Indian ryots did *not* know.
That to encourage cotton culture
Government had done their best,
As men of sense would all acknowledge,
North, and south, and east, and west;
That rule, or regulation fiscal,
Cotton crops would ne'er increase—
Not even Thompson's happy project
Of a three years' *rent-free* lease.
And that, although the roads and bridges
Were no credit to the nation,
Still they were not quite so wretched,
As would seem from Bright's oration.

At length this great Commission's labours
Seemed to draw unto a close,
For murmurs at its long existence
From economists arose.
And journals vile insinuated,
Bright and Thompson staid abroad,
Not to right the wrongs of India,
But some private cash to hoard.

So down one day at office-table,
All the members gravely sat,
And Bright drew forth a roll of papers
Slowly from his broad-brimmed hat ;
And said—" My friends, I've facts and figures,
Which at leisure ye may con,
Sufficient, I'm assured, to *do for*
India's " Honorable John."

And then there was tremendous clapping,
Cheering—and all sorts of clamour,
Anstey smiting on the table,
With a fist like Vulcan's hammer.
Noise so great dispelled my slumber ;
Who could sleep in such a din ?
And this precious " Royal Commission"
Vanished into vapour thin.

Bombay, April, 1852.

MERLIN AMBROSIUS, THE WELSH MAGICIAN.

' Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable :
Il doit regner partout, et même dans la fable.'

BOILEAU.

THE town of Caermarthen, in South Wales, is generally reputed as the birth-place of

"Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore,"

though Mr. Roberts adduces various ingenious arguments to confer that honour upon Bassaleg or Maesaleg, a village near Caerleon. According to Heywood, however, he was born at Marlborough, while others again decide in favor of the islet of Scin, off the western coast of Brittany. But rather than detain the reader with pedantic and vain speculations, we at once subscribe to popular report, and allow Caermarthen still to boast of her fabled magician.

His mother is said to have been a nun, the daughter of the king of Demetia in South Wales, who, to save her life and character, solemnly declared that she had never known mortal man, but that the child in her womb was the offspring of an Incubus, or Evil Spirit. Thus Drayton, in the fifth song of his *Polyolbion*, demands—

"Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not,
hear?
Who of a British nymph was gotten,
whilst she lay'd
With a seducing spirit."

And the same parentage is assigned to him by Spencer, in the 3rd Book of the *Faerie Queene*, Canto III.

"And, sooth, men say that he was not the
sonne,
Of mortall syre, or other living wight,
But, wondrously begotten, and begonne,
By false illusion of a guilefull spright,
On a faire ladye nonne."

This conveniently miraculous conception has furnished romance writers with ample materials for a tale of wonder. We are told that a council was held in Pandæmonium, where it was determined to oppose the incarnation of the Godhead by an incarnation of the evil one. A fiend is easily found to undertake the task, but, unhappily for his purpose, selects as his victim a religious damsel, whose prayers and penitence sanctify the child she had innocently conceived. "Merlin was great and tall of stature, and large of limb and strong. But he was swarthy, and more hairy than any other man. And right noble he was, and courteous, and a gentleman on his mother's side; but "of his father," says his historian, "I shall say nothing, for you have already heard who begot him." This *historian* was his mother's confessor, Blaise, a holy man of Northumberland, to whom he always hastened with the intelligence, whenever any thing remarkable occurred to him.

In another romance we are informed that in England there lived a man blessed with a pious wife and three amiable daughters. A demon, envious of their felicity, contrives the death of the parents, and then proceeds to compass the ruin of the hapless orphans, who had been left to the care and guardianship of their confessor Blaise. According to a law that then ex-

isted in the land, if any unmarried woman proved to be with child, she was doomed to suffer instant death, or submit to indiscriminate prostitution. The eldest daughter soon fell into his snares, and was led to execution; and in a short time afterwards her younger sister only escaped death, by choosing the dreadful alternative. The holy man, distracted at the ill success of his virtuous admonitions, now re-doubled his exertions to save his only remaining charge; but she likewise in her turn became the innocent victim of the fiend, and would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, had not the good Blaise obtained a respite for two years. During this time she was confined in a lofty tower, and her food was daily raised to her solitary window by means of a rope and pulley. The moment the child was born, the midwife lowered him down in a basket, whence he was hurried to the font, and instantly baptized by the worthy confessor, who thus saved him from the machinations of his diabolical father. At the expiration of the respite, the unfortunate lady and her infant were brought before the judges, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, Merlin defended his mother with great eloquence, contending that it was impossible for a mortal to cope with a demon, and offering to prove his spiritual descent by his knowledge of the past, the present, and the future. The result was, the acquittal of his mother, who retired into a convent to expiate her involuntary offence by years of penitence and humiliation.

About the time that Merlin attained the age of boyhood, Vor-

tigern commenced the erection of his castle at Dinas Emrys; but whatever progress was made in the day, was undone at night, and not a stone was to be found next morning. In this dilemma he was advised by his Diviners to seek a child, born without a father, with whose blood, if the walls were cemented, they would become firm and durable. After a long and fruitless search, the king's messengers entered Caermarthen while some children were at play, one of whom reproached another with being the son of an imp. The boy and his mother were immediately conducted to the presence of Vortigern, whom Merlin easily convinced of the ignorance of his wise men, and shewed that below the foundations of the castle was a deep morass. When the bog was drained, a chest was found containing two serpents or dragons, the one pure white, the other fiery red. These monsters forthwith attacked each other with great fury, until the red dragon was slain, when the white one suddenly vanished from sight. Vortigern, being anxious to know the meaning of this strange phenomenon, was informed that the red dragon typified his British subjects, who would soon be driven into caves and remote fastnesses by their deadly enemies—the Saxons—pre-figured by the victorious white dragon. Merlin also warned the king that Ambrosius and Uther, the younger brothers of Constantine, whom he had murdered, would, in a few days, march against him, and take ample vengeance for their brother's death; which prediction was shortly fulfilled, and Vortigern perished in the flames of his burning castle.

Aurelius Ambrosius—the Aurlambros of romance—being now seated on the throne, was desirous to erect a monument on Salisbury Plain, in order to perpetuate the memory of the British chiefs who were treacherously slain by Hengist and his Saxons. For this purpose he consulted the sage Merlin, who advised him to fetch the “Gyauntes Karol” from Ireland. This Giant’s Dance consisted of some huge rude stones at Killara, in the county of Meath, and Merlin assured the king that “Gyauntes sot them there for grete gude of themselves; for at every time they were wounded, or in any manner hurte, they wysshe the stonnes with hot water, and they wasshe them therewith, and annone they were hole.” Accordingly, an army of 15,000 men was dispatched into Ireland, where they easily defeated the natives, but utterly failed in moving a single stone, until Merlin contrived certain engines, by means of which they were quickly conveyed to the sea side, and so transported on ship-board to the English coast. When the monument was completed, the king commanded: “Lete call that place Stonehenge euer aufter.” Old Drayton, indeed, rather amplifies the power of the magician in this affair, and tells us

“How Merlin, by his skill and magic’s wondrous might,

From Ireland thither brought the Stonehenge on a night.”

Some time after this, Ambrosius fell sick, and was poisoned by one Eppa, “a Sartesyn” or Saxon, who, disguising himself in a religious habit, readily obtained access to the king. At the moment of his death, a comet appeared in the sky, terminating in something like a dragon’s head, out of

whose mouth came “two huge lyghtes,” one of them stretching over France. Merlin observing it, exclaimed: “The king is dead,” and interpreted the dragon’s head to be Uther, thence called Uther Pendragon, and the beam that shone in the direction of France, to be a son who should conquer that country. Our limits, however, will not permit us to relate the services he rendered to Uther Pendragon, in obtaining the hand of Dame Igrayne, the widow of Earl Gorlais, or the instructions he afforded Prince Arthur, the offspring of that union. We must therefore hasten to the closing scene of the great Wizard’s life.

It would seem that not even Merlin’s super-natural skill could preserve him from the fascinating spells of beauty, nor his knowledge of the consequences, save him from the fatal influence of love. One day he happened to encounter a damsel seated beside a fountain in the forest of Briogne. Dazzled by her charms, he became violently enamoured of the maid, and promised to teach her his art. As a proof of which, he immediately “called up a grove of trees, a beautiful meadow, a band of vocal and instrumental music, and a bevy of knights, squires, damsels and dames, who danced to the sweetest sounds. Presently a quintain was set up, and this sport was succeeded by jousting.” When Merlin had thoroughly instructed the damsel in the course of three repeated visits he was in the habit of paying her, she one day importuned him to enable her “to inclose and imprison a man, without a tower, without walls, without chains, but by enchantments only, in such a manner that he may never be able

to go out." Divining her intention, he resisted for some time, but at last, like Samson, his soul was vexed unto death, and he told her all his heart.

Thus "it fell out that as they were going one day, hand in hand, through the forest of Broceliande, they found a bush of white thorn which was laden with flowers, and they seated themselves under the shade of this white thorn, upon the green grass, and Merlin laid his head upon this damsel's lap, and then she began to feel if he were asleep. Then the damsel rose, and made a ring with her whimple round the bush, and round Merlin, and began her enchantments such as he himself had taught her; and nine times she made the ring, and nine times she made the enchantment; and then she went and sate down by him, and placed his head again upon her lap; and when he awoke and looked round him, it seemed to him that he was inclosed in the strongest tower in the world, and laid upon a fair bed; then said he to the dame: 'My lady, you have deceived me, unless you abide with me, for no one hath power to unmake this tower, save you alone.' 'Fair friend,' she replied, 'I shall often be here, and you shall hold me in your arms, and I will hold you in mine.'

And in this she held her covenant to him, for afterwards there was never night nor day in which she was not there. And Merlin never went out of that tower, where his mistress Viviane had inclosed him. But she entered and went out again when she listed."

In the life of Merlin a different version is given of this unfortunate love affair. It is there said that "he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he used to call the white serpent; before his death, he erected a tomb in the castle of Nortes, capable to hold him and his mistress; and having showed it her, he taught her a charm that would close the stone, so that it could never be opened. The lady, who secretly hated him, began to caress him exceedingly, and at last made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough. Merlin being entered, she closed the stone upon him, where he died: his spirit being likewise confined by the force of the spell, continued from time to time to speak, and to give answers to such questions as were put to him."

In the third Book of Orlando Furioso, we find nearly the same circumstances related of this adventure.

"Behold this ancient cave, by Merlin wrought,
Merlin, in every art of magic taught:
Here, with bewitching looks and wiles prepar'd,
The lady of the lake his heart ensnar'd. .
His sepulchre is here, whose womb contains
The deathless spirit, and decay'd remains;
To this he by her blandishments was led,
And what receiv'd alive, detains him dead.
His living soul must with his corse repose,
Till his last trump the fatal angel blows:

Then shall the just award his deeds requite,
 With sin polluted, or with virtue white ;
 His voice survives, and oft is heard to come
 In tuneful music from the marble tomb ;
 To all that question is his wisdom shown,
 He tells the past, and makes the future known."

Merlin's prophecies appear to have been mostly of a political character, and have been not a little amplified by Geoffrey of Monmouth. They were afterwards brought down to the end of James the First's reign, and may be seen arranged and explained in Heywood's quaint work, entitled "The Life of Merlin, surnamed Ambrosius; his prophecies and predictions interpreted, and their truth made good by our English annals: being a chronographical history of all the kings and memorable passages of this Kingdom, from Brute to the reign of King Charles. A subject never published in this kind before, and deserves to be observed and known by all men.

"*Quotque aderant vates, rebar adesse deos.*"

On the subject of these predictions, Mr. Southey quotes a curious passage from the "*Cronica del Conde Don Pero Nino*," relating the advice given to the young nobleman by his tutor. "Take heed that you believe not in false prophecies, nor place confidence in them, such as those of Merlin and others; for I tell you a truth, these have been invented and forged by designing and crafty men, to obtain favor with kings and great lords, and to get riches from them, and have them at their pleasure by means of the vain belief, which they made their profit. And if you examine into the matter, you will find that when a new king comes,

forthwith they make a new Merlin." He adds that Merlin, from wishing to know more than was expedient, was deceived by the devil, who told him some things that proved true, but the greater part false. "Thus yonder in England he said some things which were found to have some truth in them, but in many others he failed: and persons now who wish to say certain things of this kind, invent them, and declare that they were spoken by Merlin." Ariosto, however, like a true poet, speaks of his brother *Vates* with far greater respect, and styles him the prophet "whose sage predictions never ly'd."

In an old romance called "*Morte d'Arthur, or the life and death of Prince Arthur*," printed by Caxton in 1481, we have an account of Merlin's death, differing materially from the two preceding. "The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin shewed to her many wonders and came into Cornwaile: and alwaies laid about the lady for to have her favour; and she was passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for she was afraid of him because he was a divell's sonne, and she could not put him away by no meanes. And so upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her in a rocke, whereas was a great wonder and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone, so by her craft and working she

made Merlin to go under that stone to let him wit of the marvels there. But she wrought so there for him, that he came never out, for all the craft that he could doe."

Drayton and Spenser, in some

essential points, coincide with the last quoted narrative, but add that his incarceration was indirectly brought about by his intention to surround his native town with a wall of solid brass: thus Drayton,—

" And for Carmarden's sake would faine have brought to passe
About it to have built a wall of solid brasse,
And set his friends to work upon the mightie frame :
Some to the anvil ; some, that still inforc'd the flame :
But, whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elfe
(For all his wondrous skill) was coosned by himselfe,
For walking with his Fay, her to the rocke hee brought,
In which hee oft before his nigromancies wrought ;
And going in thereat his magiques to have showne,
Shee stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone :
Whose cunning strongly crost, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
Shee captive him convey'd into the Fairie land.
Then how the laboring spirits to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellowing rumbling groanes, and hammers thundring sound ;
A fearfull horrid dinne still in the earthe doe keepe,
Their master to awake, suppos'd by them to sleepe ;
As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tyred at the mine."

This cave is still pointed out in the face of a wooded declivity a short distance from Caermarthen. The hill, the grove, the cave, and a neighbouring rock, are all named from the mighty enchanter, and prove the truth of the above tradition to the satisfaction of every liberal and unprejudiced mind. Nay more, one fine morning, no matter in what year, it came to pass that an old man was seen toiling up the hill until he reached the mouth of the cavern. He then entered the narrow passage, but finding his further progress obstructed by a revolving wheel, he read a sentence out of a book which he carried in his bosom, at the same time touching the wheel with his staff, and instantly it ceased its perpetual gyrations. On return-

ing into the light of day, he repeated another sentence, and the enchanted wheel resumed its ceaseless occupation. The persons who had witnessed his entrance into the magic cave, being anxious to know the result of his subterranean excursion, were informed by him that Arthur and his Knights were laid asleep in that cavern, but that at the appointed time Merlin would awake them, when they would rush forth in arms, and, distinguishing by a Shiboleth—we presume the unpronounceable, *Ll* — between the descendants of the true Britons and the usurping Saxons, would reduce the latter to their pristine insignificance.

In the *Faerie Queene*, B. III. C. 3, there is so splendid a description of this cave, that we can-

not forbear transcribing it at full length.

VII.

" To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name, Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way ;
There the wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,
To make his wonne low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counsel'd with his sprights encompass round.

VIII.

" And if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place :
It is an hideous hollow cave they say,
Under a rock that lyes a little space
From the swift Barry,* tombling down apace, "
Emongst the woodie hilles of Dynevowre.
But dare thou not, I charge in any cace,
To enter into that same balefull bowre,
For feare the cruell feendes should thee unawares devowre.

IX.

" But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines
And brazen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains,
Doeosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines ;
And oftentimes great grones and grievous stounds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines :
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds
From under that deepe rocke most horribly rebounds.

" The cause, some say, is this : a little while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights, to bring to perfect end,
During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,

* " The swift Barry" of Spencer is in reality a rock off the coast of Glamorganshire, in the caverns of which the sea howls dismally, and terrifies the peasant by its fearful sound. " In a rock in the island of Barry, in Glamorganshire," says Camden, " there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which, if you put your ear, you shall perceive all such sorts of noises, as you may fancy smiths at work under ground; strokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools," &c. &c. It is probably to the same rock that Clemens Alexandrinus alludes in the following passage : " Historians say there is in the Island of Britain a cavern under a mountain, having a cleft at the top; and when the wind blows into the cavern, and whistles in its recesses, the sound of cymbals is heard. For the repercussion of the wind makes a very great noise."

And thereby forst his workmen to forsake,
 • Them bound till his returne their labour not to slake.

XI.

“ In the meantime, through that false ladie's traine,
 He was surpris'd and buried under beare,
 Ne ever to his worke return'd again :
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their worke forbear,
 So greatly his commaundement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and travell day and night,
 Until that brasen wall they up doe reare,
 For Merlin had in magicke more insight
 Than ever him before or after living wight.

• XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
 Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey ;
 The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 And darksome night he eke could turne to day ;
 Huge hostes of men of meanest things could frame,
 When so him list his enemies to fray :
 That to this day for terroꝝ of his fame,
 The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.”

Such are some of the principal passages in the ancient romances relating to the celebrated Merlin, all of which agree in describing him as a mere magician, whose power principally consisted in that species of witchcraft denominated Glamour, or *Deceptio Visus*. In the remains of Welsh literature, however, we find him holding a position more worthy of our regard, because partly based upon truth, though still considerably obscured by mythological allegory. We here behold the Bard, the Scholar, and the Statesman, whose experience, gleaned from the records of distant ages, appeared to his rude, and illiterate cotemporaries, to be something more than human. The self-complacency of mankind, which would be sorely disturbed by acknowledging the superiority of a fellow mortal, escapes unruffled by simply calling in the

powers of an invisible and spiritual world. It is from this source that hero-worship was first derived ; and the prurient imagination of artless and half civilized men, drew the thick veil of superstition round the ashes of the mighty dead.

Having devoted so much space to the preceding extracts, any further notices of the true Merlin of Cambria must necessarily be very brief ; and fortunately an able guide is furnished in Mr. Roberts' popular antiquities. This writer supposes Merlin to have been the illegitimate son of Ambrosius, born in an obscure village, near Caerleon, in Monmouthshire. The Bards, who were privately informed of the intended landing of Uther and Ambrosius, were resolved to prevent the completion of Vortigern's tower by all means in their power. With this view they caused him to select a

treacherous morass as the site of his fortress, and afterwards assured him that the walls would never stand, unless cemented with the blood of an unbegotten child. The king perceiving their wiles, sent for young Merlin, of whose royal parentage he entertained strong suspicions, though Ambrosius himself affected to believe in his supernatural conception. Caught in their own toils, the Bards instructed the lad in the part he was to play, and by certain pseudo-magical illusions contrived to terrify the conscience-stricken monarch. Having acquired the prophetic character in his youth, Merlin retained it ever afterwards ; at the same time that he stored and strengthened his mind with all the real learning of his age. Thus, in the Triads he is enumerated with Merddin Wyllt and Taliesin, as one of the three principal Christian Bards of the Island of Britain. After the death of king Arthur, fearing the rising power of the Saxons, he is said to have sailed away in a ship of glass, with the Thirteen Curiosities of Britain, and never to have been heard of more. This voyage is mentioned by the Triads as one of the Three Losses by Dis-

appearance, the other two being those of Gafraw, son of Aeddan, and of Madocab Owain Gwynedd. The Thirteen Curiosities were endowed with certain marvellous properties akin to those we read of in tales of oriental fiction, and seem to indicate a common origin. It is probable that Merlin retired to Bardsea Island, with the symbols of Bardic lore, and he might thus easily have escaped the further knowledge of his countrymen residing in South Wales. The ship of glass has been explained as signifying a sacred vessel emblematic of the Ark, for the now obsolete Welsh word *Wydr* appears to have borne the twofold meaning of *glass* and *sacred*. Through ignorance of this etymological fact, the ancient town of Bangor Wydrin, or Sacred Bangor, has been erroneously rendered into Glastonbury. We are likewise informed that he was accompanied in his flight by nine Cylveirdd or Scientific Bards ; so that we may reasonably infer he utterly saved the remnants of ancient learning, and retired with them to a lonely island off the south-west point of Caernarvonshire. *Ubi requiescat in p̄ce.*

J. H.

ERNST IST DAS LEBEN.

How light a thing is life ! what mere delusion
 Vanity Fair of baubles and displays !
 How wild it is ! what dazzle, and confusion
 Cross, rave and jostle on its crowded ways !
 Here, Love, there, Hate ; now Mammon, now Delight,
 Chaotic avenues of a clueless maze !

And there the Foe stands planted, out of sight,
Whence far and near the frequent arrows fly,
Some sink ; some, vanquishing the transient fright,
Cry " Eat and drink, we know not when we die."

Ah, gaze awhile on yonder firmament ;
Worlds beyond worlds are crowded in the sky,
Do they too stray in wild bewilderment,
Or have their paths, their days and months and years,
Wherein they move in orderly content ?

Aye ! even to the far, invisible spheres ;
And our orb is as they are ; and the Lord
Tends them, and knows them, and their music hears,
And leads them as a shepherd leads his sheep,
And pastures them on Heaven's eternal sward.

Look down ; the sea is rippling on the rocks,
The image of the moon is broken here,
On every moaning billow's breast, and mocks
The eyes with skimmering lustre ; there more clear
It streams, a pathway to the far horizon,
The sacred East ; but still, as this draws near,
It breaks in wandering splendours, that bedizen,
The cold main as a hoar-frost does the woods ;

Till you can scarce, undazzled, keep your eyes on
The advancing, shrinking, dancing, restless floods :
And yet they have an order of their own,
That Planet sways them in their wayward moods ;
See ! they have hid yon ancient, white-topped stone,
That stood, but now displayed, and made a part
Of night's still scenery, like a Seagod's throne.

And thus it is with thee, oh restless heart,
Thy wild and wav'ring impulses that seem
Without an aim, without a cause to start,
God sways them, as he does the stars and tide,
And if, beneath the all-beholding beam,
There be who wander, with no law nor guide,
Like perishable brutes, from womb to grave,
These are but meteors, in their wandering pride ;
Or stagnant waters of a tideless wave. •

H. G. K.

THE PRESS IN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

"*Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere, licet.*"

TACITUS.

"The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty, for all freedom without this must be merely nominal."

PAUL CHATFIELD.

No surer testimony can be found to the power of any public institution for good or evil, than in the efforts made by those who have felt or feared its influence to restrict its lawful development by lawful means, or utterly stifle it under the weight of arbitrary enactments, backed, if need be, by the yet weightier arguments of the sword and bullet. By the intensity of the effort so made, and the peculiar circumstances of those who make it, shall you form a tolerable guess at the degree of danger to some established rule or purpose of political being, caused or threatened by the nuisance against which the effort is being directed. Even when the violence of the resentment shewn seems least commensurate with the importance of the thing resented, you may rest generally assured that the discrepancy exists only to the eye: the real significance of the thing resented being all the more clearly arguable from the extent and violence of the resentment it has evoked; just as the involuntary writhings of a criminal under the lash are the truest index to the torture caused by its application.

To those who are least inclined to think evil, or have no present motive for thinking evil, the offence taken may seem all too serious for the cause. The an-

gry impertinence of a Theodore Dickens against the Press, may wear to some eyes the semblance of a mighty pother about an absolute trifle. A Bishop raving against the new Marriage Act might possibly be reproached with crying out before he has been hurt. The vehemence of a public writer over some petty abuse of magisterial power, may be deemed unworthy of so small a game; or even be referred to motives unworthy of so high an office. A Gubbins, or we know not what we echo of him, may indulge in seemingly unbased forebodings of the danger resulting to his branch of the public service, from the encroachment on ancient privilege implied for the sentence passed on him for his illegal manifestation of zeal in the public good. But the cry so raised is generally certain to have been raised on valid grounds. In nine cases out of ten, the puddle from which the storm appears to have been brewed will be found on deeper scrutiny to contain ample matter for the brewing of a very pretty storm indeed. The thing so vehemently decried may shew no present capacity for working the mischief prophesied by its decriers. But the very warmth of their Jeremiads against what seems so powerless for present mischief, will serve to mark the direction in which its power

for future mischief shall be most surely and severely felt.

And there are times too when the highest praise of the thing condemned may be gathered from the reasons given for its condemnation. The very outcry raised against its power for evil in one direction, may prove the surest testimony to its power for good in every other. The very attribute for which it is specially condemned may be the one for which it best deserves the general laudation. Its alleged antagonism to the rights of a particular class, or the prescriptive sanctities of a particular system, may be nothing worse than the natural antagonism of the good *in posse* to the evil *in esse*, the antagonism of a system designed for the benefit of the greater number, to a system positively redounding to the injury of the greater number. The partial evil it may be accused of entailing on the few who deprecate its adoption, will not seldom be found to predicate the general good its adoption will entail on those who had nothing to gain by a continuance of the system hitherto in vogue. What is one man's meat turns out in too many cases to have been a hundred men's poison. The grumblings of a fat squire at the loss he has suffered from the downfall of that monstrous monopoly, which Lord Derby would give his coronet to revive, have their truest exponent in the signs of general prosperity and improvement, social and financial, now rife in such plenty throughout the land which five years of Free Trade were to have brought to the last stage of domestic distress. Twenty years of national progress, such as England had never realised in twice

that number of years under the old régime, have sufficiently refuted the doleful prophecies of those who viewed the Reform Bill, as a scheme for destroying the British constitution under pretence of abolishing the iniquities of close boroughs and class legislation.

The proud eminence which the Press of Great Britain has at length assumed, as the mouth-piece of public opinion, and the jealous guardian of the public weal, has not been gained without hard fighting, and steady resistance to the assaults of statesmen, fearful of a power that might be wielded to their undoing; and the rage of sovereigns jealous of all encroachment on their fancied prerogative. Painfully and by slow degrees, often checked, but never retiring, through evil report and through good report, the Press has worked its way to the position of a new and important element of the political machine, the youngest, but not the least powerful of the estates composing our social system. Many and resolute have been the efforts to check its progress, but every effort has only ended in giving a new impetus to its natural tendencies to progress under any circumstances. Opposition has aided the results which simple acquiescence might have served to retard. Its worst enemies have proved its surest friends. Starting on the firm basis of constitutional right, its power has gradually asserted itself in spite of the constitutional hindrances opposed by ancient laws and modern bigotry, to the working of a principle unknown to the one, and wilfully ignored by the other. And the more its tendencies have been

made clear, the more its influence for good has been perceived and practically acknowledged, the less violent and continuous has been the resistance offered to its further progress. It was impossible to continue the show of active enmity to a power too strong to fear further assault, or maintain the language of reprobation touching a principle, the practical results of which had already belied the conclusions drawn by previous objectors.

And the character of the Press has risen with every enlargement of its powers. As a body, its worthiness to fill the place conceded to it, has ever shone the brighter, the higher the place it has been permitted to fill. For talent, honesty, and enlightened views, the Press of England, and especially that part of it which may strictly be called the Periodical Press of England, stands unrivalled as a means of public instruction, and an outlet for the expression of public feeling on matter concerning the public interest. It fills in a political sense, the same relation to modern England as the Forum did to Rome, or the Pnyx to Athens. Its written eloquence takes place of the oratory employed by a Cicero or a Demosthenes, to stimulate and direct the popular mind to the due consideration of civil and political affairs. Seeming to re-echo the popular feeling, it supplies the popular feeling with the food best fitted to modify or raise its tone. With a few vile exceptions it never stoops to pander to a popular prejudice, or uphold a vicious system, at the expense of the popular interests. The errors it occasionally commits are in general the result of human

weakness, rather than the offspring of human depravity. Want of sound moral principles, is the last sin that can be laid to its charge. Its remarks on public characters and public measures are informed with a spirit of earnest and grave enquiry, delivered in a strain of logical but eloquent severity, and rounded with a richness of illustrative wisdom, which the orators and satirists of classic days never surpassed, if they have even rivalled. As an exponent of moral truths, and a medium of national progress in civilised arts and studies, the press of modern England easily bears the palm from the time-hallowed centres of the Athenian philosophy, or the scientific lecture-rooms of the Sorbonne. Nor have its labours been limited to the scene of their special utility. While supporting the cause of freedom and social advancement at home, it has honestly and ably performed the higher task of vindicating the cause of oppressed and degraded humanity throughout the world. Its power to expose the wrong, and fire the public hatred against the wrong-doer, is daily felt and resented by wrong-doers in other lands than our own. A King Bomba, or a Dictator Bonaparte, shall writhe and howl under the weight of its indignant sarcasm, as surely as a Right Reverend Wilberforce, or a Justice Ramshay. The sting of its scornful invective shall pierce a Schwarzenburg at Vienna as keenly as a Grey in Downing-Street. Its power for redressing the wrong may be comparatively small and exceptional. But its power for chastizing the wrong-doer is quite cosmopolitan.

And the union thus strangely made, has been attended with the natural results of union between the stronger and weaker cause. It has been the old story of the compact between the wolf and the lamb. The Government has done whatever it wanted, and the Press has virtually gone to the wall. Its boasted freedom has proved for all political ends, no better than slavery under which it groaned at first. It possesses indeed to the fullest theoretical extent the right of appealing to, and expressing the public opinion. But what of the public opinion to which it appeals, or in behalf of which it raises its voice? How about the practical uses of the right so speciously conceded? Where is the public, through whom the right may be duly exercised? Echo, as usual, might supply the answer in her own interrogative way. What apology we have for a public is nearly too small to deserve the name, and the bulk of it is so composed that any expression of its opinion is almost tantamount to an impossibility. For all practical purposes the Press of India has no real public to address. Its words are wasted on the air, its blows dealt at shadows, for all the fruit they bear with reference to the settlement of any great political question. Its influence on the Indian Government is all too trivial and illusory to effect a serious change in the policy which the Government has once set its mind on pursuing. It is free indeed to comment on public matters as often and loudly as it pleases. But its power to enforce the lessons conveyed by its comments

on public matters, is about as great as the power of an English sovereign to raise supplies without the consent of Parliament. In some few cases, where the question to be considered had no material bearing on the interests or the declared policy of the Government, the voice of the Press may not have been raised entirely in vain. In the abolition of a trifling grievance, or the introduction of a trifling reform, its advice may occasionally have been followed, or its remonstrances occasionally have been attended to. But, wherever the Government has been bent on going one way, it is idle to suppose that any representations of the Press have ever induced it to go another. In England an unjust Magistrate may receive his dues at the call of public resentment, manifested through the English Press. But a Magistrate in India may break the laws, or grossly mis-use his power, to administer them without fear of the penalties entailed by all rules of equity on his exposure.* An English Government acknowledges even when it decries, the power of the English Press. An Indian Government acts and speaks as if the Press of India were a thing of the past, or at best a thing of the dunghill. An English Official works with the fear of the Press before his eyes. An Indian Official seldom troubles himself to think of the Press at all. People in England are very slow to take the law of an English Journal for having called things by their right names. For the Judges to whom they appeal are chary of running courts

* *Note by the Editor.*—The recent purgation of the Bench of Magistrates in Calcutta was entirely the work of the Press. More recent instances might be adduced, to show that the Press has not been entirely destitute of influence, under Lord Dalhousie's administration,

to plain sense and equity, and the Juries who decide the appeal, seldom fail to counteract the adverse tendencies, if any such be visible, of the Bench.

But Indian Judges have no such checks on their tendency to commit mistakes. They have no Juries to watch their proceedings. There is no Court of public opinion to which they are answerable for the settlement of questions resting on evidence patent to the public scrutiny. The Press of India has no real protection against the consequences of an appeal from its decision to that of a legal tribunal. The degree of respect displayed for it as a public censor is determined, not by the overt acts, but by the wealth and station, of the person censured. Any one whose character has been impugned, however justly, by an Indian Journalist, may take his revenge with almost certain impunity, if he can afford to do so, in a Court of Law. Let him be shewn to be even blacker than he was painted at first. Let the Judge himself admit the moral justice of the grounds on which he was so painted. Let society at large confirm the Journalist's finding, and predict in its private circles the inglorious issue of his opponent's appeal to law. *Dis aliter videbitur.* The wisdom of the Bench shall view the case in a very different light. Its mode of construing the overt act shall depend on none of the principles observed by the world at large in the construction of overt acts. The person libelled may have offended grievously against the laws of social morality. He may have done what no man of strict honour would have condescended to do. He may have

done what no man of his profession could do without stain. But because he has done nothing legally wrong, because he has merely disgraced his cloth, without overstepping the bounds of legal impunity, because his offence was precisely of that kind with which a Court of public opinion is most competent to deal, he shall be held guiltless of having done aught worthy of the censure so publicly inflicted; and his libeller shall be condemned to pay in good sterling coin of the realm, for the firmness with which he dared to discharge a public duty without respect of persons, or regard for the principles of legal fitness. You shall see him condemned not for having commented falsely or maliciously on certain acts, but for having commented on acts lying without the pale of legal cognisance, and therefore, in the eyes of legal wisdom, not fairly amenable to any comment at all.

Still more hurtful to the due influence of the Indian Press are the strange notions concerning its general character, which have so long prevailed among all classes of the British public. How or when such notions were first imbibed, we should find it very difficult to say. That they have never been discarded, that the ancient prejudice against Indian journalism keeps even pace with the ancient ignorance of Indian matters, that English writers should industriously believe, when uttered against the Indian Press, charges which the most credulous of Indian writers would scornfully reject when uttered against the Press of England, that the honest comments of Indian Journals should ever be set down to malice, ignorance, any motive in short, but the

most likely one, we hold to be circumstances reflecting small credit on the candour, justice, or sagacity, of our countrymen at home. What makes the error the more unwarrantable is the fact that, with all their readiness to believe whatever has been said in disparagement of the Indian Press, they have carried to the wildest pitch their scepticism with regard to whatever has yet been said in its vindication. They are quick enough to repel the calumnies of English statesmen against the Press of England. But they are just as quick to accept the calumnies of Indian statesmen against the Press of India. Their speech convicts them either of wilful ignorance in never reading the papers they abuse, or of wilful injustice in forgering their opinion of Indian papers on the very worst specimens of the class.

That the local influence of the Indian Press should not be larger than it is, will hardly excite surprise when you consider the frightful tax imposed on the circulation of all kinds of literature in this country. The present postal system has done more serious injury to the Press of this country than all the other sources of its weakness combined. No Press, however fortunate in other respects, could have hoped to thrive under rates of postage which render the newspaper in India a luxury for the few, instead of a cheap blessing for the million. Under the incubus of such a system the *Times* itself would have sunk to a level in circulation and consequent power with the *Englishman* or the *Delhi Gazette*. The material of a paper must of necessity depend in great part on its circulation.

Where the latter is limited, the former cannot maintain the sort of perfection compatible with the profit acquired by a wider circulation. Of course the mere circulation does not of itself determine the profit really acquired. But the advertisements which form the main source of profit are affected more or less by the circulation; and when the rates of postage reduce the size of the paper no less than its circulation, it is easy to see how grievously the main source of profit must also be curtailed, and the general character of the paper lowered accordingly. The postal system of India is the burden which has well-nigh broken the back of the Indian Press. It is the mountain which has fairly stifled the life out of the Native Press. It is the spell which has always checked, and must always check, the efforts of the Press to bring into vigorous play the powers conceded to it on the day of its emancipation. Until the curse which has so clung to it be fairly re-called, the results of its emancipation will never be fully shewn. Its strength even now is wonderful. You may see that, in the way it struggles and writhes against the monster coiled so tightly round its heart. But its own unaided energies will not enable it to do more than hold its own. A change in the policy of the Government, or the constitution of Anglo-Indian society, may infuse some fresh vigour into its wearied limbs. But without a total change in the system that now renders its boasted freedom an atrocious mockery, the Press of India can never become a living and independent power. Until this clog upon its energies shall have been, as we trust it

will soon be, fairly removed, it can never become that mighty engine of social progress and bulwark of social freedom which the Press of a civilised country should always be.

ENIGMA.

THOUGH one of two brothers, yet all men agree
Betwixt us, no family likeness they see ;
Nor ought we indeed to resemble each other,
Since no kindred have I with *his* father or mother.
But stranger than this, were the truth to be told
At the day of *his* birth I was centuries old,
Though so backward was I, that many a year
My brother made journeys before I could stir.
Let this be his boast, I can famously still
Keep pace with his speed, whether up or down hill,
Albeit, in externals, I'm bound to confess,
He beats me by far,—and in pliant address.
For when in full dress, on the Queen we attend,
At Her Majesty's feet doth *he* loyally bend,
Whilst my sterner nature, erect as in scorn,
Not one jot will succumb to the regally born.
Though diff'rent in temper, the mazes of life
We must needs tread together, like man and his wife.
But, in death, shall each find an opposite lot ;
My purpose fulfill'd, unburied I rot,
Whilst *he* 'neath the cypress' funeral shade,
With tears, and with pray'rs, in the grave shall be laid.
In earth's final thunders, *he* thence shall awake,
But to me that dread day no changes shall make.

THE CANTERBURY COLONY, ITS SITE AND PROSPECTS.—

NO. III.

THE history of the world and of society, as at present constituted, proves how great have been the benefits resulting from emigration. To trace these benefits would be to write the history of most nations. In nearly all countries the principal families will be found to have emigrated; either seizing the lands by the strong hand, or peaceably settling there—it matters not which, so long as they kept them.

Of the former England is an example. The Normans conquered the country, and seized the estates. The principal families amongst our Peers now trace their descent from these emigrants. Of the latter America is a striking instance. I do not mean to say that America was peaceably settled. What I say is, that the red skin, as well as the panthers, bears, and wolves, retired before the march of civilization, leaving the settlers and their descendants to form a nation. The benefits resulting from successful emigration are here placed in a strong light. The states of America now form one of the greatest nations in the world—and soon will become by far the greatest. Who rule this nation? The descendants of English gentlemen, who emigrated some two centuries ago. Had these gentlemen not emigrated, their children, supposing they could have kept their place in society, would now have been scattered among the usual professions, one a poor village clergyman, another a briefless barrister,

a third earning his title to a diseased liver in India. And this is, what is termed in England, "being well provided for;" that is, such persons belong to unexceptionable professions, and if they starve, they starve at least genteelly. By the act of emigrating on the part of their forefathers, the American gentry have become men of wealth, members of the Senate, and candidates for the Presidency, ambassadors to foreign courts, leaders of public opinion, and the ground-work for a great aristocracy. It may be said that these are the exceptions, and that the general rule is the mass of the nation. But the forefathers of that mass were not gentlemen, and did not emigrate with money in their pockets; and I venture to say that the greater portion of the people are benefited in nearly an equal ratio. The way in which I look upon it is this. Before America was discovered, the States were the hunting grounds of savages. Useless as such to the world, this before useless ground has been turned into wealth, valued at scores of millions sterling, and an interchange of commodities between that and other countries now takes place annually, amounting to tens of millions. This property has been added to the world, and the prizes have passed into the pockets of the enterprising people who colonized the country.

It may not be out of place here to remark, on the objections raised by Mr. Cobden to the annual grant of £20,000, to defray the

expenses of New Zealand. He said "he did not think the Island, (which island, I wonder?) would ever pay five per cent. upon what we had laid out on it, for we could never have a large commerce with it. It was not a tropical county, on the contrary, its climate was very similar to our own, and therefore it was not in the nature of things that we could have an extensive interchange of commodities with it. Then had we not been expending too much upon it? Let the House look at the question in a rational point of view." Mr. Cobden's ideas are so absorbed by cotton, that it is vain to hope that the recommendation he gives the House will ever be observed by himself. It is a pity that C., S., and A. should be the stumbling-block of so much unadorned eloquence. Is it not a more rational plan to remember that New Zealand is a great field for emigration, and to keep that field open; and to bear in mind that these colonies have given scope to the energies of many of England's most restless sons, which, confined within the bounds of her seas, might have convulsed the country when the storm of revolution shook Europe? But laying all these great questions aside, is the interchange of commodities greater between England and tropical countries, or between England and temperate countries? Has England no great trade with any country, whose climate is not very dissimilar to her own? Eh, Mr. Cobden? Now answer me this. Which is, wool or cotton, the most valuable? which is, flax or cotton, the most valuable? I prefer woollen cloth to your calico; I prefer linen to your prints. In spite of your great

experience, I know New Zealand better than you, and I think, that had the House followed your recommendation, they would have taken any thing but a rational view of the subject.

It cannot be questioned that it is at least much for the benefit of our children to emigrate to a rising country. To say that colonies sometimes fail, and individuals often, is simply to say that they are governed by human agency, and that men are men. It only serves as a warning, that emigrants should be careful to what colony they go, and how they act when there. Whether emigrating would add to the pleasures of one's own life, depends on the position and feelings of the emigrant. On this point people should be very careful. They should not allow themselves to be carried away by Utopian schemes; they should discard theories and weigh facts; and above all, endeavour to arrive at correct conclusions as to whether they themselves are adapted for the work. If they go, and are not, they are miserable people, and a nuisance in the colony. What satisfaction is it to themselves, or to any one else, to grumble loudly that they have been deceived; that *Saunders' Magazine* published an account of the colony, placing its advantages before the public, in terms more strong than true? That account was prefaced by the statement; that it was but the opinion of an individual, and an opinion of no great value in itself. I have written warmly, because I have written as I feel.

I have two objects. To direct attention to the colony, and to lay before the public a plan which appears to me not only practicable, but of easy accomplishment. Yet

it may be a vision—a dream. I hold peculiar opinions founded on my own feelings. I think there is no position in India worth a diseased liver. I like society divested of many of the artificial trappings that hang with such a weight on it in England; and I prefer earning my bread by the sweat of my brow, produced by manual labour, not by the excessive heat of a climate opposed to European life. It may be asked,—Then why don't you go to this county at once? I answer, I am like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, "fond of my wittles," and I do not like placing myself in a position where I may get none. Some men think food is the spontaneous growth of a colony, and that emigration is quite sufficient to ensure them abundance, and this is one of the causes of disappointment. They land in the colony without a rap, without a trade, or with one utterly useless there, and have to take to digging, sowing, or herding cattle. Men should be careful how they emigrate with too little means, more particularly gentlemen. They may take it as a general rule, that money is only to be made by money, and if once their capital is gone, they are done for. Many men emigrated under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, in the most reckless way, well knowing that in England, a farmer, as a general rule, should have a capital of five pounds an acre, when he takes a farm. They purchased two and three hundred acres of wasteland, and started with a capital of one hundred pounds to cultivate them. That men guilty of such folly should fail is not surprising, but that any should succeed, is,—and is, a strong proof of the extraordi-

nary generosity of the country—if I may use such a term. What I mean by generosity, is a soil that gives a great return for little labour, and where cattle and sheep multiply without expence or trouble, on the part of the owners. I remember meeting a German at Akerua, who said: "Eight years ago I landed here like a wild beast, with half a crown in my pocket—(rather absurd, certainly—a wild beast with half a crown in its pocket,) now," continued the German, "I possess property worth £2,000." This, though slightly exaggerated in the main, was true: but the surprising fact was, that the German was a drunkard. He worked hard when the fit was on him, but he drank harder when that fit came; literally and truly, he drank till all was blur, as far as his personal appearance was concerned. No Saturday night's affair, but bouts of a week's duration; nor was he the only instance of success, in spite of a habit that would have been fatal to it in any other country.

Putting feelings out of the question, it cannot be doubted that men of small means improve their social condition by emigrating to a rising and successful colony. Even without exertion, property yearly improves in value. There are many ways of investing money so as to secure a high rate of interest, and all depends on the colonist himself. Business is not the mystery it is in England; every thing lies before one for his own judgment. At home men consult attorneys or men of business, about affairs it requires study to comprehend, and following their advice, invest their money they scarcely know how; or not wishing to do so—in

that excellent security the Funds—secure at least, to give them the smallest possible return.

The true and only test by which the prosperity of a colony may be judged, is by calculating the amount it can export. For its future greatness it must possess some resources which may eventually be developed; for its present prosperity, it must possess some means of at once creating an export. That point being settled, then one may turn to the climate of the country, its natural features, the Government, its society, and the plan of its foundation. He who wishes to colonize is indeed lucky if he can find a country, which in all these respects will answer. It is a common thing for people writing letters of advice from New Zealand to their friends, to recommend the different settlements for different pursuits. Go to Wellington, they say, for any mercantile business; New Plymouth, or Nelson, for agriculture; Otago or Canterbury for stock-keeping; and Auckland for a Government situation, (heaven save the mark!) but all this appears to me absurd: the simple advice is, go to the settlement that can produce the greatest export—no matter what your pursuit. What makes a thriving mercantile town? A good harbour, or an export? A ship will anchor in an open roadstead as at Madras for a cargo; but she will not anchor in a safe and capacious bay, for the mere pleasure of anchoring there. Ships and mercantile establishments are the signs of a thriving sea-port town, which is created by an export; towns create a demand for agricultural produce, which can no where be so well produced

as in the neighbourhood of the towns provided the land be good;—therefore all these pursuits are summed up in one word—*export*.

In point of export there can be no doubt about Canterbury, but the high price of land is considered a great drawback to the settlement. To a person thinking of settling there, there are two points to consider; first, whether the benefits derived from the expenditure of the land fund are equal to the price paid for the land; and then, whether he should buy land at all. There is no necessity for purchasing land. No Australian would think of doing so, though many settle on the plains. But the class I address have different feelings to the Australians. That class will agree with the very talented agent of the Association, J. R. Godby, Esq. In addressing a meeting, assembled to co-operate with the Anti-Transportation Australasian League, he said—“In colonizing this country, the people of Canterbury professed to have been actuated by something more than the ordinary motive of bettering their material condition. They professed to have had in view the foundation of a polity based on the principles of religion and morality, the production, so far as was possible, of a fac-simile of England, and the transmission to their children of such institutions and such influences as would guard them against the prevalent vices of modern colonizations. With this view they had devoted a considerable portion of their land fund to the purpose of religious education; in conformity with the same view, too, they had striven, and would continue until they were

successful, to strive after the attainment of that civil freedom which had of late years been denied to British colonists. For these great and worthy objects they had made no small efforts and sacrifices, for they knew that without them material prosperity was not worth having. They held—and this colony was intended as a testimony before the world, of their holding—that man was not made to live by bread alone; that he was not sent into the world primarily for the purpose of melting tallow, or growing wool, but that all these secular and transitory objects ought to be subordinate and subservient to the great end of cultivating his immaterial and immortal nature." I consider these to be great and true principles, "worthy of a colony of gentlemen. If I may judge from the conversation and actions of many an Australian squatter, I would say that he did hold, that man was sent into the world to boil down sheep, and grow wool. He is therefore much inclined to sneer at the Association and at the "Canterbury pilgrims" as he calls them, at the same time that he congratulates himself on his practical sense and worldly knowledge; but he forgets that his experience has been gained in the bush, not in the world, and that sheep and cattle are not men. I know no one less adapted to judge of the great mass of society, than a man who has spent a considerable portion of his life in the bush. His experience of a new country may be great, and he may hit with unerring instinct on what will *pay*, but his actions furnish no rule for gentlemen about to make the colony their home. Officers of the Indian

armies about to retire, and intending with their families to settle in a colony, would go with the primary consideration of building them houses on their own land in a pleasant country, and in a good climate, surrounded by a new society, and that they might there better their material condition at the same time that they did not neglect their immaterial welfare. There are few of the men I address who would willingly place themselves away from the influence of the Church in which they were bred, and the rising generation would make sacrifices to surround themselves with those influences; for I believe, however great a sinner any one of us may be, we all look forward to the time when we shall be better men. I do not pretend to say that these are correct ideas of religion; I do not speak of what should be the case, but I speak of what is the case. Now all this they can certainly get at Canterbury, but they must pay for it; and the question presents itself, can they not get it cheaper in one of the other settlements? It would be invidious and wrong to draw comparisons between the settlements, when I know so little of the others. I can say this, that no one will go far wrong in emigrating to any one of them. But that overthrows the plan I wish so anxiously to urge, that the entire emigration from this country be directed to one spot.

The Australian squatters, who are unquestionably good judges, declare these plains to be the best country now open to men of small capital, but they mean for stock keeping, not for purchasing land to cultivate. I have endeavoured to show that the land around Christ

Church is worth the money asked for it ; that is, it will give a good return for the expenditure and labour employed in cultivating it, though not so great as that employed in stock-keeping. Therefore men who look to return alone, take to stock-keeping, which gives the greater return. But as the object of officers is to settle on their own land and cultivate it, having the refinements and conveniences of good society around them, they certainly should buy land ; and if their capital be sufficient, there is no reason why they should not enjoy the benefit of stock-keeping too. This is the plan adopted by wealthy colonists : they purchase land and settle on it, take a run and stock it, and put their sheep under the charge of trusty shepherds, and ride down occasionally to look after it. The runs within fifty miles of Christ Church will now be taken up, and in a short time there will be more vacant within a hundred ; but people must not judge of distance in a country like New Zealand, by their Indian feelings. A yearly income of £250, and a capital of three thousand, would enable its possessor to purchase land and start a sheep run, and if he was not too anxious to make himself comfortable at starting, he would soon be very well off. A gentleman so circumstanced will see that if he spent £1,000 in building his house, he would commit a most inexcusable folly ; that is, he would sink one-third of his capital for the mere benefit of a temporary accommodation. This will be seen far better than I can shew it when one arrives in the colony ; but I bring it forward here, as I would earnestly

impress on one and all the fact, that they must submit to much temporary inconvenience to gain a great end. And if they are not prepared to do so, and do so cheerfully, I would as earnestly recommend them not to emigrate. More harm is done by a gentleman of weight and standing going to a colony under false impressions, and then declaring himself to be deceived, than can well be imagined. It unsettles the minds of many who would otherwise be contented with their new home ; that longing of all men who have never been away from their native land before, steals over them with a force it requires determination to combat. Imagination glides in, and pictures of their birth-place rise before them ; there are the familiar spots, the dear old friends, and the warm greeting of a welcome back. The blank future, the miseries and starvation of England, form no part of the delusive vision their evil genius conjures up. What before they fled from in despair now returns in glowing colours. If any man gives way to these feelings, he is doomed to the most bitter disappointment, and most probably to ruin. And if he be not well enough off to return to experience the certain disappointment that must follow, he remains in the colony, but not of it, a thing of growls and discontent—a misery to himself, a nuisance to his neighbours. Now this is a pretty tone to creep into a colony ; yet if gentlemen will emigrate who are not adapted for emigration, it surely tends to such a result. When a man has an income, he need not be afraid of going on his capital,—that source of ruin to many, when they exceed their capital, and have nothing to

meet their engagements, or live on till the returns come in, and are forced to sell at a ruinous loss. It would be absurd in me to give details of what a gentleman landing in the colony with such means, should or could do. The question is whether they will go. When there, they can judge far better than I can tell them. All I can say is, they would be very well off in the colony. Such families are hailed with joy. Every lady of this stamp is looked on as a great acquisition; and every child, as a pledge of a well brought up young colonist. The officer himself, as a general rule, is a man who has seen much of the world—a man of education and liberal ideas; and so the colonists see in him, one who will aid in developing the resources of the country; one who will encourage good institutions, and set a good example; one who knows his rights and how to defend them; one well able to resist oppression and afford a surety of good government. It is for men so circumstanced more than any others, that the plan of the Association has been drawn out; and settlers see with delight this class avail themselves of it. To them it insures the success of their scheme as it insures the success of the colony. I think that nothing could tend so soon and surely to the success of that scheme, as an emigration from India to the colony. Indians are the very men to appreciate the advantages held out by the Association, and to think them worth paying for. They have just the capital required to secure their own success, and to develop the resources of the country; and they are men to hold up and give a tone to the society. That society is

good, now; but if many go from this country, it will unquestionably be the best on Australasian ground.

Unmarried men leaving India, with from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds, have no choice but to face the solitude of the plains. If they wish to do well, with them it must be a struggle for two or three years; but their success is certain if they give way to no extravagance at starting, and act with common sense. The rapid increase of stock will soon carry them safely through all difficulties, and the success that follows is worth the ordeal. But let them not deceive themselves. There is no royal road to fortune, or even to an independent income. The result, although nearly certain, is to be gained only by self-denial and determination. Most men shrink from this lonely life, and few can endure the want of comforts which must be their portion at starting. Then let any who think of such a life, calmly decide, and not rush blindly to the colony to find, when too late, that they are unfitted for the task they have undertaken. Let them not forget that advice on such a subject is folly; for the question must be decided only by their own feelings and natural disposition.

For my part, I have no hesitation in saying that, were I commencing life, and could I be landed in the colony with £1,500 in my pocket, I would not accept a commission in either the Royal or Indian services to make soldiering my profession. I do not mean, if secure of a good staff appointment on landing in India, because then I would arrive at the same end, by easier means: with

this difference, that the climate of India tells on the constitution, whilst that of New Zealand secures good health. What the value of that difference may be, let every one judge for himself; but that it has strongly influenced me in coming to the conclusions I have, and writing as I do, I dare say my readers will have little difficulty in believing. That the noble profession of arms should be brought into comparison with herding cattle, will no doubt shock many people; nor is it the first time I have committed this *faux pas*, and been snubbed for it. But I hold that the nobler mission by far, is that of the colonist, and on that point I am prepared to do battle. Englishmen are too apt to judge the worth of a thing by the trouble they are at in securing it. A commission derives more than half its value, from the fact that there is some difficulty in getting it. Society throws a gay cloak over a soldier, which is a passport everywhere. Few divest themselves without a sigh of this covering, no matter what their rank, or how sick they may be of inspecting bread and meat, and being treated like a school boy. But after all, this passport, to a poor man at least, is a shadow—for what is the use of it, if your poverty prevents your going any where? If a man is tied down to a country he detests, and sticks to the Army, under a feeling of that sort; he is not only sacrificing a substance for a shadow, but he is wasting his existence. I do declare I think there can be no greater waste of life than that of men during the hot season, here in a cantonment. And what is it during the other six months? Why drill,

drill, drill! I have said sufficient to make my readers suppose at least that I am, what is commonly called, "a hard bargain," but the fact is, a fellow becomes bilious in this country; and he must have a growl now and then, to enable him to get on with tolerable temper.

It is a dangerous thing however starting a youth fresh from school to a colony, with a large sum of money in his pocket to make his way in the world; he shrinks from going into exile to live like a hermit, and hangs on in the town; he gets into a bad set. Every day to get away becomes more difficult, and he eventually finds he has spent his money, and acquired nothing but the low habits of colonial dissipation. Even should he not dissipate, the chances are he will remain in the town, and fritter away his means. The Association were well aware what a risk these young men ran, and in planning the colonial College they have made the following provisions. "The upper department of the College will be open to young men, from the ages of sixteen to twenty-one. They will be required to reside within the College; or if elsewhere, then only with the special licence of the Warden. It is intended to assimilate the system and discipline as nearly as possible to the Colleges in this country, (England,) as regards dress, &c. Attendance at morning and evening service in the College chapel will be enforced. The scale of fees, which it is at present proposed to require, will be hereafter settled."

Besides providing in the manner stated for the class of students for whose use the College is spe-

cially designed, the Association have from the following reasons determined somewhat to extend their original plan. Amongst the many applicants for information as to the Canterbury settlement, perhaps the most numerous class has consisted of parents and guardians of the higher ranks, wishing to provide a colonial career for their sons, instead of preparing them for professions at home. Their general object has been to purchase land for the future benefit of the parties on whose behalf they enquired, but who were as yet too young to be entrusted with its management. In many instances the young men themselves appeared to present, as regarded character and ability, the fairest promise of colonial success. Their education, in the ordinary sense of the term, had been in general completed; and (being about to enter upon their future career of life) partly from a sense of the difficulties arising from universal competition in this country, and partly from natural taste, they have preferred the prospect of colonial life offered by the Canterbury settlement, to the pursuit of professions at home. It has, however, been invariably felt in such cases, that in order to the success of a young colonist, it is essential to him to go through a course of practical instruction, not merely in the particular art or occupation for which he is destined, but in the general ways and habits of colonial life; a thing impossible, except in the colony itself. But an obstacle has hitherto presented itself, in the difficulty of providing for the care of the youth in the colony, for his education there, and for the guardianship of his property dur-

ing his pupillary state. The Association have been anxious to remove this difficulty, as far as in them lies; not merely for the class it immediately affects, but with a view to the larger interest of the colony itself; believing as they do, that in no respect could they consult better for its future prosperity, than by planting there a rising generation of men qualified in point of character, family, and property; to take a lead in the administration of its affairs. In offering to assume, in a qualified sense, the office of guardians to youths, who may, under the circumstances mentioned, be entrusted to their charge, the Association will, as far as in them lies, discharge the duties they undertake; and will provide the best means in their power for its proper fulfilment. With this object, they intend to form a distinct department in the College for their reception; and they will make all necessary arrangements with those under whose government the College will be placed, for giving full effect to their views. The Warden of the College will, by these arrangements, represent the Association in the colony, as the guardian of a youth committed to their charge; the young man himself will be subject to the ordinary discipline of the College, and will be at liberty to pursue and complete his education, in the particular branch that may be suited to his future pursuits in life. The circumstances and views of these colonial wards, will be various; depending on differences of age, health, advancement in education, and future prospects; and not unfrequently the object may be to secure for them the benefit of a well regulated home, ra-

ther than to complete their education. The Association are deeply sensible of the importance to a young man, especially in a colony at so great a distance from his natural home, and his own friends; of surrounding him with those wholesome influences which can only be supplied by the refinements of good society, and especially of good female society. They cannot obviously do more than express, in a general way, their strong sense of the importance of this element for the right formation of character in early life; and their anxiety to supply it, as far as circumstances will admit; though it is obvious that much must depend on the tastes, habits, and manners of individuals themselves. The Association will, however, undertake to ensure the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the future Warden of the College; and through him they have no doubt of being able satisfactorily to accomplish their object. The Association will also take on themselves, so far as they can, the guardianship of the property of these colonial wards. They are indeed precluded, by their constitution, from undertaking more than a moral responsibility in this respect; but in directing attention to the fact, they wish it to be understood, that this important trust is undertaken by them with a full consciousness of its weight, and with a determination to fulfil it to the utmost of their power. They will appoint the best qualified person whom they can select in the colony to choose and manage their wards' land during the state of wardship; and through their responsible office, they will take care that the land shall be turned

to the best account, either by letting or otherwise. Any rent or profit that may accrue, shall be received and applied for the benefit of the parties interested; in any way in which the parents or guardians may think best. As it is obvious that the success of such a plan must depend very greatly on the individual character and habits of the wards themselves, the Association will exercise great caution in admitting them to its privileges. It will be their especial aim to guard against the introduction into a society (which to answer its true end must be in a degree select) of young men of ill regulated minds, or whose tastes or habits may be an inducement to their friends at home to rid themselves of a troublesome charge. It will also be the object to discourage, as much as possible, young men, whose characters or abilities may, from early spoiling or natural feebleness, appear unlikely to qualify them for a successful colonial life. The number will be necessarily limited, and will not at present exceed ten. The age of admission will be from fourteen to eighteen, though after admission they may remain till the proper time for entering upon an independent course of life. The charge will be at the rate of £100 per annum.

If any regular communication be established between India and an Australian port, this College will be of great advantage, if the people here choose to make use of it. It will be established on a grand basis, under the direction of Clergymen of the Church of England, who have taken high degrees at Oxford and Cambridge. In a new country, the boys will

see the formation of society, and the development of the resources of the land. They will see science applied to that development, and be able to appreciate the utility of it. Whereas in England, the magnitude and multitude of the works that exist, and that are constantly going on, which make her a wonder amongst the nations, are looked upon by her own sons, who have been brought up amongst them, as a matter of course; and even the full value of the highway is not understood, because the want of it has never been felt. Many lessons will be taught, useful in colonial life, and which can do no harm in any other. They will turn out fit for any profession, but with an invaluable education, if intended for the colonies. Whilst being thus brought up, they are living in a country, the charm of whose unequalled climate remains after years of absence. Thus the principal attraction of the country will be remembered by these boys when scattered over the world, and will bring many back to seek a final home in the land in which they were educated.

It is amusing to see the bugbear Indians sometimes make of a colony; confounding New Zealand with Botany Bay, and both with the back woods of America. What pleasant pictures they conjure up, of the solitary forest, the log huts, and the black stumps that cover the clearings! There, in their mind's eye, they behold delicate females in contact with rude savages. How different is the smiling plain of Canterbury, the glorious scenery, and the exquisite climate! The land is certainly new and rude, and the houses are small, and made of wood; but a lady's

hand can turn a barn into a drawing room,—aye,—and find pleasure in doing it too. She can receive her visitors there as well as in a palace in Calcutta; for she is a lady in the small room as well as in the large one, and a more agreeable lady too, for she is in better health, and *looking* better. I cannot understand the feeling that induces ladies to come so readily to India, and still think it such hardship to go to a colony like New Zealand. They cannot surely be caught by such phrases as "oriental magnificence" or "eastern luxury," things which exist only in the imagination of eastern writers, or are so hidden amongst a favored few, that the many see nothing of them. Luxury does not consist of the houses in which we live, which are often badly furnished thatched cottages; nor in the dinners we eat; for certainly a mess here is no improvement on the same mess in England or the colonies. Nor can it be in the salaaming servants, who do so little else. I believe the luxury of India consists in bringing a man to such a state, that a bottle of iced beer is a heavenly treat; but ladies will not acknowledge this—then in what lies the attraction to them? Surely not in a ball room, where they languidly dance the polka, bored by men in red, green, blue, and all the colours of the rainbow. The attraction does not, cannot be, in the society of a cantonment, than which nothing that is not absolutely vulgar, can be worse. Do not misunderstand me; the society analyzed is good, the individual members are ladies and gentlemen, but the whole is a professional society shut out from the influences of the world, with nothing to give a different turn to

the thoughts. All that one sees and hears is shop ; and when the ladies begin to talk shop too, then it is time to fly the country in despair, or give up the ghost. The climate of India is fatal to the beauty of women ; it is ruin to the health of their children. One thinks that this would be of primary consideration with the sex, the two great reviving springs of their existence ; but no, they dread the barbarians of a colony more. Barbarians indeed ! In my humble opinion the society of Canterbury is better than that of any cantonment in India, though, as I before observed, every lady from this country would be a great addition to that society. I think that society better, because it is surrounded by English influences, and in a country similar to England. Ladies there do not sit in dark rooms, and go out like owls at night. The society is small, but its perpetual move brings lots of subjects on the tapis, and gives a great deal to do. The busy bustle of this, compared with the dead flat of Indian-life, is like a running stream by a stagnant pool. It is amusing to read the *Lyttelton Times*, a paper that started with the colony—and in itself a proof of the excellent tone of public feeling—for no one will now deny that that tone is best judged by the spirit of the press. It is amusing to skim over the advertisement columns, and the weekly news. The cricket match between such and such, and so and so, will come off, &c. ; in such a house public meetings will be held, to take into consideration, &c. &c. ; the bachelors of Canterbury will give a ball at the Mitre Hotel ; a ploughing match will take place ; the clipper *Wave* challenges any boat

in the harbour, &c. In the weekly news you are told that a meeting was held at the Golden Fleece, Christ Church, to elect a committee, and raise subscriptions for a Jockey Club, E. J. Wakefield, Esq. in the chair. You are then informed that the meeting proceeded to mark out the race course. The public is requested to remember that all who love plants and flowers may assemble to form a botanical garden ; and you are told not to forget that the Bishop of New Zealand will preach in aid of such a mission. In fact, glancing at the advertisements, one can scarcely help thinking it is an English paper. Every thing is complete from "Bricks ! Bricks ! Bricks !" to "Mrs. So and So has the honor to announce she has commenced business as a milliner and dress maker ; and as she has studied in some first-rate Parisian Establishment, she hopes," &c. &c. It must be remembered that the people have a week to do all this, or one would think that they did nothing but attend public meetings, balls, and public dinners. The fact is, the climate excites to action, and the place gives scope to one's energies. A man sleeps on some scheme, and rises to put it in execution ; the brains of the people are constantly at work, and the result is seen at the public meetings, in the plans proposed, from the most sound to the most absurd.

What strikes one as strange in all this is, that the colony has but celebrated its first birth-day ; it is a young colt ; if not strong, at any rate frolicsome and fast, and singularly like its well-bred sire. Ladies will not there find themselves out of the world, but in it ; they need not fear the great un-

washed ; on the contrary, they will find the young men as anxious to stand well in their good graces, as in any part of the world ; and is it nothing to feel the color again mantle in their cheeks ; to see the pale faces of their children change to the clear red and white of England, and the air of lassitude give place to the playful gaiety becoming their age ?

On landing at Lyttelton, people who reflect and judge results from causes, will be astonished at the progress made in forming the town. The streets are broad and well marked out ; considerable efforts have been made to level them, but there are great difficulties in the way : those running back, that is, up the hill, will always be steep, and there are ravines by which some of them must be shaped. Up one of these ravines, years hence, a street will run, crossed as at Edinburgh, by a viaduct. In those days, the town will be a picturesque object, formed in terraces on the hill. Strangers will find a favorable contrast in its confined and quaint irregularity, with the level and open town of Christ Church ; when batteries frown on the promontories of the harbour—thank God, the only fortification ever required for Canterbury—and a light house rises below. When houses are built in the vallies, and trees and gardens grow up around them, and plateaux are cut out of the hill-side, and houses placed thereon, and when Lyttelton will have risen to greater importance ; then the wild beauty of this harbour will stand out in stronger light by the contrast of civilization, and it will combine the romantic beauty of a highland bay, with the bustle of a mercantile port. My

readers must not suppose that I am drawing on my imagination far fortifications. I am writing of all but a reality—a thing actually in rapid progress. If you saw the foundation of a palace, and saw it rising up ; if you saw the plan and knew that the builders had means to finish it ; you would be justified in speaking of that place as a thing shortly to be accomplished. The little wooden houses of Canterbury, and the “fixtures,” as the Yankees say, are not very sumptuous places of abode ; but they do well as the first covering. No doubt, when people grow richer, they will be re-placed by stone buildings ; there are plenty of quarries around Lyttelton of a red freestone, soft at first, but becoming harder, when exposed to the air ; and there is a white stone on Quail Island, opposite the town. The Jail is the only stone building, though the expense of stone, I believe, is not much greater than wood. There is a prejudice against stone-buildings, because Wellington was shaken to pieces by an earthquake. But a violent earthquake is an affair of centuries. The Portuguese might as well object to live in stone houses, because Lisbon was once destroyed, or a West Indian refuse to enter a brick house, because they have so frequently suffered. One of the make-shifts is a simple structure, being like the roof of a high-peaked house placed on the ground. It is called a “V hut,” because, I presume, it is like that letter, inverted ; but it does very well for a bachelor to start with.

It should not be forgotten by those who follow me in the description I have endeavoured to give of this colony, that last December twelve months, the first body land-

ed there on a soil that had scarcely ever before received the print of human foot, and that now upwards of four thousand people are there assembled. That these people are under cover, that they have their churches, their schools, their shops, their hotels, their newspaper; and that the same institutions as they were accustomed to in their native land, are rising around them; and that all provisions and necessaries of all sorts have been little dearer there than in the older settlements of New Zealand. In this we have practical work: no theories, but their consequences; one would think that this striking proof, that some wise heads directed movements attended with such results, would convince all who saw it, that the scheme was good, and well managed: but all do not see it; the generality of men require things to be pointed out to them, and not one in a score ever gave the subject a thought. It becomes an affair of theirs only when they find themselves starving, but many of the readers of this *Magazine* have seen the difficulty of transporting and supporting large bodies of men in a country from which they could draw no supplies. And I am very certain that the Hon'ble John could tell some doleful tales about the cost.

This certainly is the best proof that the scheme is good, and well managed, though I do not hesitate in saying, that beautiful as these theories are, some of them are impracticable; for instance, I do not consider it possible to carry out to a new country, and keep in their places a complete section of English society. A new country admits but of two classes, the capitalist who employs labour, and

the labourer who works for the capitalist; the store-keepers and shop-keepers may be considered as a neutral class: at first all other classes must verge into these two. It is in vain to bring out doctors, lawyers, clerks, &c.; if they have no money, they must take to digging, sowing, or herding cattle. It must be the case, that a great scheme to carry out a great experiment cannot be correct in every detail, but the Canterbury people should be well satisfied with the way in which it has worked, and give all due credit to its authors. The necessity for economy and working for one's self, grates rather on the feelings of men not accustomed to that style of thing; the familiarity of people, and the greater equality of classes, are felt disagreeably at starting; but these feelings soon wear away. Whatever may be said to the contrary, I believe Englishmen to be good judges of a gentleman; they soon find a man out, and value him accordingly. One of the first effects a country like this has on the character of an English peasant, is to bring out that honest bluntness and independence, so characteristic of England's Yeomen in the olden times. He feels his value: the world is all before him; he roves where he lists: the country before him, rising in dense forest, or extending in open plain, is there to be subdued by him; he sees and knows his mission. Is not this man standing alone in the solitary wilderness, a more noble object than an individual in the ant-hill of London life, and do his thoughts not naturally turn to more noble subjects? As an English peasant jogs on the Queen's highway, in his densely peopled, and highly civilized

home, he feels he was made for the land, not the land for him; and this is practically illustrated if he goes off the common thoroughfare, when he finds a game-keeper has him by the throat, or he has put his foot in a man-trap. The squatter, as he rides over the wide grassy plains of Australia, feels that he is lord of all he surveys: he comes in contact with the prowling aboriginal, to see his immeasurable superiority, and he has such confidence given him by experience, that he is equal to any emergency in which he may be placed. This imparts to his character a certain nobleness, seen in his bearing, but hard to describe: a feeling which tells you what a dangerous foe he would be in war, requiring but a little discipline to ride down whole legions of the Croats of Austria, or the Cossacks of Russia. The universal spirit of independence is one of the glories of a colony; the spirit that says, a fair day's work is worth a fair day's wages; that he receives no favor who is employed to work by another man; in short, that a labourer is worthy of his hire. From such men one may expect a hearty greeting, but one need not expect them to go through any cringing ceremony. And yet I have seen them touch their hats, to men dressed no better than themselves, and engaged in digging in the fields. I have often been indebted to their hospitality, and it has always been given in a charming way,—in that manner that tells one, "you cannot pay money for this." They who hint that the English are not a hospitable people, know little of their true character. This character cannot be seen in England, where a traveller has every facility for being

comfortably lodged, and quickly posted on his road; but take the same people in the colonies. The hospitality of the old settlers on the Peninsula, and many of the new ones too, to the new-comers, equalled any thing I ever read of. The succession of guests would have worn out the patience, and exhausted the finances, of any tribe of wandering Arabs. From Lyttelton to Akeroa, there was a constant stream of visitors, who toiled over the rough hills of the Peninsula and through the dense forest,—the Maori war-path ever leading over the highest peaks, and through the thickest jungle. Exhausted and worn out, they arrived in the vallies to enter the first house, scarcely knowing whose guests they were, and the host not having the most distant idea whom he was entertaining. They not only submitted cheerfully to have their houses made thoroughfares, through which every one passed who took that road, but they submitted as cheerfully to the high tax required to feed this multitude, provisions, too, being at a famine price, on account of the discovery of the gold mines in Australia. When the travellers continued their journey, they were invited to make the same house their halting place on their return. Often was this invitation given to men who had taken advantage of their kindness, only to be comfortably put up for three or four days. Now this is what I call hospitality: something more than entertaining with kindness your friends, to pay a high price, that neither yourself nor your household should have rest nor privacy. It came to be looked on as a matter of course, and people fresh from England, who could scarcely reconcile themselves to such an

inroad, put on their armour of brass, and entered with the war cry, "It's the custom of the country."

Nearly all the Maories of the Canterbury district, amounting perhaps to two hundred, are grouped in the bays of the Peninsula, and the reserves of land are there marked off for them. They are amusing beggars; it matters not who they meet, man, woman, or child; they invariably ask for tobacco, as if a settler was a roll pig-tail, and had only to unwind himself. They are Jews to make bargains, valuing their labour and their goods equally high. They are, without any exception, the most interesting savages on the face of the earth; and the extraordinary fact will soon stand on record, of the grandfathers being systematic cannibals, and the grandchildren taking their place in society on equal terms with, and amalgamating with, the most highly civilized people in the world. That the cannibal himself is capable of a high civilization is now placed beyond dispute. If the proof was not too clear to be disputed, the world would be slow to believe that the tutored savage, who had dined on rats, men, and horses, could, after a few years training, be made fit to sit at the council of Kings. It would more readily be believed that the gay and frolicsome Maori girl could be tamed down to enter a ball-room with grace, and elegantly go through the movements of a quadrille.

The tone of a large portion of the society of a colony, founded even like Canterbury, is quickly caught up from Australians, and that is summed up in one word,

'pice.' I believe the tendency of a colony is to turn Englishmen into Yankees. The rush after the means of existence, absorbs all questions in the one great one—"How will it pay?" and when this becomes the only principle of action, all other questions turn into vanity and empty air. It is this feeling the Association have made the great effort to counteract, with what success time only can tell. I know when I was in the colony, there was a tendency on the part of a certain class, to ridicule the theories of the Association. These were very wise men; they were the men who understood the value of £., s. d.; they were men of the world, and were not to be humbugged out of their money; they had been years in the colonies, and knew what they were, better than those people in England, who set themselves up to found a colony, though they had never seen one." Yes, they were very wise, but wise only in their own conceit; and the basis of all their arguments was most ridiculously wrong. What is a colony? Answer me that, ye Canterbury grumblers, and Australian wise-acres! An English colony is, in my opinion, but a section of an old society, drawing maintenance from a new land; that is, it is but a portion of the English people. Who knew these people best, a colonial squatter, or an English statesman? The experience of a colonist teaches him to know sheep; the experience of a statesman teaches him to know men: but as men form the colony—not sheep—it follows, that the statesman is the one who should make laws to regulate this society, not the colonist.

The mistake they generally make, is, they think a colony is the ground colonized; that laws should be made for the ground, not the men, and that therefore men, who have not seen this ground, have no right to make laws for it. To a certain extent they are right: the colonists should make all local laws which in any way affect the land, but this is one of the very points the Association wish to secure for them. It has nothing to do with the theories on which the colony has been founded. Again, they suppose a colony is something new, and differing from the rest of the world, but it is not; human nature is the same there as elsewhere,—the same old hopes, the same old fears, the same tendency to crime, and the same feelings to be worked on for good, as those which affect their brethren at the Antipodes. Men should be careful then to strive and raise, not lower, the tone of feeling and thought; which can be done only by surrounding all, with those institutions and moral influences which, as experience has taught the English statesmen, have tended most to the benefit of their native land. If all questions are to be absorbed in the one question of gain, it must clearly tend to demoralize the people; and is it wise to sink every thing in this one pursuit? No; it appears to me to be the one extreme of folly. The other extreme is presented by the lazy Spaniard, who lounges away his existence, hungry and ill-clad, though surrounded by every gift that Nature could bestow. It is, and always must be, the first object of the mass in all and every English colony, to make money, and I do not object to its being so; (I

am discussing temporal, not spiritual matters;) on the contrary, I believe that a colony would stand a poor chance of succeeding, were it not strongly influenced by such a feeling;—a feeling which is the primary cause of the success of English colonies, and a key to the strange fact that they are the only modern people who have been able to create a great nation out of a wilderness. Other people, I confess, may have the *wish* to make money, but the English *know how*.

It is very proper that such a feeling should actuate the people, but it should not be the only feeling. When it becomes the sole object of a man's life, he loses half the enjoyments of existence, and he who deliberately swamps half his enjoyments, is a consummate ass, and must make a very great deal of money indeed to pay for being one. An old convict of Sydney heaped together a gigantic fortune, one of the greatest ever realized in the world. He carried home his mutton chop in a piece of paper, and his wife washed the steps of the hall door. I do not mean to say that had he and she striven to force themselves into a grade of society at home, which they were quite unadapted for; and endeavoured to blind all to the bar sinister in their career, by vulgar glitter and glare, they would have been more happy; but I cannot see of what use their fortune was to them. It strikes me that men, who have only the object looked to by this convict, and who sneer at the elegancies and refinements of life, instead of striving to make themselves capable of enjoying them; are by no means the wise men they would have it believed. A sheep will return as much wool for a man, whose object is to

make himself an elegant and accomplished member of the society in which he moves, as for him who gloats over the prospect of return. I cannot see what a man gains then, by holding notions which would degrade the society of which he is a member, to something worse than the old whaling stations on the coast. When colonists came out to the country, full of the great mission they were to perform, though they may have held some ridiculous ideas, founded in ignorance of a new country, they were far wiser men than the people who ridiculed them. The only pity is, that this romance of feeling should dwindle and fade into thin air before the rude touch of these block-heads. It appears to me that that man is most blest, who being a practical man of business, can grasp all the advantages of the colony, and who yet retains that feeling which makes him look for an additional reward in the future. And he is better off who sees around him a high civilization, and appreciates it, than that person who looks alone to what he can grind out of whatever has the misfortune to belong to him. Why, such a fellow becomes only a wool-growing and tallow-boiling machine. He whose ideas rise no higher, is on a par with the sheep he clips, a man who has no knowledge of the world, a fellow to be pitied and despised; and yet such people can ridicule and condemn as a humbug, a cheat, and an absurdity, the scheme put forth by a great body of gentlemen engaged in a most philanthropic purpose. These men have been accustomed to live much alone, or surrounded with shepherds and herdsmen; they are there cock

of the walk, to use a common expression; finding their own resources sufficient for any situation in which they may be placed, they acquire an overweening confidence in themselves, and give their opinions in that tone which admit of no dispute; they have never felt the want of the influences with which the Canterbury Association have endeavoured to surround their colonies; and as it is necessary to pay for these, they look upon the theories as humbug—a means to extract money from a gullible public. They cannot understand a body like the Canterbury Association taking a heavy responsibility, giving up much time, and going to great trouble, simply to do good; gaining nothing, but not so certain of not loosing. I have written thus fully on the opinions of a class; because men passing from this country to New Zealand must go *via* Australian ports, and they may hear such opinions expressed; but they should always bear in mind, that it is the speaker *versus* some of England's best statesmen. I remember that on entering Storm Bay, the harbour of Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, the Captain and myself went on shore. In a certain house we met a Clergyman of the Church of England, and an old sailor—we were direct from Lyttelton—therefore the colony came on the tapis. As I was on my road from the settlement, I was not supposed to have any interest in it, and so the Parson spoke freely. He declared the Association and the plan to be a humbug, said the pilgrims were unaccountable asses to give three pounds an acre for waste land, when they could get cleared land for one pound in Tasmania, (he

condemned the latter country as strongly, as he could, when he said so,) and he could not understand men colonizing a waste, when such a civilized country as Van Dieman's Land was open to them. I listened quietly to this renegade to his faith, who declared it to be a humbug to found a colony, on the religion of which he was a minister. A fit person for a convict congregation! The lady of the house, with a woman's tact, saw he was putting his foot in it, and broke in with some remark about the great superiority of the class who had emigrated to Canterbury. The sailor now shoved in his oar, and I turned to listen to what he had to say. "New Zealand is all my eye," commenced the old salt. "There is no land to colonize there."—"Indeed," said I, "were you ever there?"—"Aye," said he, "all over it, there's nothing but wood and mountains." Here were opinions calculated to unsettle the mind of an unhappy individual on his road to the colony, supposing he did not know much about the settlement he was going to. The one a Clergyman of that religion on which this society was being built up, and the other a sailor who had seen the land—The Clergyman was probably retailing the opinion of some convict, and as for the tar—put not thy faith in sailors—they think they see much of the world, but they only see a world of water. The tar had probably coasted down the Middle Island, and come to the same conclusion that the old navigators who had not landed, did—that it was a chaos of mountains, and a region of perpetual winter. "Port Philip," continued he, "that is the colony to go to." I said nothing: it

would have been useless—for people born in the colonies would have scouted my argument, on the plea of their knowing so much better; but I know that there were many of the Port Philip people settling on the Canterbury plains. Such are the ill-digested opinions men give with confidence, knowing nothing of the subject, and in their ignorance perverting facts. Englishmen, as a body, are a sad set for grumbling; they are never at a loss for a subject—no matter how ridiculous. It is the fault of the Association that the Harbour of Lyttelton is enclosed by its wall-like hills. Men who have not paid a sous, consider themselves justified in growling, because the road to Christ Church has not been completed, and all the difficulties of a new country are not smoothed away, so that they might have only to settle down—and live in plenty and ease. One exclaims, "I thought it never rained here—the Association said so;" how absurd; how could he account for the glorious vegetation of New Zealand? He should have colonized Scinde, where he would find a fertile soil, only requiring water, and no rain; or perhaps the great desert of Sahara would do better—a very delightful country.

Although there is plenty of direct communication from New Zealand to India, there is no direct communication from India thither. It is necessary to go therefore by way of Australia. The best ports are Sydney, Port Philip, and Hobart Town; the best of these I think Hobart Town, both as regards position and greater communication. When we beat up Storm Bay, there were no less than three other vessels work-

ing up from New Zealand. The distance is some 1,200 miles, but as westerly winds prevail, the passage from land to land is generally under ten days.

It is difficult to advise what to take to a colony, so much depends on the taste and position of the colonist. People whose means are not great, should not fritter their little away; but as a general rule, instead of selling their nick-nacks of furniture, they should be packed up and taken to the colony; they add much to the elegant appearance of a room, and little is got for them when sold, though a great deal is paid when bought. I would take every thing I could pack away in a small space; I would take even doors and window-frames; not too large, or the house may be all doors and windows, neither would I forget glass, hinges, &c. If the freight is not very expensive, I would take as much furniture as I could conveniently look after. I think it folly in a man being more uncomfortable than he can help. It is easy to lay down a rule as make yourself as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and if circumstances won't permit any comfort, don't growl; but it is not so easy acting on this rule. Take carpeting, canteens with plate, no matter of what sort; add to, instead of selling any—crockery-ware of all sorts, and glasses, &c. All agricultural implements can be procured in the colony from first-rate English makers, at no great extra charge. I would take a good Bengal hill tent, one that will stand wind and rain. As an experiment, I would take an assortment of Indian seeds, fruits, vegetables and flowers. Any plant

that would do for fencing is invaluable; and any that would grow in a hedge farm, although not sufficient for fencing, if it would spring up rapidly and hide the nakedness of the land, would at least be ornamental. Every sportsman should make an attempt to carry to the colony some of the game of India. He may confer a lasting benefit on succeeding generations if he succeeds, barring, as the Irish say, tigers, bears, hyænas, and jackalls. If the antelope, black deer, or sam-bre would not thrive well in such a country, I am much mistaken. It is the great drawback to New Zealand this want of animal life. It is positively painful to a sportsman to see the lifeless forests and hills covered with vegetation—a vegetation and climate with such an abundance of running water, that the country would be a paradise to all animals, not carnivorous. One would think the Almighty had preserved this land for that race who had done most to spread his image and his Word, and had given it fresh from his hands to the heirs of the highest civilization, that the greatest benefits might be derived from the bounties he had showered upon it, and that it might, in its success, be to all nations a proof of the reward of industry, an example of the fruits of good government, and the prosperity resulting from the unfettered energies of a free people. There lies this middle island, large as England, with its noble mountains, its vast forests, its fertile level land, open plains, nothing to exterminate, nothing to be undone. Did England present such an appearance to the Roman, to the Saxon, to the Norman invader? Did not her cold grey

cloudy skies, that to this day so often drive her sons to suicide, and the heavy fogs, hang with as great a weight on her forests and over the extensive bogs? And did not the country present a far more irreclaimable look? I am certain that there neither is, nor ever was, a tract of waste land that more wooed the cultivator than this plain; and the English, with their Island as exclusive as Noah in his Ark, are invited to choose what animals they wish, to rove over their mountains, and to fill their woods. A century hence, the most lucky heirs will be those born to properties in New Zealand.

But I must return to the question, which appears any thing but to the purpose, though my object is to show that this land, which is singularly well adapted for game of all sorts, lies open for a choice to be introduced, which must wonderfully increase and multiply in so favored a climate, *and one free from all vermin*. For every useful plant and animal introduced, society becomes indebted to the introducer, and I think that every one coming from a strange land should make some such offering to the colony. A good breed of goats, beside being useful in the colony, would give milk on the voyage, so I would take two; and I would take a hen coop full of Chittagong fowls, or as many as the Captain would allow, paying no high sum for them. A good breed of poultry would be valuable,—although the poultry is very fine in New Zealand, but very expensive at Canterbury now. The *Lyttelton Times* quotes fowls per pair at seven shillings, and eggs at three shillings per dozen.

A good Arab stallion would be no bad spec. I myself would like to take some of the cows of India, not that they would be valuable, although they might present such a high bred appearance; but they would certainly be ornamental. A good native servant would be useful; he could be sent back in a year or two, when you are more settled. Take plenty of linen for all household purposes, and personal use; also some light clothing, and still more warm clothing. Of course take your library. Get your boots made in England; you might as well have them made of brown paper as Indian leather. Have them so that they will encase your whole leg, covering trousers, and reaching up to the thigh—of good waterproof leather; then you may fearlessly ride through rivers, or walk through mud. Take Hyderabad worked legs for a bedstead, and plenty of tape, and you are secure of a good, pretty, and comfortable bed, no inconsiderable matter, considering that one-third of a man's life is spent in it. The great climax of my advice is, take to smoking, and bring your cheroots. If you get nothing to eat on the voyage, smoke; if any misfortune happens, put a weed in your mouth; if you are disappointed with the country, smoke three or four off the reel; and when you get comfortably settled, you may try at least to break yourself of the vile habit.

In an article in *Blackwood*, which I referred to before, the defunct New Zealand Company are thus dealt with. "Besides the missionaries and other individual settlers, the great corporation, which first appeared as the New Zealand Association.

and merged into the New Zealand Company, was formed. A deep ambition burned in the bosom of those who devised this project. Looking beyond mere wealth or nominal rank, or temporary notoriety, they saw a possible vista of future greatness in being the humble exiles, whose names would afterwards be echoed as the founders of a great empire. Nor was the notion quite preposterous. *No fairer field for colonial enterprise had ever presented itself to the world.* Beyond doubt, the energetic British race moderately filling these delightful Islands, and carrying with them all our constitutional privileges and advantages, without the hereditary evils in pauperism and degradation that weigh them down, would form an empire to predominate more powerfully in the southern hemisphere than our's does in the northern. It was the ambition of these schemers, many of them able men, to be the planters of this empire. It was a bold and a brilliant project. Let us, since it has departed with the shadows of other great forgotten projects, though we say but little of it—say that little kindly;—the empire on which their hopes were founded may hereafter arise; but neither its reality, nor the fame of being its fabricator, is now for them. They had scarcely even gone far enough to bear the *magni nominis umbra*." October 1851. I am not ashamed to state that I left New Zealand with this idea: I left it with the conviction that these delightful Islands would cause our empire to predominate in the southern hemisphere: such will, such must be the case, and quickly too, if an emigration from In-

dia takes place. Should such an emigration take place to Canterbury, that district would take a high place, and become the leader amongst the New Zealand settlements. It would grow up around Christ Church a number of families settled on a small and compact plot of land, which would quickly be worked into high cultivation, and the country around assume a garden-like aspect. The capital brought in would soon develop the resources of the district, and give to its owners a good income. A portion of this income would be spent in increasing the cultivation, and beautifying their own land. How could people be better placed to form a pleasant society? In a beautiful country, with an exquisite climate possessing ample means, and within easy visiting distance of each other, surrounded by a growing, moral, prosperous and contented community,—I ask again, how could they be better placed? Christ Church will become a town, with its college, its cathedral, and its club, and it will soon be the great sanatorium of India. We shall hear no more of valetudinarians from this country seeking health in inferior climates, like that of the Cape or Australia. They will turn to an institution that will be more than half raised for their benefit—the club of Christ Church—and to a more agreeable society, consisting, as I hope it may, of a large sprinkling of their own brethren. It is a pleasant thing in another land to meet men you have been quartered with abroad; to discuss the campaign in which you served; to talk of your mutual friends, and to bring back recollections

of the manners, the customs, and the spots where a large portion of your life has been passed. Again, this will react on England, and many families will crowd out to better their social position, and become members of such a society. I do not look to an emigration from this country alone to raise Canterbury to this high position; I foresee what would be its result; but I look to the effect it would have in England. If the Canterbury Association could point to it as a fact, that numbers of gentlemen were passing from this country as colonists to Canterbury, it would have more effect than many fine speakers and fine writings.

Now what would be the sacrifices gentlemen about to retire would make in colonizing Canterbury? Pausing to think, I can make out none. They may have to give up some vision of a pleasant cottage near a beautiful English village, but they give up nothing substantial, for these visions are a delusion. I speak of men with families. The only disagreeables I can make out, are those of the voyage, and the many discomforts attending on landing in a new country, where their habits at starting are liable to be rudely invaded: but this is the case too if they turn west instead of east, the only difference being that the eastern land, to start with, presents a few more hardships and disagreeables. But this is certain, they must leave India, and they leave it with pleasure for a better climate. Contrast this position with an English family about to colonize. The entire family probably born in the house they occupy, in an English village, or on a farm, their relatives and friends around them, every face

familiar, every spot endeared by association, contented with their own country, knowing and caring for no other, they live on hoping for their sons to find employment around them, their daughters to marry in their neighbourhood. Imagine the grief of such a family, torn from their native land to seek a home at the Antipodes. What misery to sell the house in which they were born, the furniture that had stood around them from infancy; to bid farewell for ever to their relatives and friends! Years must pass before that family can become contented with their lot, and it alone accounts for a great deal of the grumbling one hears in a new colony. How often the energy of mind and body is wanting to carry such a family through this ordeal? How often do they sink lower and lower in the mire, till at last they emigrate to escape a workhouse!

Few men have a clear idea where New Zealand is. It is at the Antipodes, say people in England, which conveys an idea to them of its being out of the pale of the world; a place difficult to get at, and impossible to get away from; but like many other delusions which have shaded these Islands, this feeling is passing away. The world will soon be encircled by a belt of steam communication. The highway of this communication will pass through Cook's Straits. The great work on which the Yankees are now engaged will connect the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean, and that connection will soon be followed by direct steam communication between Sydney and Panama. The golden wealth of Australia will make it worth while for America to place

steamers on that line. Even suppose it did not at first pay, the Government would bear the expence, and secure to the nation the steam communication of the Pacific, and the carriage of the Australian gold. These steamers will stop and coal at Wellington; the West India Company will connect the line of their steamers with the Island, and New Zealand will be brought by constant and easy steam communication within six weeks of England. The wealth given by the carriage of gold will enable the West India Company to lower their passage money for colonists, and it will be the interest of the Yankee Company to do the same. So for a sum of some £70—people may go to, or return from, England.

It is a strange fact that the two greatest extremes of colonization that have ever been seen in the world, should take place precisely at the same time—that to California and that to Canterbury,—the one the spontaneous movement of a multitude to seek gold, the other the deeply thought and well-devised scheme of men capable of framing it; the result for the first has been starvation, misery, anarchy and murder, and this amidst great wealth; the other has resulted in a moral, contented, and prosperous community, a result which would have been the same or even better, had ten times the emigration followed to Canterbury.

I have been called enthusiastic, and even mad on this subject; but as every one is said to be mad on some point, I am satisfied with the turn my madness has taken. What I have said I repeat. I say there is a large open plain of great fertility, possessing

a good climate, and well situated for trade, having a good harbour, and capable of raising 'valuable exports, and that there are good and growing markets around. I say, this land has been granted to a body of Englishmen of the highest rank to carry out a grand experiment of colonization. I say, this body has drawn out a plan more complete than any hitherto devised, embodying the opinions of the great portion of the gentlemen of England, for whom they have chiefly undertaken the task. I say, this land holds out to us an excellent prospect of bettering our material condition, at the same time that it promises to surround us with the noble institutions of our country—which will spread and become more consolidated as the scheme advances. I say, that the sure and complete success of the colony and of that scheme would be quickly followed by a steady and constant emigration from this country; and I say, that the result of that emigration would be a good society in a lovely land, one of the most prosperous colonies ever founded by England. I have now said my say: of the truth of what I have written I have myself no doubt; but I have seen too much of the world to declare positively to the colour of theameleon. Let those interested, take nothing I have written for granted. The colony is still there, and the truth may be arrived at. There are many to declare it all to be a delusion and a snare: write to London, and tell your agent to send you all the papers that prove New Zealand to be a fallacy as a colony, Sydney Herbert's *Journal for Australia*: I think that's the title. It contains many papers, headed the "Truth about

New Zealand," and an exposure of the Wakefieldian theory of high priced land. As the plan of this colony contains the essence of that theory, Canterbury is shown up in very strong colors. As I have derived much amusement from this truthful exposure, I would be ungrateful not to try and do something to increase the sale of the journal, and there is a pamphlet called, I think, "Whether to go, and whether," which, if I remember right, abuses the scheme and Association in no measured terms; the thing that must operate against the sale of this valuable book is, that unfortunately the Association have copied this abuse into the Canterbury papers, which they publish every now and then; but there still remains one piece of information in this book that gives it a peculiar value: It informs its readers, that when people get into the southern hemisphere, amongst other strange things that happen, the compass turns round, and the needle points to the south pole. Who will deny

that this piece of information is worth the paltry sum of one shilling?

If I have succeeded in turning attention to this colony, I shall have accomplished the object I have had in view. Better information than I could give can be procured from Mr. Fitzgerald, Emigration Office, Lyttelton,—a gentleman who would scorn for any object, to colour what he wrote. He holds I believe, opinion strong as I do, and perhaps he would write much in the same strain. Get the *Lyttelton Times*, a most excellent and impartial journal. The Canterbury papers may be procured, and any information by writing to the Secretary Canterbury Association, No. 9, Adelphi Terrace, London. Whatever steps you may take to gain the information you require, I cannot give better advice than that contained in the words of the great Apostle—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

SARAH AND HAGAR.

"THE keener a Poet's intuition of the ideal, the more does he require a corresponding urgency in his sense of the real."

EDIN. REVIEW, JULY, '51.

THE man who, wedded to a formal pound
Of uncongenial duties, also woos
Science, or sweeter Art, may never choose,
Which he shall cleave to, being duly bound
To his stern help-mate; yet, if so tis found
From long experience, both must have their dues,
Hard-visaged Duty, and the unfruitful Muse:
The lark's warm nest is ever on the ground,
Tho' he himself be minstrel of the skies,
And all the joyance of his heavenly singing
Be but the overflowing of such mirth
As from his earthly pleasures doth arise:
Shout, Poet, till the starry spheres are ringing,
Antæus-like, thy strength is still from Earth.—H. G. K.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

' *SEEREN* will be our days, and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

WORDSWORTH.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

WE have touched upon low scenes, but now "escap't the Stygian pool," let us come into a purer and more congenial atmosphere.

Norbourn Hall, the residence of the Everett family in Sussex, was a handsome, massive house. On one side there was a large portico, with a broad space of gravel road before it, and beyond that, the park. On the other, was a terrace stretching the whole length of the house, and below it the lawn and gardens.

These sloped down for a considerable distance, till they came to a thick belt of trees, behind which ran the high road, but so completely shut out that a green hill rising beyond it, seemed part of the estate, though such was not the case. In a corner of the park, embosomed in thick trees, stood a little church, with a little town muffled up in ivy; and not far distant, a parsonage house. This looked into the park in front, but the gates of the yard at the back, opened on the street of a village. The inmate of this parsonage had been till lately a venerable man of extreme age, but finding infirmity growing upon him, and having a great desire to

spend his last days at Bristol—his native place—he gladly gave up the living at an offer of Mr. Everett's, delicately made, of a comfortable annuity. And there this old man stood once more, in his buckles and with his agate-headed cane, on the tumultuous pavement of London, rested his powdered head against the cushion of a railway carriage, shut his eyes in the tunnels, and before his bewilderment was half over, was puffed and panted into sight of Redcliffe Church, that

"Mystery of human hand,
The pride of Bristowe and the Western land,"
which he could remember at a period when Watt was still making mathematical instruments in the University of Glasgow.

At the time the old gentleman retired from Norbourn, Frederick Everett was in priest's orders, and the living was given him by his father. So he took up his abode in the little house where he had begun his Latin Grammar with the Rector, then even venerable; and officiated in the little church, where he was christened, and was sometimes called upon to consign the dead to their resting place, in the same churchyard where he had played a thousand times as a child,

merrily stringing the dandelions into chains, and rolling about in the long grass of the graves, happily unconscious of all the sorrow of the scene !

It was a beautiful June evening when two young men were sauntering together in the garden, which was railed off from the park in front of the parsonage at Norbourn. One of them was tall and slight, of pale, though not unhealthy complexion, with black hair and large eyes, in one of which a glass was fixed. This was Fred. Everett. The other was Arthur Chester. He was much altered since we last saw him, but perhaps improved. His eyes, always the best part of his face, in earlier life were a little shrouded with a dreamy abstractedness ; but now there was more vigour in their expression, though not indeed altogether unsubdued by sadness. His rich brown hair was still luxuriant as before ; his figure was fuller, and his carriage more erect.

"Arthur," said Everett, "we must be off to the Hall ; we promised to be punctual, and it is very nearly their tea time."

"Let us go at once, then, by all means," rejoined the other, and issuing forth from the garden gate, they started across the park for the Hall.

The family party at the Hall consisted of Mr. Everett, his wife, two daughters—twin sisters—George, and a younger brother named Harvey, and Georgiana Mills, a school acquaintance of the twins. Mr. Everett was a man who had been many years in Parliament as member for the county. He was a pretty good committee man, but his name seldom appeared amongst the speakers, except as

putting remote questions, such as this—What did Government mean to do in the case of Mr. Huffnagle, of Smyrna, whose shoe had been spit upon by a Turk, and who had failed to obtain any redress through the British Consul ? He had now retired from political life for some time. In appearance he was quaint and ~~the~~outh. A bald head, fringed with sandy hair, tortoise-shell spectacles, and a florid clear complexion, may give an idea of his face. In figure he was tall and large-boned, and in his dress, nankeen predominated. Kind and generous in disposition, his mind was ~~was~~ curious warehouse of varied, but unasorted, and therefore but little available, knowledge ; and his fancy was always running wild after some new theory. Mrs. Everett was a sweet person ; her braided dark grey hair, her comely form, her perfect taste in matronly dress, her features, still retaining traces of great beauty, her silvery voice, commanded at once your respect and affection. The twins, though alike in form and in cast of feature, were of wholly dissimilar complexions. Caroline was quite light-haired, and exquisitely fair, with blue eyes ; while Emily had black hair and eyes, and a brown complexion, with that beautiful tint on the cheek, which high color produces in a brunette. Caroline was a girl of great common sense, abounding in kindness, and possessing a large fund of quiet humour. Emily was weaker in constitution, and less lively, but more thoughtful, and highly accomplished. A brave girl was Georgiana Mills ; the expression "fine lass" occurred to you on seeing her, and yet there was no coarseness in her

appearance. Not strictly handsome, but so pleasant looking, so cheerful, so active. And though her white dress was of humble material, and though no ring shone on her fingers, and a simple rose supplied the place of a brooch on her bosom, yet she possessed that peculiar skill which can impart to the simplest garb, a grace ill-adjusted finery never attains. The countenance of Harvey Everett was a peculiar one. It was a colorless face, already slightly marked with untimely wrinkles. His expression was one of great determination, but mingled with a certain impatience and weariness, particularly remarkable in his eye. His age was perhaps eighteen, but though his figure was of course quite youthful, he seemed to have none of the happy thoughtlessness of his years about him. Tea was set out on the terrace, and the family party were already round the table, when Fred. and Arthur were seen coming round the corner of the house, and ascending the steps.

"Come, Fred." cried Emily as they approached; "I am so glad you have arrived to help me against Georgiana, who is very wicked."

"What has she been doing?" asked Fred.

"She has been declaring," said Emily, "that Dr. Pusey is a Jesuit in disguise."

Emily was disposed to High Church principles, and Georgiana very much the contrary; in consequence, amicable contests were frequently coming off between them. Fred.'s taste for drawing had rather inclined him to a party who patronized such picturesque things as flying buttresses, and screens, and crosses, and crucifix-

es, and the like; and therefore he generally supported Emily. When he was at Cambridge, you might have seen in his sketch-book, a priest in full habiliments before the altar—a beadsman kneeling by an antique monument, or some of the saints in attitudes illustrative of their legends. On another page would be a mitred abbot ambling on his palfrey, or a wan and bony monk, with arms crossed on his breast, dying all by himself in his cell.

Then Fred. liked the names of the saints' days, and the words Vigil and Vespers and Matin, and so his tastes had in some way suggested his opinions.

Emily, Georgiana and Fred. all sat together to dispute. Caroline and George were a little apart at a small table, by themselves, she reading aloud the "Bridal of Triermain," and he netting and interrupting, when she came to bits he knew by heart. Harvey was reading a book with rigid and forced attention. Arthur sat between Mr. and Mrs. Everett.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Everett abruptly to Chester, "have you ever turned your attention to the historic truth probably contained in the myth of the Invasion of India by Bacchus?"

"No; I cannot say that I have," replied Arthur.

At this moment Harvey lifted up the troubled eyes to his father's face, and then, as if on reconsideration, bent them down again on the book.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Everett, "I have a theory on the subject myself, which I think a beautiful one, because it is concise, consistent and conciliatory;" and he touched the top of a finger for each attribute. "Bacchus, sir,

Sesostris and Minos were one and the same individual. It is true the Cretans claim Minos and his laws, but I would say to the Cretans 'I am very sorry I cannot believe you.' Girls," he added in a louder voice; "girls, you should listen to this. The Cretans, my dears, were always liars. One of the Apostles of your own Church says so; where is it, Emily, my love? second epistle to Jude or somewhere."

"No, no, dear papa," said Emily laughing, but trying to look grave. "The first chapter of Titus and the twelfth verse."

"Well then, sir," continued Mr. Everett, "Bacchus was imported from Tyre to Thebes, from Egypt to Tyre, so I put him in a first-class carriage—the express train if you like—and take him back by the Tyre route to Egypt." At this sally Mr. Everett looked smilingly round for approval. "Now, sir, our arena is Egypt,—Bacchus I take there, Minos I put there, Sesostris is there already. Off for India! The Egyptians say Sesostris invaded India, the Greeks say Bacchus invaded India, the Indians say Minos invaded India; at least if they do not, what do they mean by having the laws of Menu? I say to them, 'gentlemen, you are all right and you are all wrong; the invasion originated in an expedition of the Mino-Sesostric Bacchus.' This individual starts for the east, conquers Ariana, comes back, says he's been to India, has the falsehood painted in fresco, and is made into a mummy. The vast garrisons he left in Ariana become in process of time a people. Now comes the hitch. As Mrs. Everett says,

where the devil does the Sanscrit language spring from?"

"My dear," burst in the lady quoted, "how can you say so, I am sure I never use such words."

This was a common ruse on Mr. Everett's part, for reviving flagging attention.

"But the difficulty is only a nominal one—where does Masque come from? Where did Montezuma get his language? Is the course of historical research to be stopped, because captious people ask questions that do not happen to have any answer? Fiddle de dee! Why, I could floor astronomy in exactly the same way. Suppose I was to ask Sir Isaac Newton what the moon was made of, why, what would he have to answer? Nothing, and he would probably go home to the Mint, and take prussic acid."

"My dear Mr. Everett," interrupted his wife, "how can you talk of such horrid things?"

"It is not my fault, my love, captious objectors are to blame. Well, sir, what remains? Ariana becomes over-populated, emigration takes place, the race sprung from the garrisons of the Mino-Sesostric Bacchus, move eastward, taking with them their caste, their ox-god, and their laws of Menu. There you have a great historical fact, the origin of the Hindoos, picked out of the rubbish of myths, by John Everett, of Norbourn Hall, and father of a great many expensive children. Q. E. D."

"But why?" asked Fred., "should a man have called himself three names, Minos, Sesostris, and Bacchus?"

"Because he chose," replied Mr. Everett. "Why did Poquelin call himself Molière? Because

he chose. If personal caprice is to be considered improbable in history, the difficulties become at once insurmountable. 'Now, Harvey,' he continued turning to the lad, "how is it that you, who are so fond of knowledge, and cram your head with everything, do not listen to my theory?" "Oh no," said Harvey, "it would not suit my purpose to listen to it now. One of three things must happen to it. If it is right, it will be adopted generally, and I shall get at it that way. If it is wrong, but worth remembering for its ingenuity, it will come to me in the history of clever errors. If it is wrong, and not worth remembering, I do not wish to hear it at all." This was said so naively, and quite without rudeness, that a general laugh followed. "Why, look here," he continued with animation; "supposing I had lived in Malebranches' time, and he had asked me to hear his theory about seeing all things in God, I would have said 'No; I would rather wait till you are dead, and see whether your idea lives or not.' It *did* live, but not because it was right. Now right and wrong go into different places in one's head, and it is no use putting a thing into your head, till you know the proper place for it."

There was truth in what the lad said, and yet it seemed to be less the result of thought than of a sort of instinctive cunning with regard to knowledge.

There was some dispute as to whether there should be a stroll in the park this evening, for a stranger was expected from town, who indeed was no other than Claud Delafield. However it was decided that as Mrs. Everett was not wishing to go out, a walk might

be taken on the chance of being back before the coach arrived. George took off his father to see some proposed improvement in the stables, and Harvey stayed with his mother. The rest started in the direction of the Church. Fred. gave an arm to Georgiana and his sister Caroline, whilst Emily took that of Arthur Chester. Georgiana was amusing her companions with an account of an old maid in her father's village—he was a clergyman—who was very afraid of fire, fond of cats, and hostile to men. Emily asked Arthur if he knew German. Sufficiently, he said, to read it with ease. "I have just been studying Schiller's Minor Poems," she continued, "how wonderful they are! How pregnant with thought! They seem to me more perhaps than any poems I have ever read, to exhibit the poet as the Seer; that is, as the one able to discern the latent meaning in what occurs or exists around him, and then, too, I love him as all women must, for his high opinion of us; the whole scope of our true influence is contained in his *Würde der Frauen*."

"I do not think," said Arthur, "that you will find many German writers insensible to the dignity of women, or to those virtues which they so eminently represent. Do you know Jean Paul? I am sure he must be a favorite."

"His larger works," replied Emily, "I have found at present too difficult, but the 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces' I have read, and though I am a little afraid of him, I can catch the extraordinary glimpses of his genius which one suddenly comes upon amidst much that is obscure, and even dull. What a privilege it must be

to know some of these great Artists ; to hear them speak ; to live within their influence : even as it is, by their silent communications with us, how they help us to make a beautiful place of earth, and to people it with gentler visitants !”

Arthur looked at her as she spoke—her eye was bright, her cheek was flushed with more than wonted colour.

“ Personal intercourse,” said Arthur, “ with many of the beautiful writers of the day, must indeed be a high privilege, but with others it is better perhaps that we should only know them through their works. It would sadden and dishearten us, if we saw a pure and lofty spirit encumbered with earthly failings, catching in some degree the dross of earth in its intercourse with the world. It is true indeed that no great artist can ever be a hypocrite, but genius seems not unfrequently to exhaust strength of mind, and from the strong variations of light and shade which pass over the spirit, the conduct oftentimes is vacillating, accessible to sudden impulse, and too much influenced by transitory, though it may be deep, emotions.”

“ I dare say it is so,” said Emily, “ but do you not think the friends of poets, and of persons of real genius, are often very injudicious, unreasonably expecting them to be exactly like other people ?”

“ The merely practical man,” replied Arthur, “ is at a loss to conceive what object there can be in the poet’s existence, and having himself quietly and successfully mastered life, feels an indignant astonishment at the worldly difficulties and incapacities of genius. But the mistake lies in supposing the experiences of the one to be

the same as those of the other. The practical man prescribes his clock-work code of the household virtues, and to himself it seems so easy—but, alas ! he sometimes proves to genius a legislator as harsh as Draco ! He, good man, has found life a transaction which with ease may be creditably performed, but then *his* life is not the same life as the other’s : they are not existing on the same earth, looking up at the same heaven, or breathing the same air. The parrot lives very respectably in a cage ; eats lump sugar, swings in his cage, picks up the language he hears about him, and forgets the tropics. The eagle has no peace in confinement—he may be fed, he may be sheltered, but he pines for the immediate sun and the pure air of the region beyond the cloud, and finds not repose but in the release of death !”

This was a strong point with Arthur, and he delivered himself with a gusto which amused Emily exceedingly. After a little pause, she said in a timid way—“ Mr. Chester, Fred. has told me you are a poet yourself, and I should like exceedingly to see some of your writings, if you have no objection to shew them.” “ My dear Miss Everett,” replied Arthur, “ I think Fred. has been rather precipitate in bestowing the laurel crown, for I assure you I never published anything in my life.” “ I don’t care about publishing,” said Emily ; “ I am quite sure you write poetry. I could have told so without Fred.”

Arthur, thus driven into a corner, was obliged to promise that she should see something of his, and that bargain being concluded, they reverted to subjects on which Arthur soon grew enthusiastic, and

delighted Emily with little bursts of unpremeditated eloquence, dictated by the fulness of his heart.

The others had walked on fast, for they were going to see an old woman in the village, which was too far for Emily. As they were not in sight on their return when Arthur and Emily reached the churchyard, they sauntered into it. Emily suddenly said she must sit down. Arthur led her to a grave-stone. She looked agitated. "I dare not," she said, "tell mama; I am so afraid of paining her; but these overwhelming fatigues are so alarming that come over me unexpectedly. I would not say even to Caroline, what I can say to you, that I have a presentiment that I have not very long to live." "Dear girl," said Arthur, quite touched, and taking her hand, "Do not speak so; you are too young, too gentle, too loved by all who know you, to die." "Too young!" she said, blushing slightly at Arthur's earnestness, "Look there," and she pointed to a little mound on which some tender hand had planted a slip of rose plant.

"But, pray do not," she added, "ever tell Caroline or any of them of this. I know what I feel, but I do not wish them to know it." Arthur looked away with tears in his eyes; when he turned again, he was surprised to see the girl as pale as death itself.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "Nothing of consequence I hope," she said; but the terrible agitation of her voice betrayed her apprehensions. She held her handkerchief to her mouth. Arthur's terrified eye caught the color of blood. A vessel had given way.

At that moment the sound of cheerful voices showed the approach of Fred. and the girls. Arthur called for their help whilst he hastened to support Emily, now almost sinking from fear.

An arrangement was speedily made—Arthur should hurry to the Hall to break the circumstance to Mrs. Everett, whilst Fred. got his little phaeton from the parsonage. The girls remained with Emily. Poor Caroline too, frightened to be of much use, but Georgy so firm, so tender, and so consoling, without contradicting the patient: for it is no comfort to be told there is nothing the matter, when you feel that there is. At length the phaeton arrived, and Emily was conveyed gently across the park. Some way from the house, the anxious mother was met, running as fast as her years permitted, without shawl or bonnet.

When the party reached the Hall, Emily was carried to a bed-chamber, and a servant dispatched on horseback to Hastings for the physician.

CHAPTER V.

IN the midst of the confusion consequent upon Emily's accident, a young man might have been seen advancing towards the terrace from the direction of the high road. He was tall, but slight in figure, with long hair,

aquiline features, and blue eyes. One of the house servants carried a portmanteau and umbrella behind him. Delafield was an exceedingly well-dressed man, (the reader will have guessed it was he,) though the style was

slightly foreign, and leaning perhaps too much to the elaborate ; the jewel too frequent ; the linen fantastic in its open work. Still there was nothing he had on, which you did not feel had been deliberately considered and decided upon by certain principles of taste. He was met by Fred. on the terrace, who explained to him what had happened, and whilst they were so standing, Arthur Chester joined them, and thus, for the first time since they were at Geneva together, the three friends met. It was arranged that Delafield should go to the parsonage with Arthur, and sleep there, whilst Fred. waited to hear the report of the Doctor. Seated together in the little parlour after supper, Arthur, and Delafield found they had a great deal to say to each other.

"Do you care about poetry, as much as you used to do, Chester?" asked his friend. "I think I care about it far more than I ever did," said Arthur, "because I fancy I have clearer views of the principles upon which real poetry is founded, and am able to discern, with a truer criticism, the wheat from the chaff."

"My taste for it, I must say," replied the other, "has gone off a great deal. In the first place, you know, this is essentially an unpoetical age ; it is a period of great practical achievements, of bold commercial speculations, and of that intense activity of the public mind with regard to external objects, which peculiarly disinclines it to the contemplative, the unseen, the ideal.* Well, it is no use fighting against the spirit of one's own day, and we must be as spiritual

as we can, and try and soar in painting and design. So I have turned from the poetry of the "mighty line," to that of our picture exhibitions, and our artistic sugar basin and lamp patterns. Then again I think poetry is more suited for the young and old, than for people in the midst of their career : the spirit has neither enthusiasm nor repose enough to enjoy it. A youth delights in poetry, because it brings him beautiful dreams of the future : the old man reads poetry because it soothes his weary spirit, and renders him susceptible of the enjoyable melancholy of memory—but between these two periods, constant intercourse with the world blunts the taste for the imaginative, and makes one seek one's mental gratification in the more substantial forms of art."

"I think I may say," replied Arthur, "without a presumptuous opinion of myself, or a depreciation of you, (for you have many gifts I shall never possess) that we have always viewed poetry from different points. With you, I think it was never more, either when you read or wrote it, than a thing which you conceived to possess certain delightful qualities, and in which, either as it gratified your ear or pleased your fancy, you took an interest. With me, such dim and imperfect glimpses of the truth as I may have attained, have come to me in poetic shape. Ideas have grown out of their different elements ; and as they became separate and complete, have clothed themselves in poetry. Thus the progress of my mind has been a gradual deeper insight into the nature of poetry.

Yet that truths may be revealed to one in poetry, and still that one may be unable to give the world any adequate idea of those truths in a poem I do not think can be denied. With regard to this age not being a poetical one, I do not quite believe in any age being unpoetical. That we have no great poet now I will admit, but that I think accountable for on other grounds. One reason I undoubtedly consider to be that the extraordinary gift of language which Shelley possessed, and the picturesque though often quaint garb in which Keats dressed his thought, have had an unfavorable effect upon our poetic language. There is an utter impatience of the lined labor, a petulant contempt of metrical and rythmical canons, which have really reduced the language of some of our cotemporary poets to nothing better than a whimsical jargon. Then again, think, at what a pace this age has been living. Where are the opinions, habits, tastes, wants, wishes and conventions of thirty years ago? Swept into the abyss. But when a mind shall

arise, which can grasp the grand poetry of this later day—the poetry of steam, of emigration, and the wonderful state of society now advancing—we shall have such a poem as the world has never yet had. It will be a poem, the vastness of whose theme shall match the giant ideas of science, and the rich organ of whose music shall contain such rare and powerful stops, as the mighty theatre through which it will have to swell, shall require.” “I do not think so,” said Delafield; “this is the age of papier maché. It is an age of work, not thought. An age of tea-trays, fire screens, boot-jacks, tunnels, calico, electric telegraphs, and paletots. Look not for divine philosophy amongst the hard ware, and search not for Helicon in the environs of Birmingham.” “An age of work,” replied Arthur, “must be an age of thought, for every work is but an idea incarnate. Victor Hugo was right—

“Ce siècle est grand et fort; un noble instinct mène,
Partout on voit marcher l’idée en mission.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE twins usually occupied one bed-room, but Emily’s attack had separated them this night, and Caroline was to sleep on a sofa in Georgiana’s room. The two friends, after the mystefies of hair-arranging were over, and the maid had left them, felt wakeful, and indisposed to go to rest,—natural enough after the painful excitement of the evening. “Georgy, do tell me,” said Caroline, “do you really think dearest Emily consumptive?”

“No, dear; I trust not,” re-

plied Georgiana; “the Doctor seemed to think this attack was entirely brought on by over-fatigue. He said great care must be taken, but I do not believe he thinks she is really in consumption. Perhaps she is threatened with it; but she is doing very well, and the last thing the Nurse said at the door was, that she had just fallen to sleep.”

“She is so dear a sister, Georgy, that I could not lose her; so kind, so gentle: and though so much cleverer than I am, she puts

up with me, and loves me so warmly; you do not know what she is to me."

"No," replied Georgiana, with a sigh; "I have no sister, but I can imagine how you love her."

"Tell me, Georgy," asked Caroline, "did it ever strike you Mr. Chester was fond of Emily? Mama thinks he is, and I begin to think so too."

"Yes; I am sure he is."

"How do you know?"

"Oh," said Georgiana, "by a thousand little things. What a nice creature he is. Your brother says he is very clever."

"Who? — Fred. says so. — Yes, he is I believe. You know, he was engaged to a young lady at Hastings, and she would not have him? he was dreadfully cut up."

"I heard something about it; but do you think poor dear Emily likes him."

"Yes, I think she is much attached to him. She never told me so, but she would often talk about him, when we were alone. During his last visit, they were a great deal together, but I did not think then there was anything more on his part than an admiration of her abilities and beautiful disposition."

"But your papa would not hear of it, would he?" asked Georgiana.

"I don't believe he would interfere; besides, he is very fond of Emily, and would never cross her wishes, if he could help it."

"What would mama say?"

"I hardly know," replied Caroline; "but I think she likes Mr. Chester."

"Did you see Mr. Delafield come?" asked Georgiana. "I felt so sorry for him, arriving as

a stranger, in all the confusion. I heard your brother Frederic call out that he was come, but no one saw him I think."

"Yes, I did."

"Where from?"

"From the passage window, just as I happened to be running upstairs."

Caroline blushed a little as she said this, and Georgiana perceiving it, laughed. Caroline asked what she was laughing at. "Oh, yes," she said, shaking her head, "I dare say, Miss Puss, you *happened* to be at the window; it was very fortunate, *was it not?*"

"What do you mean, Georgy?" asked Caroline, quite confused.

"Nothing; but what do you suppose Mr. Delafield has made this visit for?"

"He came down for a holiday. It is a great pleasure, after being mewed up in town, to get a little country air; so he told papa."

"Yes, yes," said Georgy, "I have heard about it from Emily. Who used to bring a nosegay every morning for a certain young lady, when he was here before? And who gave the same young lady a little Petrarch, and wrote "*Madonna*" in the first leaf?"

"Come, Georgy," said Caroline, "if you tease me, I will tease you about Fred., because I know you are very fond of him."

"Oh no, that's nonsense," replied Georgiana; "and if you come to that, we had better change the subject. I am not deceived," she continued; "you are all very kind to me, but I do not mistake my position. What should I have been, Cary, if old Mrs. Desmore had not paid for my schooling. Papa, you know, has only a hundred a year, with his little curacy, and you would

laugh to see what shifts we make. Mama and I both cook, and really my little brothers are rigged out solely from clothes that you and other dear friends have sent us. No—no—I don't presume, because you are so kind as to keep up school remembrances."

Caroline, with tears in her eyes, begged Georgy not to talk in that way, and wished she had never said anything that could have produced it.

"But how foolish you are about presuming," she said, "just as if Fred. would not be glad enough to get any one half as pretty or as nice."

But Georgiana was now set off on her own position and prospects, and launched out into little anticipations of what sort of family she should live with as governess, for she was looking out for a situation. There was something so pathetic, and yet so cheerful and subdued in her little anxieties and determinations, that Caroline was in tears long before she could make Georgy stop; and then, as the subject of Emily came up again, they both had a good cry, and went to bed.

And were the girls right? And how did Arthur feel towards Emily? When his marriage with Eva was first broken off, the shock was overwhelming. It was his first love: there had been many obstacles in the way of its success; they had been overcome; all was prosperous, all was calm: then came the stroke,—sudden, terrible, destroying all. He immediately left Hastings with his father, and went down to Lindenstowe, and there he spent the first dark days of bewilderment and sorrow, out in the open fields, with his own thoughts, with Nature and with

God! After this, he obtained leave from his Bishop to go abroad, and sought, in foreign travel, oblivion of past events. And, it was under these circumstances, that with him the vision of Italy first came,—the vision that forms an æra in the life of so many!—

"And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world, thou flowery wilderness,
Thou island of eternity, thou shrine
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert!"

Such is the address of Shelley to Italy, in an ode, at the magnificency of whose language the breath of the reader is almost suspended. And what teaching for the heart there is in that wonderful land! What lessons are there unfolded! Amidst the havoc of ages, and the ravage of decay, still the eternal beauty that wins but another charm from the ruin it rests upon. And then, as a thoughtful, sorrowful Pilgrim, he stood in the immortal city, from whose walls have emanated the systems and the conventionalities, which have exalted or enthralled modern Europe. Immortal—though its remains were whelmed by the earthquake, or swept into the ocean, in all that would be left in the thoughts, manners, morals, and prejudices of the first races of the earth. From the languor and sunshine of Naples he departed for Greece—he landed at the Piræus, and stood in that city whose brow the proud fancy of its glorious inhabitants had surmounted with an aerial coronet. He visited the Pnyx, where the Olympian Pericles, the noisy Cleon, the divine Demosthenes, had each played their parts. He passed where the sweeping multitudes had passed before him, through the Propy-

læa into the Acropolis. And this was Athens.

"Let there be light ! said Liberty,
And, like sunrise from the sea,
Athens arose !"

This was the birth-place of Freedom, of Wisdom and of Art. Here it was where the principles of Asiatic despotism were successfully combated, when they might perhaps have for ever altered the destinies of the world. Here, where the intellect of man, unhampered by prescribed lines of thought, had passed into all heights, and attempted to explain all the mysteries of being. Here, where the intense instinct for the beautiful had moulded religion, sublimed politics, and inspired, with undying truth, the pen—the chisel—the pencil.

That hill is Areopagus, that brook—Ilissus:—beneath is the Dionysiac Theatre where Æschylus appalled, where Sophocles charmed, where Euripides affected the mighty audience, or where Cratinus or Aristophanes shook them "with a storm of whim and wit."

Arthur returned to Malta, and from thence took a passage to England round by Biscay. And then, in the leisure of a sea-voyage, he had an opportunity of collecting his impressions; and his sorrow, now softened into a gravity, aided the disposition to think. From extreme youth he had been a lover of beauty, and a seeker of truth. A few short poems which he had written, showed both considerable power and much reflection. His love for Eva had raised the tone of his mind to a greater earnestness and to stronger purpose; but his sorrow, and this journey, had enlarged the scope of his thoughts, as well as deepened their intensity. The

great things of earth began to arrange themselves in his mind, according to their respective magnitude and importance; and still over all his new light, hung his disappointment, like a cloud at sunrise, mellowing, rather darkening, the spreading beams, and itself catching hues from their brightness. But his new powers were directed almost entirely to his own inner being—the poetry he wrote during that sea voyage showed that all his mental attention lay towards the truth, rather as an internally than an externally living principle. I may be obscure;—I mean he sought for truth rather to satisfy his intellect and guide his feelings, than to dictate his course in life. There is, in the lives of Thinkers, a certain period in which an awakening takes place. Circumstances decide for the most part the time when it occurs, but sooner or later, come it will, and the Thinker, before he arrives at settled opinions, must experience it. The effect of this awakening is with some at first heart-sickening. Convention, perhaps necessity, has ordained that reverence should be inculcated for things which are only symbols of truth, as if they were truths themselves. The discovery that they are not so, seems for a while to destroy the beautiful world of our childhood, to mar its visions, and dim the glory of its dreams. And as most men hold up through the troubles of active life, in the hope that its close will bring back some of the calmness, the coolness, the lustre of its early birth, we can ill bear at first that the ideas which we then held most holy should prove, after all, to be founded on shadow, and not on substance.

And undoubtedly a danger threatens many. A sense that *all* is lost, sweeps drearily through them, and he who sullenly submits to this sense, and wraps the mantle of scorn around him, turning a deaf ear to the yearning voice of his own heart, becomes a desolate being who has himself stripped the garden of the world of its buds and blossoms, and stands in despair amidst the wilderness he has created. A peculiar danger threatens those who, like Arthur, have enlisted in a profession which pledges itself to certain opinions, before the awakening has taken place. Some, on the first indication of doubt, hurried in alarm to the protection of that great Institution which virtually teaches,—‘Leave opinion to the course of time and God’s providence, and be content with imitating the acts of Christ, and the Saints who have followed his footsteps.’

Some—these I hope a very few—may have said, “Where all is dark, one system is as good as another—let life roll on.”

But others, and amongst them Arthur, have had strength of mind enough to consider the tumult of feelings arising from enlarged views and clearer conceptions of the esoteric truth, to be a process. And they have waited in hope, until the features of a new and beautiful creation should develop themselves from amongst the ruins of the old one. On landing in England, Arthur went and settled at his parsonage at Gilston St. Mary’s. And there the calm of country life, the routine of sacred duties, the gentle course of time, had a soothing effect upon him; his religious views were broadened, but not shaken; again

the lights shone on the fairy land of childhood, and the heart came through its sorrow and its peril, chastened and saddened, but unhurt.

He had been some months at his quiet village, when a pressing invitation from Fred. took him for a fortnight into Sussex. Fred. was at that time curate at a little village near Norbourn, but it was within an easy walk of the Hall, and there it was that Arthur first met Emily.

To those who have had a great disappointment in love, it seems so impossible that they should ever love again, that perhaps an impression is sometimes for that reason easily made upon them. The gentleness of Emily’s disposition, the vein of delicate thoughtfulness which ran through her conversation, had a charm so inexpressible for Arthur, in the state of mind he was then in, that each day, without his consciousness, was making her more precious. He returned to his parsonage, but not the calm person he left it. His heart was stirring again; there was a new hope dawning, a new aim springing up, though checked by a vague, reproachful feeling that it was not for *him* to love again. But the second visit to Norbourn—a small part of which I have attempted to describe,—left him no doubt of his own feelings, and none retired to rest the night after the event in the churchyard, who felt the distress of it, more than Arthur.

Early the next morning George Everett rode over to the parsonage. Fred. was already up, and just about to start for the Hall.

“She has had a capital night,” said George; “the nurse told me, and was still sleeping, when I

came away." "Thank God for it," cried Fred., running in to tell the good news. At this moment Delafield put his head out of a bed-room window. After asking George about Emily, and hearing his account, he said, "That is a nice nag of yours."

"This is Roderick," said George, "the best fencer in the country."

"I must come down and look at him; I have taken up horses lately."

Delafield came down in his dressing-gown and slippers, and began examining Roderick's points.

"Does he not stand rather low in front?" at length asked Delafield.

"Yes," replied George, laughing, "when we are on this slope."

"Oh ah! I see," said Delafield; "the ground is not level. Did you know," he added, "I have taken to riding a great deal.

I cannot quite manage hunting yet, but I think I shall try."

"My good fellow," said George; "it's the easiest thing in the world. Look out for a little Irish mare, well up to your weight; catch hold of her head, and put her straight at her fences, and you must go."

"Yes, yes," cried Delafield, shaking his head, "but there are one or two little matters which you do not allude to, such as sitting the mare, holding the mare, preventing the mare getting in the way of other people's mares, &c. &c. It's just like the swimming lesson you gave me when I was here before:—'Jump in boldly, and strike out, and you must swim'—I did so, and went down."

Here Fred. appeared on his pony, ready to ride back with George, promising to return to breakfast. So Delafield went into the house to make Arthur Chester come out for a walk.

AN INDIAN PASTORAL.

HENRY AND KATE.

Henry (sings).—"Tis a charming cool evening, dear Kate,
And the river is sparkling and clear,
And as we don't dine until eight,
We may walk until seven, my dear.
Hark! the song birds enliven the grove,
And the moon's silver crescent we see,
'Tis the hour ever sacred to love,
And to lovers, like you Kate and me.
Hush! the bulbul is tuning her song,
And the zephyrs are stirring the trees,
Oh! let us, dear Katey, prolong
Such exquisite moments as these.

*Kate.—*Oh! Henry love! Ah! what is that?
I am terrified out of my wits;
I declare 'tis a horrid great bat!—
I really shall go into fits.

There's a grasshopper crept down my back,
 A musquito has bitten my nose,
 (To-morrow my eye will be black)
 And some horrid thing's run up my clothes.
 The sky is o'ercast, and a storm
 Is threatening—coming on now,
 'Tis so dark, and so suddenly warm,
 To me, 'tis small pleasure, I vow.

Henry.—Nay, really 'tis charming, dear Kate;
 How the beautiful stars shine on high,
 And if to get duck'd is our fate,
 Let us meet it with unflinching eye.
 Oh hark! 'tis the bulbul, she sings,
 And the ringdoves sit cooing above,
 Such an evening as this, dear Kate, brings
 To fond mem'ry the hours that we love.
 See the moon-flower, how closely it clings
 To the arms of yon green baubul tree;
 Oh! learn from the lesson it brings,
 And do you, Kate, cling closer to me.

Kate.—Oh stuff! dearest Henry; don't talk—
 With your preaching the storm has begun,
 And our beautiful pastoral walk,
 Bids fair to descend to a run.
 Hush! 'tis not the nightingale's song,
 Nor the sweet buzz of insects that comes,
 'Tis the Jackal's cry stealing along,
 And the great flying beetle that hums.
 There are snakes in the grass, Henry, love,
 And the black ants are stinging my feet,
 I declare I'm too frightened to move,
 If you listen, you'll hear my heart beat.
 Oh! gracious, the storm will begin
 Before we can e'en reach the road,
 We both shall be wet to the skin.
 Oh Harry! just look at that toad!
 Come, hurry home fast as we can,
 We have not a moment to spare.
 How I hate and detest a slow man,
 And oh! how I wish we were there,
 The romantic is all very fine,
 In a land where such creatures are rare;
 But in India, henceforth I decline
 & Such absurdities—run, and don't stare.
 [Exit.]

Henry.—Well she's off, and the moon's on the wane,
 I've led her a nice little dance,
 No moonlight will tempt her again—
 India is not the place for romance."

[Exit after his lady's love.]

Selections and Translations.

TO THE EDITOR OF SAUNDERS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I propose, with your approbation, to offer to your readers a literal translation of some of the most select Fabliaux by the Trouvères of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. You will pardon my re-calling to your recollection that the Trouvères were the bards of the northern provinces of France, while those in the south were styled Troubadours. The latter principally sang of love, and were greatly inferior, in point of invention, to their northern brethren, though their poesy was of a higher and more refined order. There was also a vast dissimilarity between the northern and southern dialects, known respectively as the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc*, from the words *oïl* and *oc* which prevailed in either extremity of the country,

and signified *yes*. While the latter has degenerated into a vulgar and almost unintelligible patois, the former, with its admixture of German, has by slow and successive steps, become the polished language of the modern Parisians.

You shall also forgive me if I occasionally introduce a few brief notes in explanation of antiquated allusions; but at present I will no further encroach upon your patience than to remind you that "*Fabliau*" does not necessarily mean a fable, but rather a narrative—a corruption, in short, of the Latin *fabula*.

Hoping that these translations may amuse yourself, and the subscribers to your *Magazine*,

I remain, yours faithfully,
J. H.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

'*Le Castoïement (or Chastoïement) d'un Père à son Fils*,' is a translation from the Latin of Peter Alphonso, a Jew converted to Christianity in the year 1106, who professes to have borrowed his stories and fables from the Arabian writers. The Manuscript (St. Germain-des-Prés, No. 1830,) from which the French metrical version was published, belongs to the 13th Century. On account of the extreme length of the piece I have greatly abridged the didactic portion. It may not be amiss to observe that in old French the word "*Chastoïement*" does not convey the idea of punishment, but simply of instruction."

THE father commences by enjoining his son before all things to fear, honor, and love the Deity with a pure and perfect heart, for God hateth the hypocrite, and will not be satisfied with the mere homage of

the lips. He then exhorts him to industry by the example of the ant, which in summer lays up an ample store for the winter; and to vigilance, by the example of the cock, which rises with the earliest dawn, and goes

about seeking food for itself and its mates. On the subject of friendship he admonishes him not to deem

any man his friend until he shall have proved him, and by way of illustration relates the story of

The sensible Old Man who had only half a Friend.

There once lived a Jew in Arabia, a father of a family, named Lucinabus, who had had much experience of the world, and was now far advanced in years. It came to pass that he fell sick, and he knew that he was about to die. He therefore asked of his son; "How many friends have you acquired since you mixed in the world?" The youth replied; "Above a hundred." The father readily perceived that he had never put them to the proof. "Well indeed have you managed," said he, "if you have gained so many. But do not boast before you have tried them. Fair son, it is many a day since I was born, but I have not been so successful as to obtain more than half a friend. Go quickly, test your friends whilst yet I am alive." Then he instructed him how to prove them. "Go now," he continued, "slaughter a calf, and put it in a sack, as if it were a man; you had slain. Then flee to your friends by night, and pray them, for God's sake and the love they bear you, to succour you, for that you have murdered a man. You will then know, beyond doubt, whether any one loves you perfectly."

The son forgot not his advice, but did as he commanded. Having killed a calf, he put it into a sack, the outside of which he besmeared with blood, and then placed it on his shoulders, as if it were the corpse of a man he had slain, and in this manner he went to the house of one of his friends, and called aloud. His friend from within demanded; "Who is there; what do you want?" When he recognised by the voice that it was his friend, he greatly rejoiced at heart, and hastily ran down, and rushed to the door, and himself let him in. Kindly he addressed him, and the other, as soon as he had entered, threw down his sack behind him. The master of the

house received him with cordiality, and appeared delighted to see him, and affectionately bespoke him; "Right welcome are you, my friend. So help me God, as I love my own life, there is nothing under heaven that I would not do for you. Were it to cost me my eternal salvation, I would not fail you, so dearly do I love you within my heart." And the other replied; "Fair friend, I thank you. Much need have I that you aid me. Your friendship will appear by what you do. 'My sins are a burden to me, for I have killed a man, and if I be convicted of it, I shall assuredly be delivered over unto death. I pray you, then, for God's sake, save me from this terror. Hide the body anywhere within your house, so shall I be at peace, and free from this oppression. I brought the body with me, and cast it down behind the door.'"

But when his host heard him thus speak, he was sorely troubled, for he deemed it was the truth when he beheld the bloody sack. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," he exclaimed, "do you then tell me the truth, that you have slain a man, and brought him within the house? Do you wish that I should be despoiled of my goods? Nay, that I should be hanged? For the love of heaven take him up again, and bear him hence before the Provost come to know it. For if the officers of justice should hear of it, no verdict would be in my favor if the body were found here. I should be despoiled of my goods, or maimed in my limbs, or for ever banished from the country. Therefore quick, be off with him before they come in search of him. By the faith I owe St. Thomas, he shall not remain here. In other things, fair sir, am I ready to show you my friendship, my dogs and my hawks, my dresses or my horses, but I will

run no risk like this, for the proverb tells us,—

Qui le pendu despendra,
De son son col le frais charra;

(i. e. if one tries to save a man from the gallows, the burden will fall on his own neck.)

The young man turned away when he had proved his friend, but he would not let it rest there, until he had applied to the others. Not one, however, did he find to help him, or give him any aid. But all told him to be off, and carry his dead away with him, and suffer the punishment due to his crime. So he went away, for he could not do otherwise, and returned to his own home, and related to his father how he had been mistaken. "Go now," said his father, "and carry the sack to my half friend, and tell him that I commend you to his aid."

The son did as he was commanded, and went in haste to the half friend, who received him with kindness on account of his father, whom he greatly loved. Courteously he addressed him, and asked after his friend. "Sir," replied the young man, "he is grievously sick, but he has sent me to you, because I have killed a man, and in truth I shall be in a sore plight if the officers of justice examine into the affair. I beseech you, for the love of Heaven,

let me conceal the body somewhere here. So loyal are you deemed, that I shall not be suspected of it, and my father earnestly begs it of you, for he confides in you entirely." "Fair son," answered the worthy man, "if it please God, we shall do it very well." Then he sent out his wife, his children, and all his servants; and when all had gone forth, he fastened the door, and entered the inner chamber with the young man. Quickly they dug out the earth from beneath the bed, and made a hole to receive the dead body. Then the old man desired the youngster to bring forth the corpse that he might hide it, so that it should never be discovered. When the latter saw all these preparations, he confessed the whole truth, and gratefully thanked him, and commended him to the Mother of God. Then he returned home, and when his father had heard all that his half friend had done, he said to his son; "Fair son, such a friend ought we to love, and well may we put our trust in him who succours and defends us, when all others forsake us."

The young man thanks his father for the instruction conveyed in this tale, and then inquires if it never happens that one may obtain an entire friend. The father replies in the affirmative, and, as an example, relates the story of

The two Good and Loyal Friends.*

Once upon a time, there were two merchants, who loved each other loyally. Neither of them had ever seen the other, but by messages and letters they knew each other intimately, and were true friends. The one dwelt in Egypt, the other at Baudas. When the one desired any thing of the other he sent him word, and instantly all that was asked was performed. Thus it went on for a long time, until it happened that he who lived at Baudas determined to go down into Egypt, for the desire had seized him to visit his friend.

Accordingly he equipped himself, and set out, and stopped not till he came into Egypt. When the Egyptian heard of the coming of his friend, he went to meet him with a goodly company, and received him joyously, and brought him to his house. Then he showed him all his possessions, gold and silver, and immunities, with many horses and hawks. All that he had he made over to him. And he called his acquaintances together to do honor to his good friend. With great mirth did they divert themselves

* This tale has been borrowed by Boccaccio, 10th Day, 8th Novel.

eight full days. And when they were accomplished, he of Baudas fell sick. Much grieved was his friend, and in haste he summoned all the physicians of Egypt, and they came from all quarters and examined the sick man. Then they felt his pulse, and attentively considered him, and they understood his infirmity that he was afflicted with love. His friend earnestly conjured him to tell him truly whence his sufferings arose. If they came from love, he doubted not he could console him, provided he could by any means discover the person for whom he was smitten with this passion. The other answered him and said: "Fair friend, I thank you. I will tell you the truth. I will conceal nothing from you. In sooth, I am a captive to love; this is the cause of my anguish. I verily believe that my heart will break if I do not obtain her I so ardently desire. Without doubt I shall die, if she do not become mine. But I know not who she is, or what, or whence she comes. I only know, by my faith, that night and day I see her in my heart. With my heart I perceive her, not with the eye. From afar I behold her, and yet I grieve, and much do marvel that my heart should be surprised by her, and should so covet and long for her night and day, seeing that I know nothing of her condition, whether she be dame or serving wench, for whom I endure such sorrow and pain. What can this mean? I know not in truth, but in an evil hour did my heart behold her, for well I wot that I shall die for her, and no way of escape is there left me." At these words his spirit failed him, and he fainted away. When his friend beheld this, he also fell down in a swoon, and all who were in the house, both high and low, lamented aloud. Tears bedewed both old and young; nor could any man beneath the heavens refrain from pity. And when he came to himself again, he looked around, hoping to behold her whom he loved. But when he saw her

not, he began to bewail himself aloud: "O God, Omnipotent King, shall I never view her whom I love so well. No, indeed. For I know nothing of her, or of her parents; nor can I name them. And yet, methinks, were she to stand before me, I should recognise her."

When his friend heard this, he called together many damsels, comely and fair, but among them she was not for whom he so greatly longed. Then he said: "She is not here whom my soul desires." Now in the chamber stood a maiden of gentle blood, whom the master of the house had brought up from a child, intending to make her his wife. Last of all, he led her forward also. When the sick man beheld her, tenderly he sighed, and groaned from the bottom of his heart, and murmured: "With her rests my life or my death. From no other can I receive comfort. Whoever shall give her unto me, will heal me from all my woes." When the Egyptian heard this, he made no delay, but gave her to him, and also dresses and money. Handsomely he bestowed upon her whatever she liked to take, and made her the same dowry, as if he were going to marry her himself.

The wedding was celebrated with splendour. Many folks were present at it; great was the attendance of minstrels, and much feasting was there. Every one did his best to make merry. And when all was ended, the guest took leave of his host, for he wished to be gone, and no longer to remain there. With joy and gladness he departed in company with the wife he so fondly loved. When he had come into his own country, his acquaintances greatly rejoiced, and the wedding feast they began anew, and ceased not for a fortnight. With much love and affection this couple lived together, nor did they disagree in any respect.

After a while it happened that the Egyptian became impoverished, and lost all that he had, so that he could do nothing for himself. So he thought he would go and prove his friend,

for whom he had done so much, and see whether he would do any thing for him in return. Poor and destitute he set out, and stopped not till he came to Baudas. As it chanced, he arrived there in the gloom of night, in despair, and full of anguish. "Fair glorious sir," thus he prayed, "Omnipotent Saviour, thy will be done! How poor and wretched am I! Would that I were dead! Much wealth have I had, so much greater therefore is my present affliction. Nothing now remains unto me; nor have I any resource. If I go now to my friend, he will not recognise nor receive me." Then he considered within himself what he was to do, and entered a temple that stood hard by, where he proposed to conceal himself until the morning. When the day was bright, he would go at his leisure and speak to his friend. As he entered the temple, a man who had slain another, came fleeing to the shrine, if perchance he might escape! His pursuers following close upon him, also entered the temple, in which they found the Egyptian. Straightway they inquired of him where was the man who had committed the murder. The Egyptian answered—for little did he prize existence; "I am he, I will not tell you an untruth. Do with me as you please." By death he hoped to finish his sufferings and his want. So they seized and bound him fast, and put him in prison.

In the morning they brought him out, and led him before the Magistrate. As he did not deny the crime, he was condemned to be hanged from the gallows. Much people ran together to see him, and among them the trusty friend, to visit whom he had travelled so far. When he had attentively observed him, he recognised him, and forgot not what the other had done for him in his own country. As he could not save him in any other way, he determined to lay down his own life for him. He therefore cried aloud, "What are you going to do? Do not hang him. You are mistaken in the man, for it was I who committed the mur-

der." Then they laid hold of him, and bound him, and released the other. Now the real homicide was at hand, who had actually perpetrated the deed. Then he began to reflect when he saw the honest man led away. "It is on my account that he is about to be punished, while I who did the wrong am free and unfettered. Sin indeed would it be did he perish for my fault. God saw me, and either now or hereafter will retribution overtake me, when the good shall be rewarded, and the wicked also according to their deeds. Therefore I will not suffer him to die instead of me, but I will confess my guilt, and disclose the whole truth. Far better is it to submit myself to the justice of men, than to wait until the day of judgment, when every man's works shall be shown as they really were." Then he made known his guilt, and was seized and bound as a criminal.

The judges who were present greatly wondered; nor could they decide of themselves how to act in this affair. So they secured all three, and held them fast, and took them before the King, to whom they related all that had passed. Much did the King marvel thereat, and he commanded them to speak the truth and to conceal nothing, for that he would give them a free pardon. Then they recounted to him how the thing had come about, and he set at liberty all the three. The worthy citizen, who belonged to that place, having thus rescued his friend, conducted him with joy and gladness to his own house. Kindly he welcomed him, and said to him frankly; "If you are willing to remain with me, I promise you, by the God of Truth, that I will never fail you as long as I own anything myself. You shall be master of all I possess, nothing will I keep back for myself. But if you prefer to return to your own country, the half of my goods will I give unto thee." The Egyptian replied: "Fair friend, I heartily thank you. Great is my desire to return among my own people." Thus a true friend did the other

show himself to be, and he sent away the Egyptian well contented, and glad at heart."

The son duly commends the loyalty of these two friends, but expresses a doubt whether such another pair could then be found. In this doubt the father fully acquiesces, because the world was every day growing worse, and virtue daily declined. He therefore advises his son to be cautious in the selection of his friends, and not to place his confidence too hastily in every specious and plausible acquaintance. He further warns him not to be too communicative, as oftentimes the want of a proper reserve leads to unpleasant consequences. He also puts him on his guard against flatterers and sycophants, and exhorts him to exercise his judgment, and, above all things, to cultivate truth. The wise know when to keep silence; but fools never cease to chatter; and in the multitude of words there is often folly. A man should also labor to acquire a suitable competency, for worth is generally valued according to the possessions that accompany it. Learning and sound sense are however far superior to rank and ancestral fame, and a wise poor man is more to be honored than the son of a Count, who is devoid of understanding. A certain Clerk,* descended from high born ancestors, once recited some wretched verses before a King. The King estimated them by their real merit, and made no gift to the author.

"Fair sir," then said he, "if you do not honor me for myself, do so because I am of gentle blood," and he named his parents. "Truly," replied the king, "the seed has degenerated in thee; but it often happens that tares spring up among good wheat." Thus he dismissed him with contempt. There was also another versifier, whose father was a gentleman, but his mother was of low degree. His verses likewise were bad, and the king took no notice of them, but asked him who was his father; and he named his uncle. At this the king laughed, for he perceived his reason, and, when the courtiers asked him the cause of his mirth, he answered: "A story will I tell you, that once I met with in a book. A wily fox by chance encountered a mule, and demanded who made him. He adroitly replied that it was God who had created him. "True," rejoined the fox, "but I should like to know who was thy father." Then the mule made answer: "A high mettled courser was my sire," for he was ashamed to acknowledge that he had been begotten by an ass. Thus the king turned into ridicule the vanity of the versifier.

Then the father forbids his son ever to return evil for evil—but rather to requite evil with good—at the same time that he carefully refrained from intermeddling with the punishments or misfortunes of the wicked. To explain his meaning more clearly, he recites the fable of

The Man and the Serpent. (a)

A certain man having entered a wood, found a serpent bound fast to the trunk of a tree. Greatly pitying it, he stepped forward and loosed it, and put it in his bosom and warmed it. The warmth restored the serpent to its natural disposition, and accordingly it wound itself

round the man and sorely squeezed him. The man then said; "How is this? Dost thou return me evil for my kindness?" The serpent replied: "I act as nature teaches me, methinks." At that moment a fox† came wandering past, and hearing them disputing, inquired what

* A clerk merely signifies a scribe or man of letters. In those times they were mostly Ecclesiastics, or in some way connected with the Church.

† In the original *goupis*, evidently a corruption of the Latin *vulpes*.

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(a) Note by the Editor.—The same tale occurs in the *Gool-i-Bakawli*, with the substitution of a tiger for the serpent, and a jackal for the fox.

was the matter, and of what it was that the man complained. The latter instantly acquainted him with all that had happened. Then said the fox : " I know not what sentence to pass, nor can I judge by your words alone. Show me how it was." The Serpent then allowed himself to be again bound to the tree. Upon this the fox thus addressed them both : " Serpent, if thou canst loose thyself, now hast thou need to do so. And thou, O Man, be in no haste to set free thine enemy. Unwisely wilt thou act in freeing him who is sure to do thee wrong."

After reciting this fable, the father advises his son if ever he fall into any kind of embarrassment, to get clear of the difficulty at once, whatever it may cost him. Sometimes a small loss prevents a great one, and at the beginning fair words will often save a man, whereas, after a little while, he may have to pay dearly to extricate himself.*

Continuing his instructions, the old man counsels the youth to avoid bad company and their resorts, lest he should become involved in the consequences of their evil actions as happened to —

The Imprudent Clerk.

Two Clerks entered a certain town towards nightfall, and chanced to approach a house where much festivity was going on. The one of them said to his companion : " Let us not enter this house in which drunken fellows are assembled, lest we get into some unpleasantness thereby, for we are told in the writings of the philosophers not to frequent the company of those who conduct themselves foolishly." But the other replied : " We shall meet with no harm by going in here. You know not what you say. Let us go in, we need not stay long." When they came close to the house, they heard the music of a song. The latter speaker stood still and listened, and though his companion urged him to move on, he could not tear himself from the spot, so much did the melody delight him. But the other went away, and separated from him. Then he entered the house, mastered by the song, and much honor was paid to him, and on all sides they welcomed him. So he seated himself in the

midst of them, and joined in their folly. But after a while came the beadle in pursuit of a thief, and there he found the rogue. So he said to himself : " All these are his accomplices, and no doubt this is his house." Then he left the house, but soon returned, and apprehended all whom he found there. Then they were all delivered over to justice, and condemned to death. And the Clerk said, when he saw how foolishly he had acted : " Verily, he who mingles with fools, goes about seeking his own destruction."

The dying father next proceeds to warn his son against the society of bad women. " Fair son, chase the lion and the dragon, the bear, the leopard, and the scorpion, but follow not after bad women, though they entice thee with honied words." The curiosity of the youth is thus naturally excited, and he entreats his father to relate some instances of their treacherous guile. In compliance with this request, the sire narrates the three following anecdotes :—

The Man with the charmed Eye.†

A certain man went out to labour in his vineyard, and when his wife knew this, she sent for her lover, hoping to enjoy his company without

interruption.* But her husband suddenly returned, for he had injured one of his eyes by running a twig into it, so that he could not see. He

* Here follows the story of "The Poet and the Hunchback," but as it is hardly in keeping with the more refined taste of the present day, I have preferred passing it over.

† The same story is told at greater length in the "Heptameron of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I.

therefore went home to his house, and knocked hastily at the door. The dame started up all dismayed when she heard his voice, but having concealed her lover in the bed, she ran to open the door. The good man wishing to rest himself, desired her to prepare the bed, for that he suffered much pain, and never thought to see again with that eye. Now the dame trembled lest he should discover her lover, so she said to him; "Fair sir, tell me why you have returned in such haste. Tell me, I pray you, before you lie down." Then the

master showed her how he had injured his eye, and she lamented sorely, as if she had been grieved at heart. "Fair sir," said she, "listen to me, and let me charm the sound eye, lest any evil befall it also." He believed her words, and let her do as she pleased. Then she seated him gently on a bench, and pressed her lips upon his eye, and begged him to keep it shut until she told him to open it. So well did she cozen and delude him, that in the meantime her lover got clear away.

The Pilgrim and the Velvet.

There was a man who had a great desire to go on a pilgrimage, that he might pray to St. Peter. His wife he left in the care of her mother, whom he entreated to watch over her, and not allow her to come to any harm. Now his wife had a lover, with whom she was wont to solace herself, and oftentimes privately invited him to eat and drink with her. Having obtained her mother's consent, she sent for him to come and make merry with them. One day, while they were all three together, lo! the master of the house knocked at the door, and demanded admittance. Great fear fell upon those within. First of all they concealed the gallant, and then they opened the door. The good man was sore wearied, for many a day had he wandered

on foot, and he desired his bed to be prepared, for much did he need repose. Greatly perplexed was his wife, and she knew not what to devise; but her mother contrived a plan by which the gallant should escape. So she called to her daughter, when she perceived her dismay, and said: "Where in the name of Heaven is the velvet you purchased for him? Let him see it before he lies down; you used to say he should see it as soon as he set foot in the house." Then the old woman ran to fetch it, and came to the door to display it. And she held it up by one corner* and handed the opposite one to her daughter. So they stretched it out before the husband, until the gallant had made his escape.

The Guardian Mother.

Another man also was minded to go on a pilgrimage, and his wife he likewise confided to her mother. The young woman loved a youth and showed him to her mother, who did not forbid it, but kindly acquiesced. One day they sent for the stripling, and made ready a fine repast. Merely they feasted all together, and drank of bright rosy wines. When lo! the master of the house shakes the door, and strikes terror into their

souls. Suddenly their mirth is turned to dismay. No spot could they find where to conceal him. But the old woman collected herself and placed the youth behind the door, and gave him a naked sword. The old woman was no longer disconcerted, and she instructed him ~~not to enter~~ a word if the master of the house addressed him, but to pretend extreme terror. Then she opened the door, and let the good man enter.

* L'une des cornues leva.

As soon as he came in, he saw the gallant, and demanded, "Who is this?" And he answered not a word, but stood like one aghast, so that the other was astonished. "Sir," answered the old woman, "two men came running, and driving this one before them. Fain would they have cut him down, so we let him in, and thus saved his life. But when he heard you at the door, he was terrified, and jumped up in great fear, for he thought his enemies were there." The good man was much pleased when he heard this, for he

believed it to be the truth, and he replied: "Dame, I thank God that you have rescued him from death." Then he told him to come forward, and lay aside his fear. And they eat and drank together, and at night they let him go.

After relating these three anecdotes, the father beseeches his son to retire, and leave him to repose; but the son still importunes him; for another story, and that too a long one. To excuse himself the old man adduces the ingenious parable of

The Story Teller.*

A certain king had a Story Teller, with whom he was wont to amuse himself. One night the latter had recounted so many adventures that he was quite exhausted. He therefore prayed the king to allow him to rest. But the king would not suffer him to do so, and commanded him to acquit himself of a long tale, and then he would ask no more of him, but would grant him a respite. When he found he could do no other, wise, he thus began. "There was a man who had a hundred *sous*, with which he resolved to buy some sheep. Two hundred sheep he bought with this money, for each cost six *deniers*. Then he drove his sheep homewards. And it was at the season when the rivers are swollen, and through the increase of waters flow over their banks. No bridge could he anywhere find, nor any means of crossing over

until he came upon a tiny skiff, as frail as it was small, which could take at a time only two sheep and him who was to conduct them. Placing two sheep within it, the peasant seated himself at the helm, and gently sailed away." Hereupon the Story Teller ceased, but the king straightway called upon him to proceed. "Sire," he replied, "the craft is both weak and small, the river is very wide to cross—and many are the sheep to be ferried over. Let us wait till they have all passed over, and then we shall be able to go on with our tale."

This ingenious little story the wearied old man seeks to apply to his own case, but the son refuses to accept the excuse, and urges him so vehemently to continue, that the other is at length forced to yield, and thus commences the tale of

The wicked old woman who deceived the honest wife.†

A man, as I have heard, wished to pay his orisons at a foreign shrine. His wife was virtuous, much respected, and of unspotted chastity. Her husband held her very dear, for her conduct was always good, and no fear had he on account of her beauty, for he distrusted her in no way. He

knew her so well, that he took no thought to watch over her, for he believed that her heart would never allow her to do wrong. Thus he set out on his journey, while she remained behind, full of discretion and zealous of good works. Chastely she conducted herself, nor felt

* In the original *Du Fablier*, the Latin *Fabulator*.

† De la male vieille qui conchis la preude feme.

any wish to go astray. One day a young bachelor,* handsome and prepossessing, beheld her, and observed how fair she was, how graceful her form, how fresh her color. His heart was wholly engaged by her, and inflamed with love. By messengers and letters he made known to her his passion—much he intreated her, much he promised—but she took no heed of him, nor could he obtain aught in return for all his importunities. Then he became sad and pensive, and pined away. Nevertheless he would often traverse the street where he had seen her. Great was his delight to gaze on her if perchance he encountered her. His thoughts were so fixed on her, that he well nigh lost his senses. Whilst he was bitterly lamenting, and the tears pouring from his eyes, an old woman met him in the garb of a veiled Nun. Privately she demanded of him whence arose this melancholy. But he dared not confess, and discover the secret of his heart. "Fair friend," she resumed, "methinks you are not wise, for the longer you conceal your malady the longer will it be in healing. Did I but know your infirmity, I am sure that I could speedily cure you." Then he confessed to her the cause of his discomfort. When the old woman heard whence arose all his anguish, she said to him: "Be not dispirited; I will counsel you for your good." On this she returned to her home, and the young man went his way. Full of cunning was the beldame. She had a little pet dog which she made to fast for three entire days, and on the third day whatever it had to eat was dipped in mustard. The mustard being strong, caused its eyes to water. Then the old hag took her little dog and went to the house of the honest wife. And as she entered the dame addressed her kindly, for she suspected no treachery on the part of a Nun. When she saw the dog's

eyes full of tears, she began to inquire: "Tell me, my good woman, why does your dog weep so?" The old wretch pretended to shed some tears, and to sigh deeply. "Spare me, dame; do not question me about this. Did you know the cause of it, much would you grieve." Then the good wife was the more curious and anxious to know the cause of such melancholy. The old woman was no way embarrassed, but soon found the ready lie, and thus she spake: "This little dog was born of my flesh, fair and discreet was she, and none of my race could compare with her. A young bachelor desired to have her, and earnestly he besought her, and much did he promise, but she always laughed him to scorn. So he became mournful and sad, and grievously sick. His anguish was so sore, that he died, for he could not be healed of his woe, but Heaven avenged him, and changed my daughter into a she-dog." When the good wife heard this, her heart failed her, and greatly she feared to come to trouble for his sake who loved her. "Dame," said she, "what shall I do? Certes, if some one do not advise me, I have much fear that I shall be bewitched, and changed in like manner. There is a man sick with love for me, and if he should lose his life, it will go hard with me." "What have you done?" exclaimed the old woman. "If you have caused him all this chagrin, and he happen to lose his life, no doubt you will be put to shame for it. Had I known of the love the bachelor bore my daughter, assuredly none of this evil would have happened." When the good wife heard this, loudly she cried for mercy. "Ha, dame, for the love of Heaven, counsel me what to do." Thus the old woman, by her wiles and craftiness, prevailed over the simplicity of the honest wife, who consented to receive the young bachelor, rather than that his

* "In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation, were called *Infants, Varlets, Damoyseles, Bacheliers*.—[Vide Warb. Shaksap.]

death should be laid at her door.

The father then expresses his opinion as to the inefficiency of the

strictest watchfulness where women are concerned, and by way of example, narrates the story of

The man who shut up his wife in a Tower.*

Of a bachelor I have heard it told, whose mind was always anxious as to how he should secure his wife, if he got one. All his knowledge and sense, his study and reflection, he applied to understanding the character of women. When he had learnt all that he could about them, he determined to take a wife. But first of all he sought out a man the most esteemed for his wisdom of all in that country, and begged of him some good advice as to how he could best guard her, so that she should not deceive him. The other replied: "Build a house so that no one can climb into it from without. Construct it of huge stones well mortared, and let the walls be high. Make only one door to it, and likewise one window. Let it be so narrow that you cannot possibly be tricked. Then lock your wife inside, and keep the key yourself. Let her have abundance of every thing she may desire to eat or drink. Be frequent in your visits, and always be merry with her." Then he went his way, and took to himself a wife, and did as the wise man advised him. A very strong house he built, and within it he shut up his wife. Before he laid down at night he locked the door, and put the key under his pillow; and when he went forth in the morning, he never forgot to fasten the door. Thus he fancied he had made sure of his wife; but all this trouble went for nothing.

Each day, after he left her, the dame was wont to place herself at the window to behold the passers-by, and it happened one day that there came by a gallant, all graceful

and fair. The dame attentively viewed him, and yearned for him in her heart, so that she made him a sign of love, and he hesitated not to return it. By nods and signs they were soon of one accord, and the dame bethought her how to open the door that very night. When her lord came into the house, she appeared sad, and he, in no way distrusting her, imagined she was ill. Much therefore did he grieve, for he loved her tenderly. Thus she continued all day, but towards evening her melancholy began to diminish. Greatly did her lord rejoice that her sickness was passing away, and he pressed her to eat. At first she feigned reluctance, but by degrees came round, and diverting her husband, she brought it about that he drank too much. As soon as he laid down, he fell asleep. Then she rose up gently, and stole away the keys, and opening the door, went forth to meet her lover. Thus did she whenever she wished to enjoy the society of the gallant. But at length her lord began to think within himself, and to marvel why she had so great a desire to make him so frequently drunk. One night therefore he pretended to be in his cups, and laid him down, and feigned to be asleep. Then softly she rose up and went out to her lover. The good man also arose, and fastened the door on the inside. When the dame returned she found the door shut. So she besought him to open to her for the love of Heaven. Meanwhile he pretended to be awakened by her cries, and asked who knocked at the door. Bitterly she cried for mercy, and promised

* De Celui qui enferma sa femme en une tour. Imitated in the 8th, 9th, and 10th Scenes of the third Act of Molière's play, entitled "George Dandin." The same story is related with a slight addition in prose in the Romance of the Seven Sages of Rome. We are there told that a law existed by which every person found in the streets after the Curfew had been rung, was locked up for the night, and publicly whipped next morning. The unlucky husband having been thus caught, suffered the disgraceful penalty. Boccaccio has also use of the device of the well.

never to offend him more. But all her tears and lamentations availed her nought, and none the more did he let her come in. Nay, he said that he would acquaint her parents, and tell them how she had served him, and never should she have any thing from him. On the other hand she continued to beseech him yet more earnestly, and declared that if he would not open the door to her, she would throw herself into the well, and so terminate her sorrows. Then her death would be laid to his charge, for it could not be long concealed, and her kinsmen would call him to account. But neither her prayers nor her threats had any influence. His wife was full of cunning, and she lifted up a huge stone and let it drop into the well, as if she herself had fallen in. Then she placed herself behind the door; and when her husband heard the stone splash into the water, he deemed of a truth that she had thrown herself into the well. So he sprang out of bed in terror, and seized the key, and unlocked the door. In haste he ran towards the well to see if he could save her. Meanwhile his wife slipped into the house, and fastened the door. Then

she placed herself at the window to watch her lord. When her husband perceived how he had been served, he intreated her to open the door, and freely allow him to come in, and he would forgive her all her misdeeds. But she began to joke, and to rail at him, and to say: "Ah! ha! you worthless rake, you have good reason to hide your face. To-morrow I shall call together my kinsfolk, and let them know how you have put me to shame." As she said, so did she do; she sent for her parents, and told them how he treated her, declaring that if he did not mend his conduct, she would never again enter his bed. Then they greatly blamed him, and rebuked him with sharp words. Thus she made her wrong appear right, and the care he took to watch his wife was in the end hurtful to himself.

The youth, dissatisfied with learning only the dark side of the female character, naturally inquires if his father could tell him nothing to the credit of the sex. The old man replies by reciting the following tale, which after all is only creditable to their ingenuity and fertility in expedients.

*The Man who denied his Trust.**

A certain Spaniard was minded to go to Mecca, and on his way he had to pass through Egypt to cross the desert. When he arrived in Egypt, he clearly perceived that it would not be wise to carry all his goods through the desert, but far better to leave a portion of them in Egypt. He therefore inquired for a trustworthy man, and there was pointed out to him one of great age, who was deemed loyal and true. The Spaniard introduced himself to him, and confided to him 2000 bezants.†

Then he set out on his journey. When he again came back, he re-

paired to the person to whom he had intrusted his property, and demanded it back again. But the other refused to give it up, and denied that he had ever seen him before. On this the Spaniard laid a complaint before the principal men of the place, but none of them would believe his story, so well accredited was the probity of the other. Many a time did he take his oath, and appeal to the officers of justice, in the hope that he would get back his property. So much did he go to and fro, and so much noise did he make about it, that the Egyptian

* D'un homme qui comanda son avoir et cil a qui il le comanda li nia. See the 39th Novel of the 8th Day of the Decameron.

† An eastern coin worth about half a livre. The name was derived from Byzantium, the ancient name of Constantinople.

began to threaten him, and to say that in an evil hour would he again apply to him, for he would not be thus disturbed; and that if he did not let him remain in peace, evil would befall him.

When the Spaniard heard this, he went away sorrowful at heart, until he met a worthy woman, who courteously saluted him in the name of Heaven. In her hand she held a staff to support herself, for she was aged and feeble. When she saw him thus grieving, she privately asked him whence he came, and what was the matter that his countenance was sad. Then he made known to her all that had come to pass, and she comforted him and said: "Friend, cease to lament, and be no more doleful, for if it please Heaven, I will give thee good advice, whereby thy property shall be restored to thee." "Tell me how this shall be, dame," he replied. "Return," said she, "to thy country, and quickly come back again with three or four of thy real friends, and let them bring ten chests strongly banded with iron, but filled with small stones."*

He made no delay, but did as she enjoined him, and when he had made every thing ready, he engaged ten men to carry the chests towards the house where his property was secreted. The old woman told him exactly what to do. "Go," she said, "step by step, and when thou seest a chest carried in, follow close behind it, and claim thy bezants." When she had perfectly instructed him, the old woman entered the house of the Egyptian, taking with her the Spa-

niard's friends. The old man received her well, and then she told her tale. "These are honest and good people, who have much silver and gold. They come from Spain, and wish to go on a pilgrimage, but their riches they would fain leave behind until their return. Well, I wot that nothing dishonest or untrue was ever found in you, for you are esteemed of all men for your loyalty and uprightness. Therefore have I brought these men to you. Ten coffers have they full of silver and gold, which I pray you to keep, in trust for them."

Just as the first coffer was brought in, there came the man who had confided to him his money. When the old man beheld him, he thought to himself he has come again to claim his own, and to dispute about it. So he hastened to him, and addressed him in a friendly tone, and said: "Where have you tarried so long that you have not sooner returned. I thought you were dead, as I had not seen you for such a time." And immediately he restored to him his property; and he, having received it, went his way, rejoicing. When the old woman saw this, she said to the Egyptian: "Take care of this chest, while we go to fetch the others. Wait until we return." Long did he wait, but never did the old woman come back, and the Spaniard sailed away to his own country with great joy.

From clever women the transition is natural to clever men, and the two following examples are given of the wisdom of the "Philosophes."

The ten Casks of Oil.†

There was once a worthy citizen who had a son, but not much property, except a good house which, at his death, he bequeathed to his son. The latter lived in it quietly and respectably, and never would part with it, though one of his neighbours much wished to purchase it of him. But the young man al-

ways refused every offer, till at length the neighbour bethought him of a contrivance to take the other off his guard. Then he addressed the bachelor with fair words and said: "My son, promise me, for you can easily do it, to take care of ten casks of oil for me until I am able to sell them. You shall be so

* In the original, *graville*.

† *Le jugement de l'uille qui fut prise en garde.*

well rewarded for your trouble, that you shall for ever be obliged to me." The young man, who knew nothing of the other's wiliness, readily consented. The rich man then brought ten casks of oil and placed them in his yard; five of them were quite full, but the other five half empty. After a while it happened that the price of oil rose greatly. When the rich man observed this, he went to the youth and said: "I shall not wait any longer, for I can now sell my oil to advantage. Open the door, and help me to get it out, and rest assured, that if I have lost nothing you shall be handsomely rewarded."

The young man lent his aid, and brought out the casks. Then the rich man called several merchants together, as if to purchase the oil, but in reality to annoy the other. When the casks were examined, five of them were found to be full, but the others half empty. On this the rich man affected to be amazed, and turned with a threatening gesture to the youth, and accused him of betraying his trust, and of stealing the fourth part of his oil. To the Magistrate he then hastened, and stated his case. The young man could make no reply, nor did he know how to act, so he demanded an adjournment till the morrow. Meanwhile he considered within himself what he should do. Now in the city where he dwelt there lived a virtuous philosopher, whose name was Help-in-Need,* and who walked uprightly before God and man. So the bachelor thought he would betake himself to the sage, and ask his advice. Then the philosopher answered him: "Friend, if it be true what you have said to me, I think I can free you from this toil, and get you clear." The other took his oath to

him, that he had been unjustly accused, and the wise man believed him, for he had not the appearance of one who could be guilty of such fraud and villainy. Then he pitied the youth, and said frankly and kindly: "Fair friend, be not troubled, for by God's help I will deliver you so well, that you shall lose nothing. To-morrow, if it pleases God that I am in health, I will come to you at the hour of pleading, and will save you from harm."

The next morning he went to the pleading, and the Magistrate showed much respect unto him, and invited him to sit beside him. The accuser and the defendant were then summonsed, and commanded to state the case over again. And when they had both finished speaking, the justice called upon the philosopher to pass sentence. Then he arose, and thus gave judgment. "First of all draw out the clear oil from the five full casks. Then measure the dregs of the same five without delay. If in the half empty there be as much dregs as in the full, no doubt there has been foul play, and the oil has been stolen. But if there be no more than belongs to that quantity of oil, the youth is in the right." The Justice confirmed the judgment of the philosopher, and straightway it was done as he had appointed. Then was seen the felony and guile of the rich man. So the young man lost nothing, but went away glad at heart, and warmly he thanked the sage, who said to him: "Hast thou never heard of the proverb, *Cil qui a mauvais voisin, a souvent mauvais matin!* Never purchase a house before thou knowest thy neighbour, and far better is it to sell thy house than to remain near such a neighbour, who will beguile thee in the end."

The Serpent of Gold.†

A man was passing through a city with much valuable property.

In one bag he had a thousand bezants, for he was a very rich mer-

* Not exactly. In the original it is *Aide-a-Besoigneux*.

† *D'un home qui pètit grant avoïr.* An anecdote to the same effect has been related of the Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples.

chant, and also a serpent of gold, with eyes of garnets. It so happened that he lost the bag, and when he discovered his loss much was he grieved. A poor man passing that same way found it, and took it home to his wife, who offered her thanks to God for it. Soon afterwards came the beadle running, describing the lost goods, and promising a hundred bezants to whomsoever should bring it back. When the finder heard this, he said to his wife with simplicity: "Let us restore the treasure with good will, so shall we be rewarded and esteemed honest people. With these same hundred bezants we shall be rich and well to do." But his wife replied: "So will we not do. The treasure we will not give up, for he would not have lost it had it not been God's will that he should do so. Since then God has given it to us, let us keep it and be thankful." The good man, however, was determined to restore it, notwithstanding all that she said to the contrary. So he took the sack to the beadle, and demanded the reward that had been promised. But the merchant was crafty and deceitful, and declared that he had not restored all, for there were two serpents of gold, and he had only brought back one. The poor man swore stoutly that he had given up all that he had ever found, but the rich men of the city all spoke against him and sided with the merchant, because he was rich and well accredited. So they took him before the judge. And the poor man insisted that he had restored every thing to the merchant. So great was the dispute that it came to the ears of the king, who summoned both parties to his presence. And when all were come together, he sent for the Philosopher of whom we have already made mention, Help-in-Need, and the king required him to hear both statements and to give judgment according to his understanding. The Philosopher consented. Then he called to him in private the poor man, and desired him to tell the whole

truth. And he appealed to God and his conscience to witness that he had kept back nothing. The Philosopher believed him, and returned to the king and said that, if it pleased him, he would pronounce a loyal judgment. The king freely assented. Then he spoke aloud and said: "This rich man looks like an honest man, and one who speaks the truth, nor would he claim, Sir King, what he had not lost. On the other hand the poor man seems to me equally honest and true—for if he had been an evil-doer, he would not have returned any part of it, but would have retained it all. Thus, methinks, both have told the truth. Therefore, Sir King, take this treasure, and pay the poor man the hundred bezants that were promised, but keep the treasure until its real owner apply for it, for this rich man has made a mistake. He claims a bag in which were two serpents. Now the one we have recovered contains only one. So let him go to the beadle and make him cry a bag with a thousand bezants and two serpents of gold. It seems to me that this is but just." Then the King and all present applauded his wisdom, and it was done as he had counselled. Thus the rich man lost all, by trying unjustly to save a portion.

At the conclusion of the last story, the father resumes his moral instructions, and cautions his son against strange companions, and recommends him always to keep to the mainroad. This goodly advice he illustrates by a personal adventure. "I was once going," he continues, "towards Sans in company with some merchants, and it was necessary for us to cross a river, either by the bridge or by the ford. A peasant went with us, who knew all the roads right well. On our way we fell in with a little path, so we asked the peasant if by following it we should shorten our journey. 'That path,' he replied, 'will take you to the city by the ford; this road leads to the bridge, and is much longer, but nevertheless, we shall arrive more

quickly by it than by the other, for the ford is perilous and difficult to cross.' Several of the party declared that he talked nonsense, and chose the path that led direct to the city. But evil befell them. Some few were drowned, many more were drenched to the skin; and nearly all lost their way. The rest of us followed the peasant, and kept to the mainroad. When we had crossed the bridge, we found our late companions—some of them wringing their clothes, others in search of their merchandize, and others again weeping and wailing, and lamenting their lost friends. Then the peasant said, when he be-

held them thus bemoaning themselves: 'Had you crossed over by the bridge, you would not have encountered all these mishaps.'"

On this the son wisely remarks, that the long road which leads upwards to heaven is better than the short one which leads downwards to the "stinking pit of hell." Pleased by the interest and attention displayed by the youth, his aged parent next proceeds to dissuade him from endeavouring to play off any tricks on his neighbour, lest the same should happen to him that befell the two townsmen, who thought to trick a country clown. This story shall be related at another time.

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What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place. •

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle: hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the ‘Hollowayen System.’ Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, “If you are suffering from disease take my Pills.” For while Professor Holloway’s Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thrall by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive*; but when *this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, “I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!” Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punka or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the “tatties,” and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, “what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties,” and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions; but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—“you

have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines—"have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine, and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

Sold in Boxes and Pots, at 1, 2-8, 4-8, 11, 12, and 33 Rupees each.

Directions for their use in all diseases accompany each Box and Pot.

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